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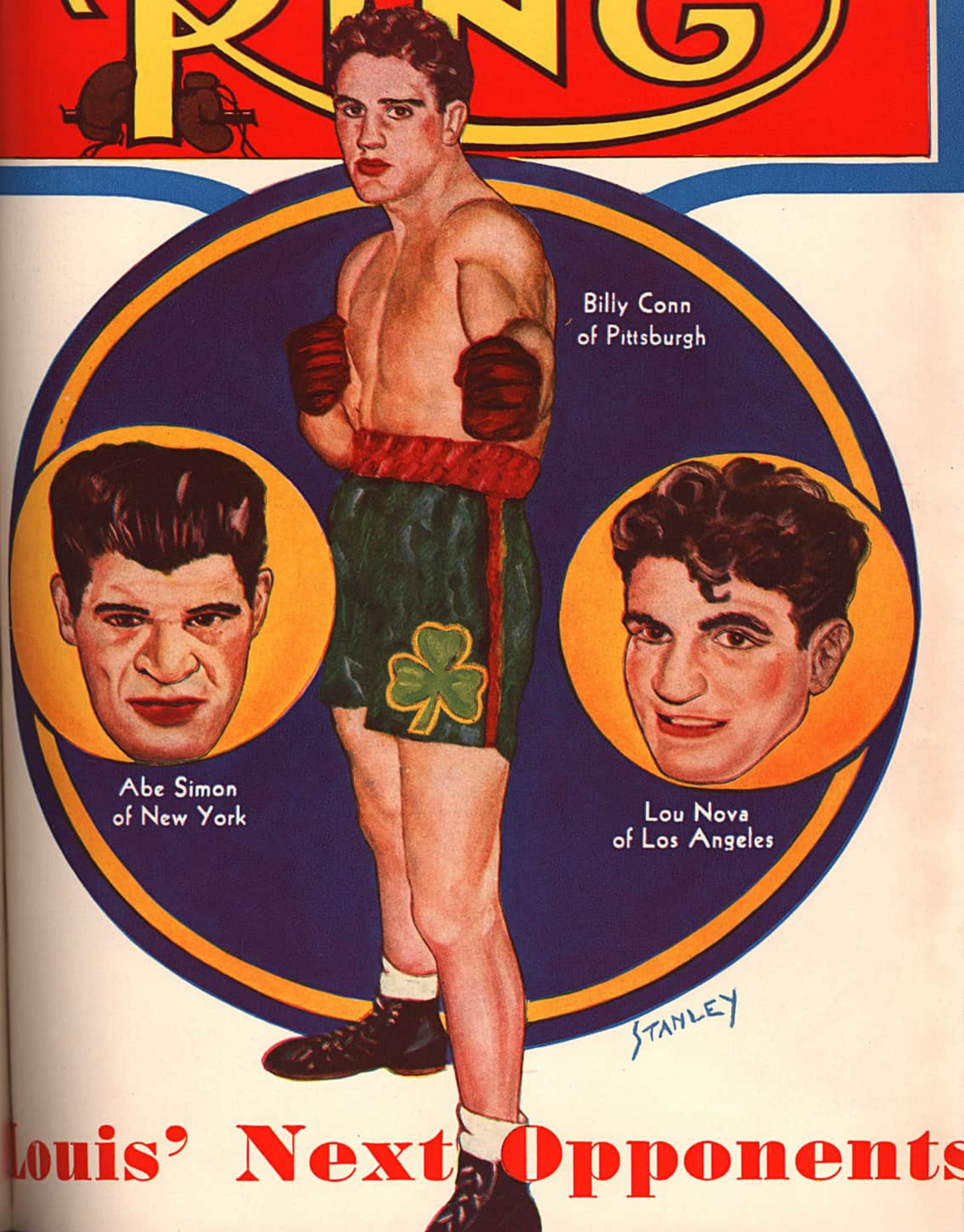

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In Our Next Issue

"The one a month" program of Joe Louis, world heavyweight champion, continues uninterruptedly. As we came off the press, the Brown Bomber tackled Buddy Baer in Washington, giving the United States Capitol its first heavyweight title tilt in ring history. You'll find in the next issue an analysis of the Washington battle, in story and in pictures.

"Joe Louis, The Host," is an interesting article by Hype Igoe. The world heavyweight king, like other former champions, is now the owner of a ranch and country tavern where, when he is not in training, he acts as host to hundreds of well wishers. See the king of the heavyweights through the eyes of the dean of New York boxing scribes.

THE RING Editor, Nat Fleischer, to keep abreast of the times and to enable the readers of this magazine to get first hand information about boxing in all parts of the continent, made another flying trip, this time to Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, where he spent a week acquainting himself with boxing conditions in Eastern Canada and where he also refereed the Canadian heavyweight championship fight between Tiger Warrington and Al Delaney. Read what he has to say about his trip.

In addition, stories by Daniel M. Daniel on Army and Navy boxing, Eddie Borden and other RING stars.

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Louis-Conn Fight
GETS EXPERT PREVIEW

HOW about the Joe Louis-Billy Conn fight? Will the heavyweight champion of the world rally out of the doldrums and dispose of still another challenger in summary fashion? Or will the Brown Bomber discover he has come to the end of the road against the skillful boxer from Pittsburgh? The editor of THE RING magazine put these questions before two standout experts,—James P. Dawson, of the New York *Times*, one of the wisest boxing writers the sport has developed, and Daniel M. Daniel, of the New York *World-Telegram*, and THE RING staff.

Dawson Doubts Billy's Punch

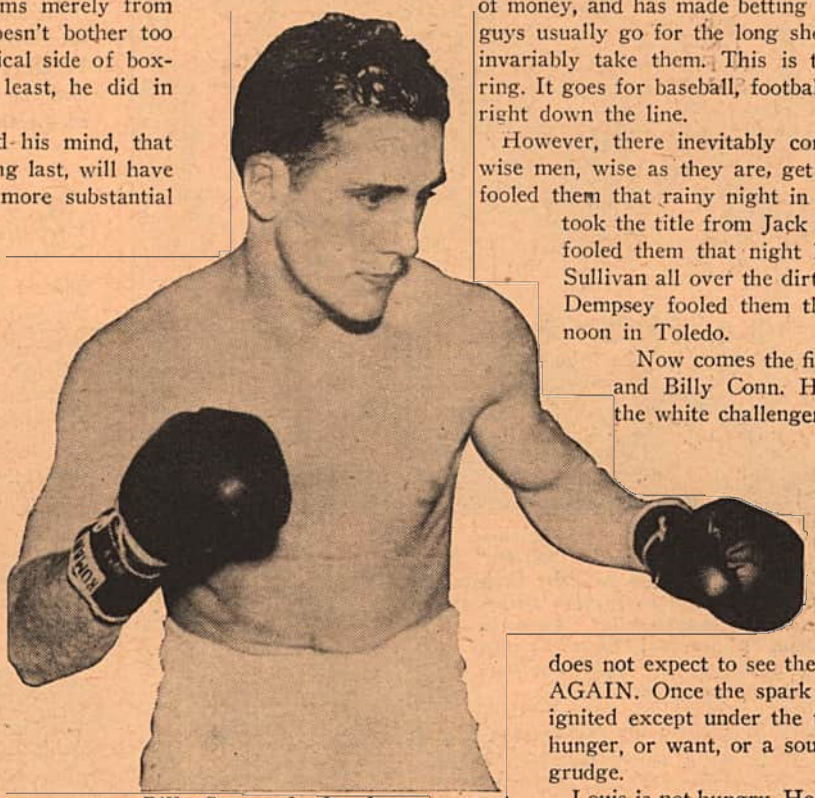
By JAMES P. DAWSON

THE fighter who beats Joe Louis must be a combination boxer and hitter. That conclusion long has been held by the experienced student of boxing. Even the average follower of the sport, the man whose interest stems merely from the role of spectator and who doesn't bother too much about the technical, mechanical side of boxing, subscribes to this belief. At least, he did in the past.

If the average fan has changed his mind, that is a good sign. A challenger, at long last, will have found some support that will be more substantial than any manifested for a title pretender since the night in Chicago when Louis knocked out Jim Braddock. That is always good for boxing—for any number of reasons.

At the same time, however, when he enters the ring against Louis, Conn will have only half of the combination regarded as necessary for a Louis challenger with more than an outside chance. He can box. He can't punch his way out of a paper bag, and never will be able to.

Louis has slipped. That is undeniable. Take him off his fights with Red Burman, Gus Dorazio, Abe Simon and Tony Musto and the change is obvious. This is said without attempting to detract from the performances of these challengers against the champion.



Billy Conn, who has been matched with Joe Louis.

Specifically Burman, Simon and Musto are entitled to credit for going along with Louis as far as they did. They merit recognition, too, for bringing into bold relief the fact that the Louis of today is not the Louis of 1937.

* * *

IT would be unreasonable to expect him to be the same Louis. He no longer is hungry. No longer does he have to concern himself about the matter of how to meet his everyday bills. The hard road of life to which he had been accustomed has long since been, deservedly, cast aside for the newer and better life that has been his, thanks to his fistic prowess.

A few years ago Louis was stowing away the Dorazios, Burmans, Simons and Mustos with great gusto and little more than the surly, dead-pan look that always has been a characteristic. Carnera compares with Simon

(Continued on page 27)

Daniel Gives Conn a Chance

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

EVER since Cain belted Abel, it has been the merry and almost unbroken habit of the cognoscenti in sport to stick with the champion. This system, of course, has saved the wise guys a lot of money, and has made betting on fights. The unwise guys usually go for the long shot, and the wise birds invariably take them. This is true not alone in the ring. It goes for baseball, football and all other sports, right down the line.

However, there inevitably comes a time when the wise men, wise as they are, get fooled. Gene Tunney fooled them that rainy night in Philadelphia when he took the title from Jack Dempsey. Jim Corbett fooled them that night he lambasted John L. Sullivan all over the dirt ring in New Orleans. Dempsey fooled them that terribly hot afternoon in Toledo.

Now comes the fight between Joe Louis and Billy Conn. How much chance has the white challenger? If the Louis of 1941 were the Louis of even 1939, we'd say, —Four heats, bring the stretcher for poor Bill, and make a series of dates with his doctor and dentist.

But the writer does not expect to see the Louis of 1939 EVER AGAIN. Once the spark dies out, it cannot be ignited except under the tremendous impulse of hunger, or want, or a soul-stirring, determining grudge.

Louis is not hungry. He is not in want. He has no grudge against Conn. It is just another fight for the Brown Bomber. For Conn, it is the opportunity of a lifetime. This time the spark should burn in the under dog. It is my belief that Conn has a chance.

* * *

THIS is a fight which cannot be judged by the orthodox yard sticks of technique and skill. There is something more vital behind the picture. I am sure that Louis has slowed up. I am certain he cannot be prodded to rekindle the ambition that was his two years ago.

This does not argue that Joe will be a dead target for the rapier-like thrusts of the Pittsburgh boxer. We may have Conn all wrong. We may have him over-rated. I am not fooling myself into the belief that Billy is one of the greatest boxers the game has seen. Some of the experts seem to think so. I don't, because a really great boxer comes into the ring with his punch sighted for the target.

(Continued on page 27)

BOXING *in the* NAVY

New Comers Are Being Helped by Reservists Called Back to Colors—Fleet Championships Hold Attention of Gobs—Sport at Its Height, With Thousands of Young Boys Participating

By HARRY DWYER

LET it not be said that the cauliflower industry, of which the Navy has furnished many mitt artists to the outside world, is on the wane. The sun has yet to set on Old Glory, and for the same reason it will never set on the boxing industry among Uncle Sam's men-o-war's men. Today in the Navy, the Marquis of Queensbury's donation to the athletic

Boxing team of the U.S.S. Pennsylvania: Front row, left to right—"Red" Leschis, 118 pounds; "Killer" Carpenter, welter; "Nellie" Nelson, 140 pounds; Billy Miller, 126 pounds. Rear row, left to right—"Duke" Hampton, assistant coach; "Honeychile" Alworth, light-heavy; "Bud" Laden, 135 pounds; "Slate" Crump, heavyweight; "Buck" Gatlin, former Golden Glover of C.Y.O. of Chicago, coach.

world is well on its way to capture the hearts of all concerned. Boxing is a growing enterprise, and to the men of the Naval service, as well as to the Army boys, it still ranks as the major sport listed.

With the addition of the many thousands of young men in the naval service, the old game of swat and duck has never before enjoyed such popularity. Not since the days when Tom Sharkey, the fighting tar, grabbed himself a pulling boat and rowed out to meet all comers, has the industry gained such publicity as it is now doing.

One of the main reasons why boxing will never decline among the navy men is that the inter-ship and inter-division competition among the glove artists of the fleet is very keen. On most ships of the navy today, there are boxing stables whose work among the ringsters has traveled far and wide in fleet athletic circles.

While it is true that not much publicity has been given to the Navy scrappers, they are always in there fighting for the honor and glory of their ship or division. On the big ships, the art of throwing leather is under the direction of the ship's Athletic Officer, who has a coach well versed in the art of pushing leather against an opponent's anatomy. Many of these coaches are seasoned veterans of ring wars and have met the best in their weights the fleet had to offer, as well as those of the civilian rings.

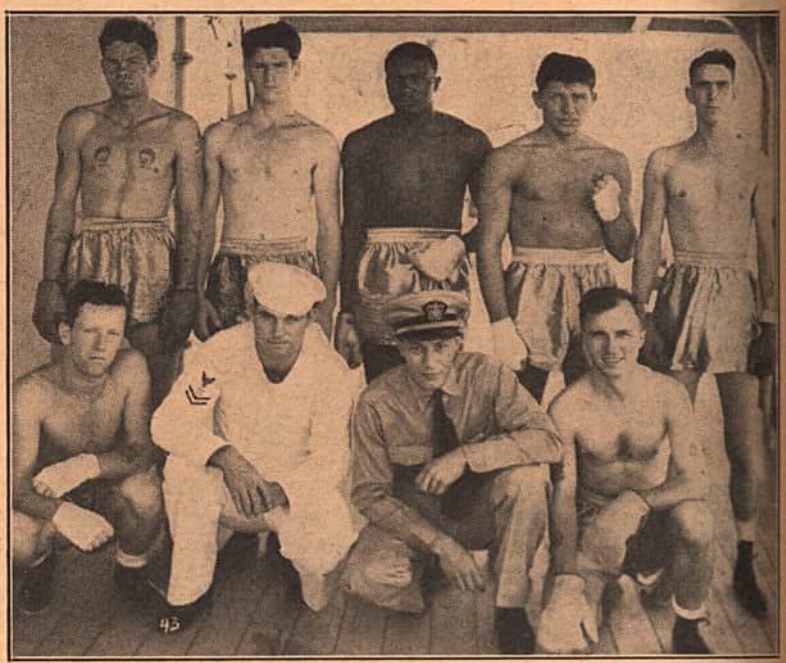
On the large ships happy hours are held. At these entertainments, men from the different divisions aboard ship have it out with others inside the squared arena. Competition has always been keen and many a youngster just entering the service receives his baptism of leather at these happy hours.

In the inter-ship smokers, the boxing stables from one ship competing with another stable, with a fine evening's enjoyment for the boxing fan, of which there are thousands of them in the service, is enjoyed. Fighters take on men of their own weights and the officiating is taken care of by men of the fleet who know what it is all about.

* * *

FROM the earliest days of the Navy the boxing game has seen a steady parade of fighters come and go aboard the warships. Some of them have reached the heights of pugilism, while others have almost reached the top. Lieut. Commander Gene Tunney, Jack Sharkey, Ken Overlin, Babe Risko and Johnny Buff, all got their big chance either in the Navy or the Marine corps. A lot of others held top rating at one time or another. Among

(Continued on page 44)



Boxing team of the U.S.S. Dixie: Rear row, left to right—Stevens, middleweight; Conlon, middleweight; Hayes, heavyweight; Hudak, middleweight, and Cotton, middleweight. Front row, left to right—McCullough, welter; West, boxing coach; Ensign Ayres, boxing officer and Riley, bantam.

Soose Fails to Impress

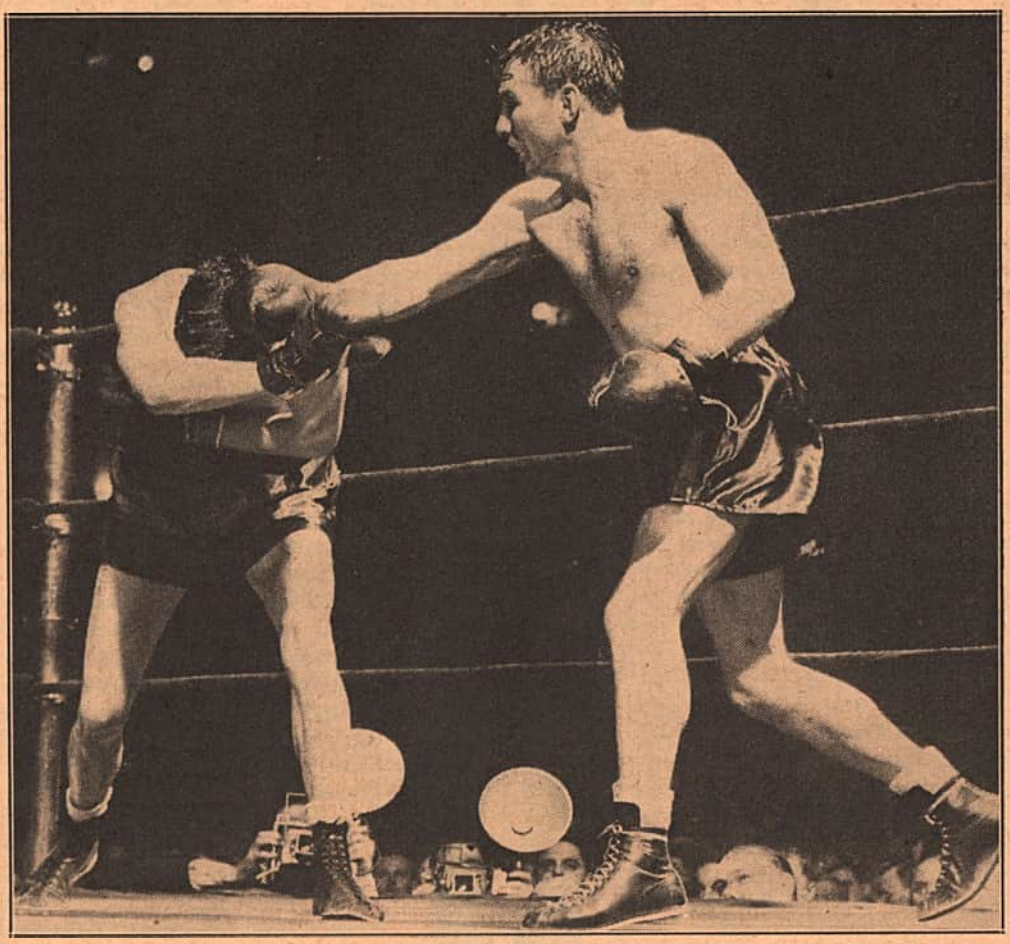
Unanimous Verdict of Referee and Judges Stuns Garden Crowd As Ken Overlin is Deprived of His Middleweight Laurels

By NAT FLEISCHER

KEN OVERLIN may not measure up to the standard of famed middleweights of the past, but when cleverness is concerned he rates pretty high. The former gob, who was defending the New York portion of the world middleweight crown against Billy Soose in Madison Square Garden, often made Bill look like a tyro as he went to town with jabs and hooks, but what he did made little impression on the officials. Referee Arthur Donovan, Bill Healy and Marty Monroe, the judges, unanimously voted against Ken, and with their verdict came an end of Overlin's reign as monarch, so far as New York and its allied states were concerned.

But what happened following the decision in favor of Soose, the former Penn State champion, may best be described as a knockout blow for the Garden patrons. What took place following the attack on Zivic by Al Davis and the latter's disqualification, was child's play compared to the feeling of the 11,678 persons who were stunned by the official verdict. Here and there there was a person who thought Soose had won, but more than ninety per cent of the fans and all but three scribes out of 31, believed that Overlin had been unfairly shorn of his title. They stood silent for a time, too stunned to utter an exclamation, and then bedlam broke loose as they hissed and booed and stamped their disapproval.

Those who did the voting officially, laid stress on the back-pedalling of the defending champ and his holding as the primary reasons for his defeat. But apparently they had forgotten to note that Ken's attack didn't suffer any as a result of that back-pedalling. When a fighter can deliver with effectiveness the large number of punches Overlin landed during the 15 rounds, then it is ample proof that his method of procedure constitutes cleverness. Ken's potent fists kept up the interest in the fight. Had he not landed as frequently as he did, despite his back movements, there would have been little to enthuse over.



Billy Soose, head lowered, covers up to avoid sharp shooting right of Ken Overlin. Ken repeatedly connected with stinging jabs and often crashed his left with effectiveness to the body.

CHARGES and counter charges flew rapidly after the decision was rendered, but there was no doubt in my mind that the officials gave it exactly as they had seen it. Unfortunately, a situation has arisen in Madison Square Garden unequalled in any other part of the country. The sport in the House that Tex Built has become secondary to the heavy gambling. Wagers are made not only in the lobby of the Garden but in the fight arena itself, and because of the heavy betting, any bout that isn't one-sided, where the decision must be obvious to all, receives the undivided attention of the gamblers. Such was the case in the Soose-Overlin fight and unwarranted charges of collusion were hurled about promiscuously.

Referee Donovan gave Soose eight rounds to seven.

Judge Healy called it nine for Soose and five for Ken, with one even.

Judge Marty Monroe agreed with the score of the referee.

My score card showed Ken ahead on rounds, eight, six and one even. There could be no doubt but that Overlin had earned the right to retain his New York crown. Repeated attacks, even while on the retreat, is a winning fight. Since in New York a fight is judged on rounds only, Overlin undoubtedly had a margin that should have enabled him to retain his title.

It was the second disputed decision in which this pair figured. At Scranton last year Soose won similarly. On that occasion a non-title bout was presented the fans.

* * *

THAT the officials were inclined to favor Soose because he was the aggressor, while his opponent gave a wonderful defensive exhibition, cannot be doubted. They were influenced by the fact that as champion, Overfailed to lead at any time during the entire fight. His battle was a counter-attack mill, in which he kept moving backward and shooting out jabs and hooks as he retreated. With the excep-

(*Continued on page* 45)

Baer Packs 'Em In; Still Ring Magnet

Defeat by Nova Hints Max Retirement, But Laughing Boy Insists He Will Go On Fighting

By HYPE IGOE

WHEN Max Baer was halted by Lou Nova in Madison Square Garden, the general impression was that the former world heavyweight king would announce his retirement. He knows he's through. The fans know it. Ancel Hoffman realizes that, so does Mike Jacobs. But money talks, and so long as Baer can pack 'em in as he did in the Nova fight, why retire?

Baer's legs are so far gone that he cannot possibly go it in more than an occasional spurt after three rounds. But through it all, he continues to be the best drawing card in pugilism other than Joe Louis. When a capacity crowd, the largest in the history of Madison Square Garden, paid $95,000 to see Max and Lou have their little shindig, it wasn't Nova who drew them in at the gate. It was the great crowd pleaser, Baer.

The day soon will come when Max will hang up his gloves for good. However, Jacobs and Hoffman have induced the Livermore fighter to continue and so it is likely a special bout will be obtained for him for Uncle Mike's outdoor programme, probably with the loser of the June heavyweight championship fight. When Max does quit for good, the fans will be able to say he always gave them a good show.

* * *

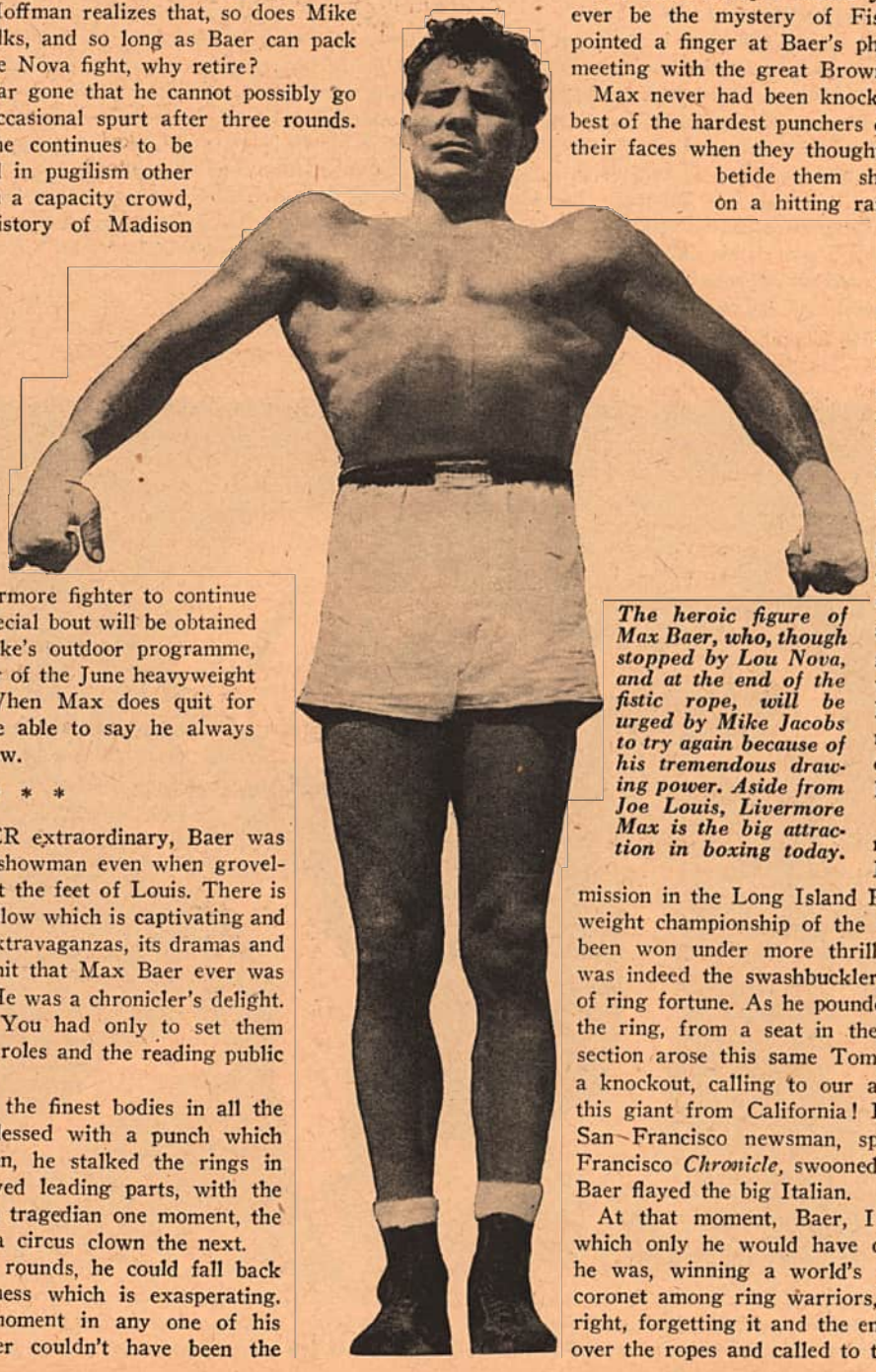
SWASHBUCKLER extraordinary, Baer was magnificent as a showman even when groveling in the resin at the feet of Louis. There is something about the fellow which is captivating and I, as a writer of ring extravaganzas, its dramas and its tragedies, must admit that Max Baer ever was incomparable "copy." He was a chronicler's delight. He made the stories. You had only to set them down as he played his roles and the reading public fairly devoured them.

Possessed of one of the finest bodies in all the history of the ring, blessed with a punch which could and did kill men, he stalked the rings in which he always essayed leading parts, with the sweep and dignity of a tragedian one moment, the rollicking abandon of a circus clown the next.

Terrorizing in some rounds, he could fall back upon a hesitant timidness which is exasperating. There never was a moment in any one of his fights when Max Baer couldn't have been the greatest heavyweight that ever lived! In the first place he had the punch, on a parity with the best the ring has afforded. He had a jaw of chilled steel. He could take it!

His utter collapse before Joe Louis, of course, will ever be the mystery of Fistiana. Nobody ever had pointed a finger at Baer's physical courage before the meeting with the great Brown Boy.

Max never had been knocked out. He had taken the best of the hardest punchers of his day and laughed in their faces when they thought to knock him out. Woe betide them should Max decide to go on a hitting rampage of his own.



The heroic figure of Max Baer, who, though stopped by Lou Nova, and at the end of the fistic rope, will be urged by Mike Jacobs to try again because of his tremendous drawing power. Aside from Joe Louis, Livermore Max is the big attraction in boxing today.

* * *

TOMMY LAIRD of the San Francisco *News* once told me that California writers always sat in on one of Baer's fights with their hearts in their mouths, in dread of Max Baer running amok!

"His fury is such that he could easily club a man to death with his fists. On the other hand, he is a gallant, sometimes overgenerous foeman. I always feel relieved when I see a Max Baer opponent walk out of the ring on his own power," said Laird.

I'll never forget the night that Baer battered Primo Carnera into submission in the Long Island Bowl, winning the heavyweight championship of the world. Never has a title been won under more thrilling circumstances. Baer was indeed the swashbuckler, the magnificent soldier of ring fortune. As he pounded the huge Italian about the ring, from a seat in the front row of the press section arose this same Tommy Laird, bellowing for a knockout, calling to our attention the savagery of this giant from California! Harry B. Smith, a rival San Francisco newsman, sports editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, swooned under a heart attack as Baer flayed the big Italian.

At that moment, Baer, I believe, did something which only he would have dreamed of doing. Here he was, winning a world's title, the most precious coronet among ring warriors, a gold mine in its own right, forgetting it and the enemy as he coolly leaned over the ropes and called to those seated near Smith:

"Take care of Harry."

In the heat of battle, with a title within the palm of his hand, Baer thought only of his friend, the stricken writer. It was an unforgettable episode in the winning of a title. It was Max Baer, the splendid showman. It explains why always he was an attraction.

When the boxing world thought Baer "through" and thoroughly "washed up," following his surrender to Lou Nova, Max came back and thrashed fat Tony Galento within an inch of his life. Then Max followed that astonishing return and triumph by stopping the highly-touted Pat Comiskey in the first round. That was the night on which Baer was the real "killer," the demon whom Laird and the other California boxing critics feared to see unleashed!

With Comiskey hanging over the top rope like a dish cloth, his back to the enemy, the referee stepped in and prevented what might have been a fatality. Baer had soared to the full power of his giant's strength and the human body, trained as was Comiskey's, might not have withstood the force of the Magnificent One's sledge-hammer blows.

That kind of fury, that sort of frenzied flaying, would have whipped Joe Louis. It was so sudden, so devastating! The same hurried assault must have swept Joe Louis off his feet!

* * *

HIS playboy pranks readily can be understood. He was the world's finest looking athlete. Physically there never had been his equal. Six-foot four, tremendous span of shoulders, curled lignite for hair, topping a head of smiles, dimples and flashing white teeth, he is the picture fighter. If only Max Baer could have walked into a Roman arena, his loins girded for battle. Even Caesar would have toppled off his throne!

He never has been a jack-a-dandy. Never foppish nor impertinent. He is the most likeable sort of chap. I've seen him, time and again, walk into a room filled with the best wits of the town, and with his own boyish personality, crowd them into every corner and leave them limp for want of words to combat his persiflage. I've never heard him utter a word in protest of written criticism.

Often in a fight, he will drop his hands and engage the other fellow in pleasantries which confound the fighter, the referee, and the lads in the press rows.

He did something in winning the title from Carnera which never will escape my memory. The story has been told before. It can't be told too often. The bell had called them to the center in one of the rounds. As Baer walked out, the soles of his fighting boots slipped on the wet canvas in his corner. He knew that there was no resin in his own corner. His handlers had probably flooded it away with the water with which they had been showering Baer between rounds. Max wasn't flustered. He walked in a half-circle around big Primo, saying:

"Pardon, Signor, I'll be right back."

Then he walked into Primo's own corner, and with his back to Carnera, calmly crushed resin under foot, once looking over his shoulder with a smile and then turned, walked back to the Italian, and squared off to continue the job of reducing a champion to a has-been.

That was the sort of showmanship which has made Baer the most fascinating individual among the big men of the ring. It might have been a trick, prearranged to disconcert Primo. I doubt it. I believe that Max Baer was perfectly at ease and natural about it. That it helped to ruin Primo's morale was unquestioned. Primo was a good-natured, big misfit, yet when Max brushed by him in order to borrow some of Primo's resin, without so much as asking, the huge Italian was left open-mouthed.

* * *

MAX had learned long before the fight that he could torment Carnera. They had worked together in a moving picture in Hollywood while Primo was champion and they still talk of Baer's success in making Primo feel like an English sparrow.

In his tomfoolery, Baer was carefully planning the undermining of Carnera's belief in himself. This kidding approached a pre-battle row a few days before the championship fight. The two had come to the boxing commission offices for physical examination. They were seated, stripped, on a table awaiting the examination by the commission doctor. As Baer, grinning, leaned toward Primo, Jack Dempsey, seated beside me on a window sill, whispered:

"Here comes the business."

Baer reached to the center of Primo's chest and began plucking out single hairs, as he said mournfully:

"He loves me, he loves me not!"

Instantly Carnera was a human volcano. He flared all over the place. Jumping to his feet, he roared:

"Wot's the matter? You a wise guy, huh?"

Everybody in the room was convulsed with laughter and the Italian behemoth was fit to be tied. I think that Baer tamed Carnera right then and there. In the ring Primo didn't know what Baer was going to do next. Baer's walking around him to sand his tracks was the final blow. Poor Primo was fair prey after that. He was more concerned about the next trick which might pop out of Max's repertoire than he was over protecting his long lantern jaw.

Baer never will be that great again, from a physical standpoint. He has grown older, naturally. He hasn't got the same punch which knocked out Max Schmeling, nor the hitting power which halted Primo in his seven league boots.

* * *

AFTER Baer had knocked out Pat Comiskey, himself a hard hitter, he came into Mike Jacobs' office to talk to the newspaper men. He resumed his chatter of wanting to fight Louis again, this time for his title, lost to Jim Braddock and from whom Louis won the championship. This writer mentioned the fact that Billy Conn had expressed a desire to fight Baer, if there was any question as to which had a right to fight Louis for the title. Max came back with this startling prediction:

"Billy Conn fight ME? Why, Billy Conn is a sweet little boy, but if he ever gets into a ring with me, I'll hold him with one hand and beat him to death with the other!"

When we told Billy about the remark later on, the light-heavyweight champion exclaimed:

"Why, that big lummox Baer couldn't beat himself to death and he's right next door to him."

Nobody knows just how good Baer could be in his prime for the simple reason that he never turned himself absolutely loose. In the conquest of Carnera, spectacular fight that it was, Baer fought at top speed only in spots. He admitted afterwards that he was in doubt about his true condition after a layoff of many months. He wanted to be certain that he saved enough to go the route.

He and his manager, his trainer and his close friends advised these periodic spurts in the fight with a view to conserving his stamina should Carnera prove to be hard to handle. Carnera was too slow for Baer from the start and Max had only to pick his spots to drive home with cruel blows.

They trained Baer for an occasional rally fight. Bill Brown of the New York State Athletic Commission went down to Asbury Park to watch Baer train prior to the bout. A noted conditioner of men, Brown was quick to see that Baer was not training for a hard fight. Brown scathingly denounced Baer's methods and said he wasn't fit to fight.

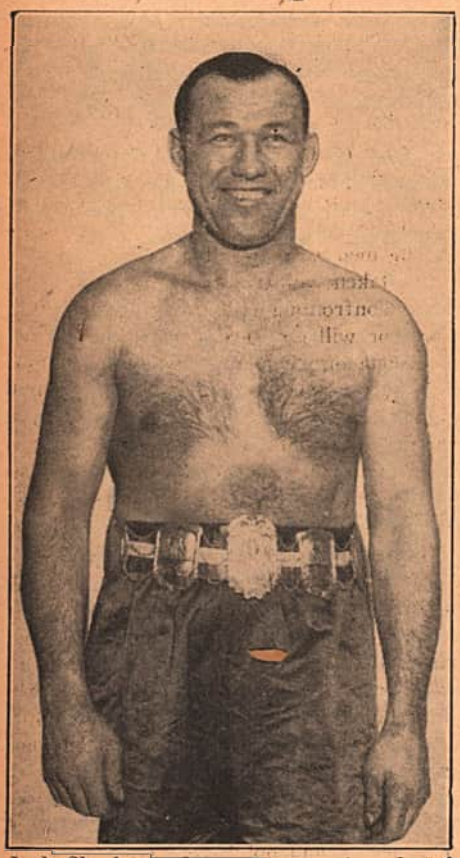
Ancil Hoffman and Mike Cantwell, Baer's trainer, admitted afterwards that they could have sent Baer in to train at top speed, a false effort just to fool Brown. They didn't want to do that, and went through with the routine which they had been following, knowing that Brown would condemn it.

It would have been an easy matter for Baer to have asked his sparboys to take a few flops just to make the training look good, yet they knew Brown, an old hand at the game, would have become suspicious and doubled his denouncement. As it was, he characterized Baer as a "bum." After Max had stopped Carnera and won the world heavyweight title, he leaned over the ropes and, looking Brown in the eye, yelled to the commissioner seated near the ring:

(Continued on page 46)

BOXING INTEREST *at Army Camps is High*

Tunney, Chief Coordinator of Sport for Navy—Jimmy Bronson Commended for Army Post—Mike Jacobs Proposes Service Boxing Tournaments Throughout the Country With Funds to Go for Recreation



Jack Sharkey, who came out of ranks of sailors to win world heavyweight title.

DANIEL M. DANIEL

REPORTS from army camps over the United States indicate a tremendous wave of interest in boxing, not only as a sport to watch but as a form of exercise and training. Camp athletic directors have not, as yet, arranged extensive competitions. They are letting the ball teams take the center of the stage for the time being. But the ground work is being laid for tremendous tournaments, both in the camps and in regions.

A few weeks ago, the first of a series of Army vs. Navy tournaments, scheduled for Jacksonville, Florida, which had been mapped out for the camps around the country, was called off. This was most unfortunate as it would have afforded a great impetus to camp competition. The army officials declared that the men chosen to represent the Naval Air Base of Pensacola were far too good to be pitted against the inexperienced army boys and turned down the proposition.

The proposed affair was devised by Lieut. Commander Gene Tunney, the chief coordinator of sport for the Navy. With him was Mike Jacobs, president of the Twentieth Century Sporting Club. Mike was eager to see the affair through and had offered his services to the government agencies in Washington to promote nation-wide tournaments of a similar nature, but now that the first one has been killed, I doubt Uncle Mike will care to carry on. Jacobs is willing to give not only his services, advice and encouragement, but financial help, as well.

There seems to be some misunderstanding regarding the financial side of the support of athletics at the camps and in naval stations. Some time ago the Federal government appropriated the sum of $3,000,000 for the purchase of athletic equipment for the boys in the service.

At first blush, this seems like an awful lot of money. It is much more than the government gave for a similar purpose in 1917 and 1918. At that time, outside agencies like the Y.M.C.A., Knights of Columbus, Salvation Army and Jewish Welfare Board, gave money and equipment, and also furnished directors and coaches.

* * *

AT this time, the government is not leaning so heavily on these outside organizations. In fact, they are not permitted to establish headquarters on government property. The army wants its coaches to be in the service. When Tunney asked what he could do to help, he was told that he would have to sign up with the navy, or he could not assist. So Gene signed.

Tom Sharkey, the Sailor Boy, who was one of greatest heavyweights of all time.

Hundreds of others would like to help, but they are loath to enlist in the service. They say the pay is not big enough. They also are concerned over the period of service. However, the army, navy and air corps need competent coaches and directors, especially boxing instructors who have had actual ring experience of a noteworthy type, and the opportunities for such men are tremendous.

To return to the government grant of $3,000,000. It will not begin to take care of the situation. To assist in giving the boys what they need in sports, to build morale in all lines, six organizations have formed a United Service body, which has set out to collect $10,500,000. This, too, sounds like tremendous money. But three times that sum will be needed to cover the vast field, and take care of the millions of young men who, by degrees, will be inducted into the various branches of our service.

There is still another body of men to whom we have given too little thought, and who will have to come under the campaign for organization of sports, and the furnishing of equipment.

There are in the United States millions of men employed in national defense projects. They are constructing camps, building houses, grading fields. They are building airplanes, making muni-

tions, constructing battleships and smaller naval craft. They are making powder, they are forging guns.

These men present a tremendous problem in morale work, in exercise and recreation. They are not concentrated on government property like the army, navy and airmen. They have to put up with poor housing, in many cases. Some of them are migratory.

* * *

THE United Service drive aims to help these men as well as those in the service. These defense workers would be of even more tremendous importance if the United States were forced into this war.

As a consequence, the field for athletic work is too vast as to defy comprehension. The demands for equipment already are so great as to baffle compliance. The national defense workers alone could use enough money, boxing gloves, rings and coaching to keep all the available financial and human help more than busy.

Let it not be said that the men in the service are not doing their bit to help themselves. Just what they are doing was demonstrated on a visit to Randolph Field, the West Point of the Air, near San Antonio, Texas.

Lieut. Dave Wade, the athletic coach, explained that the men at Randolph contributed a small percentage of their monthly pay into a welfare fund. This fund helps to finance sports, and also turns money into the Red Cross. So you see, the lads in the service are not asking for charity—they are giving it.

The job which confronts American boxing is a big one—maybe bigger than it can handle. But it will do its best. There is not only the problem of helping the lads in the camps, but the call to assist war sufferers, to help the British Ambulance drive, to help the Greeks, the Jugoslavs, the Frenchmen. The world is in flames and millions are being burned and scorched—and to America the civilized world looks for financial and moral assistance.

Before long there will be a succession of war benefits in this country. To date they have not involved boxing to any great degree. Soon our standout ring men will be asked to do their bit. Jim Braddock and Red Burman have been touring with a boxing act which has turned in some cash for British Ambulance. But this type of assistance should not be projected too enthusiastically.

* * *

BOXING always has been ready to help any worthy cause. But the writer believes that boxing promoters have taken too much of the relief cut. Too often in this country, boxing promoters have taken advantage of a worthy charity. Ten per cent for the sufferers, 90 per cent for the promoter and the fighters.

Promoters and fighters must eat and pay rent. But before we go into the campaign of benefits which are sure to be organized, let us do our best to establish them on a better financial basis so that causes are not used as bait and suckers.

Little by little, the small army of boxers in the service has become a notable aggregation. Boxers famous all over the world have gone into the army and navy. Not so many have qualified for air service. The air folks look to the younger men. They look to men who have not suffered injuries, as have so many professional ringsters.

The Air Service tells me that while it is more than eager to get athletes, this type does not have an edge over the non-athletes.

Boxing enjoys a peculiar importance in the army. It is a fine talking sport. It offers opportunities for recreation within a small area. It does not depend on weather, as does baseball. It is a great medium for letting off steam, a tremendous consideration in the service.

* * *

AS Tunney explained in a recent issue of THE RING, boxing is ideal for the service because it is actually part of the training of a soldier.

With so many young men concentrated in our army camps, we are going to develop thousands of boxers. Lads who already had a boxing background will find time and opportunity—and competent coaching—to develop. Young men who never before cared a hoot about the ring already have taken with avidity to the new sport.

In time, the trouble now confronting us will be gone. Hitler will crash, what he stands for will go down with him. And we will discharge millions of young men back into civilian life. They will leave the army with new viewpoints. With new likes and dislikes.

They will go back to their jobs with a tremendously greater liking for the outdoors. And for sports. We had a vast sports boom after 1918 and we will have a still bigger one when this draft army is broken up.

Tunney thinks that the next great boxer—the next standout heavyweight champion of the world—will come out of the service.

The writer confesses he is not greatly concerned whether this proves true or not. We have a big job in front of us, and we have no time to wonder if the next Joe Louis will drop into a promoter's lap out of the army or the navy.

Our participation in the 1917-1918 horror over there gave us a lot of boxers who otherwise would not have developed. Tunney of the Marines was one of them. Homer Martin, his army rival, was another. However, it does not require a war to emphasize the close affinity between boxing and the service. Ever since we first organized an army, fighting with the fists has been a standout service sport, both for entertainment and recreation.

* * *

THE first connection between the ring and the army is noted during the American Revolution. Richmond, a Negro who had been a slave, preceded Tom Molyneaux as a heavyweight star. Richmond became the body servant of Lord Percy, who was in command of British troops around New York, and had headquarters on Staten Island.

If you know your ring history, you know that Percy took the Negro to London and that he fought over there for years. He was Molyneaux's second in the fights with Tom Cribb.

(Continued on page 45)

Jimmy Bronson, who was in charge of all A.E.F. boxing in last World War.

Ken Overlin, another Navy graduate who gained high honors in boxing.

CANADA LEE *Scores Stage Triumph*

Former Welterweight Boxer's Performance as Bigger Thomas in "Native Son", Gains Him a High Rating in Dramatic Circles— Hailed by Press and Public

By TED CARROLL

CANADA LEE one time contender for the world's welterweight championship, stood in the rear of the Pioneer gymnasium one day last month, the center of a back-slapping, well-wishing coterie of gym habitues. To the flood of congratulatory comment, Lee seemed able to respond with only the words, "I just can't believe it, I just can't believe it."

Two nights before the production of Orson Welles' "Native Son" had opened on Broadway, with this same Canada Lee in the starring role of Bigger Thomas, frustrated bad boy from Chicago's colored section. The ex-boxer had awakened the following morning in a new world a world in which he was no longer Canada Lee, a former fighter whose fame belonged to the past, but Canada Lee a man who had veritably been born again to enjoy the triumph of an actor hailed by the press and public as a master of his profession.

The play itself had been enthusiastically received by every dramatic critic in New York. Lee's performance in the main role was unanimously acclaimed one of the greatest seen on a Broadway stage in years.

Atkinson of the *Times,* Mantle of the *News,* Lockridge of the *Sun,* Friedin of the *Tribune,* seemed to be searching in vain for adjectives to describe the moving magnificence of the former pugilists' performance. The acidulous phrases of these masters of written criticism turned to words of honeyed praise in honor of Lee's demonstration of the thespian art. The boys finally fell back on the term "superb" in recognition of Mr. Lee's ability and let it go at that.

Little wonder that the words, "I just can't believe it," were all Canada could say in response to the congratulations of his old friends who had known him since his days as an amateur champion. I never dreamed I would be so honored by those interested in me.

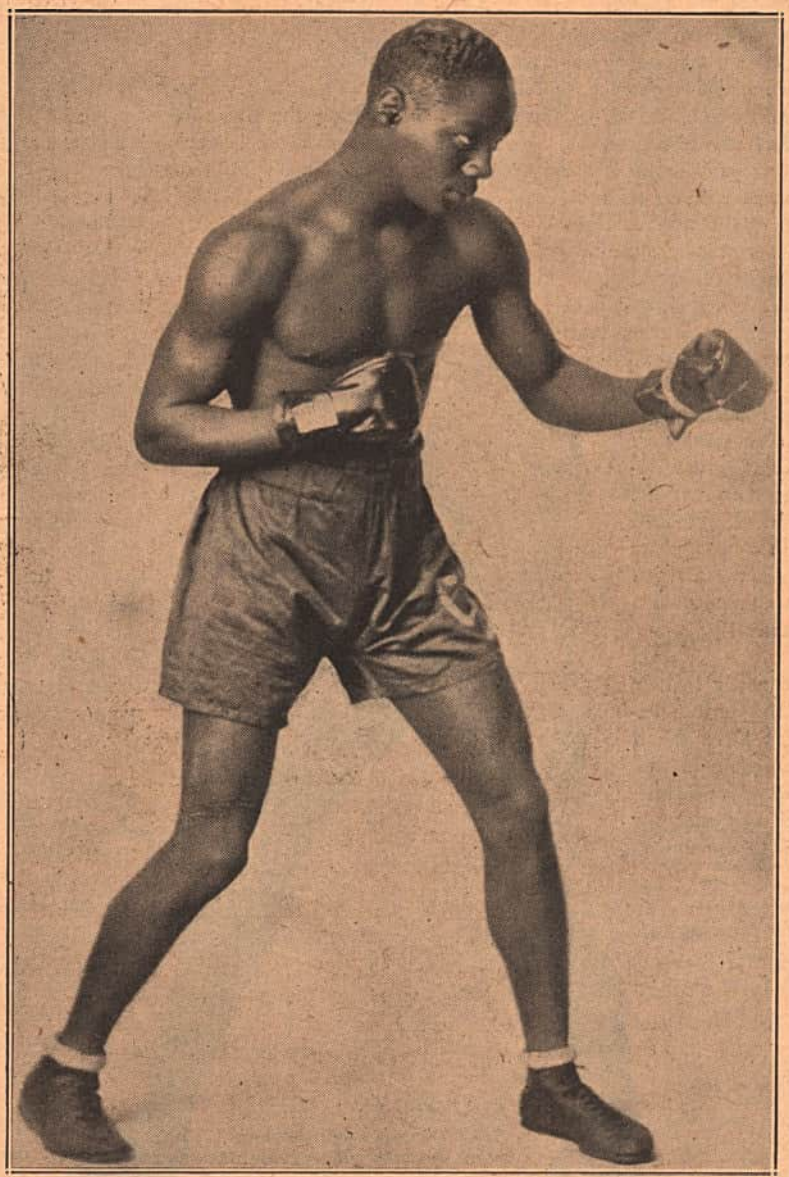
* * *

LEE'S own career affords material worthy of a hit play or best selling novel, even as "Native Son," the opus in which he has found new fame. As Lionel Canegat, son of West Indian parents, he went from the streets of New York's Harlem to the half mile race tracks of the east as a jockey, thence to the prize ring for nine years of amateur and professional battling. As a band leader, he built up to the grand climax of an actor's triumph on the stage. Along this variegated trail his true monicker of Lionel Canegata, became tangled in the tonsils of old Joe Humphries one evening in 1927, and emerged as Canada Lee, and Canada Lee it has been ever since.

The spotlight of the new glory that now plays upon him reveals Canada as pleasantly unaffected by the lustrous turn in his fortunes. His interest in young heavyweight Buddy Moore has been not the least bit dulled by his new prominence, and the old pals of the Pioneer gym found no change in the affable, friendly fellow they had always known.

Emerging from the Pioneer, Lee in company with the writer, proceeded down West 44th Street, across Eighth Avenue to the St. James Theatre in which he is appearing. Upstairs in his dressing room, his costume donned for the opening scene of the matinee performance, Canada took time out between gulps of orange juice to review a few highlights of his crowded career.

"I'm still in a kind of a daze, Ted, I can't believe it's all turned out this way,"



Canada Lee as he looked when he starred as a professional fighter.

he began, a far away look in his eyes. "Canada," I said, "you're a national figure now, and we're all proud of you."

"That's what they say, Ted, but it all sort of overwhelms me, radio talks, autograph hunters, guest appearances, sometimes I wonder if there isn't some mistake, somewhere, if all this is really meant for Canada Lee . . . . I've been trying so hard and so long. Boxing—I'll always love it, sure it cost me my eye, but that was just an accident, the same thing could have happened in a lot of other ways."

"THE amateurs, say whatever became of Tommy Lown? He was a clever fellow, and such a nice guy, I could never get mad enough at him to lick him. What a gentleman he was. No one ever enjoyed boxing as much as I did, outwitting the other fellow, the roar of the crowd, it's the greatest game in the world and I would certainly do the same thing all over again if I had the chance.

"The toughest birds I ever came across weren't in the fight business. Not by a long shot—those jockeys on those half mile

tracks—whoooeeeee, what guerrillas they were. They scared me right out of that business.

"I'll never forget a fight I had at the old Commonwealth one night shortly after I turned pro. I think the guy's name was Juan Mallona or something like that. There was a puncher. I was never knocked out in 200 fights, amateur and pro, but I'll never forget the punch that baby hit me with that night. He wasn't very smart and couldn't take a punch too well himself. I fooled him into an opening and knocked him out later in the fight but my head ached for a week from that punch. I got my eye hurt fighting Andy Divodi in the Garden back in '29, proper treatment would have saved it, but I don't let that get me down now."

* * *

"MY fighting really got me into this business of acting. My debut as an actor was as casual as my entry into other activities. I was sauntering through Harlem and walked into the Harlem Y.M.C.A. where Frank Wilson was holding readings for the Federal Theatre production of 'Brother Mose.' I thought I'd enjoy the evening by sitting around and listening to the tryouts. I took a seat and Mr. Wilson started to call off names of persons to come to the stage and read parts. Someone remarked, 'there's Canada Lee.'

"Mr. Wilson read off the name and asked me to come up and read. I didn't know how I would do but I had nothing to lose so I went. I read the part and Mr. Wilson said it was fine. The job was mine. Imagine my surprise.

"That was seven years ago. When 'Brother Mose' closed, a Theatre Union revival of 'Stevedore' found me in the cast in the Rex Ingram part. Later I followed Ingram as Christophe in 'Haiti.'

"I first acted for Orson Welles, who in my opinion, is one of the greatest producers of recent years, when I played Banquo in 'Macbeth,' which Mr. Welles produced in Harlem about five years ago. I followed that with a minor role in 'Mamba's Daughters' and now I'm elated with the part I have in 'Native Son.'"

* * *

"CURTAIN is rising, Mr. Lee," sounded a voice outside Lee's dressing room, and the good fighter who has become a great actor, excused himself, asked me to wait until after the show for the remainder of our interview and went out to the stage to perform the part of Bigger Thomas. I asked him, when he returned, how he got the lead in that play and he explained:

"When I read Richard Wright's novel I never thought of it as a stage vehicle. I never dreamt that I some day would be Bigger Thomas. One day John Houseman and Orson Welles sent for me to read the part. Nobody else had a chance after that. I got it and have it, still."

Canada was asked whether he didn't find it a most difficult task to portray the man, Bigger Thomas, with the vim, the color and the personality he puts into it. Those who have seen the play know what a tremendous part he has and how spiritedly he plays it. Lee looked at me for a few seconds, then with a copy of The Ring Magazine in his hand for he still loves his boxing, replied:

"Ted, it isn't as difficult as people imagine. Nat Fleischer was in to see me and asked me the same question. I told him that I've known guys like Bigger Thomas all my life. You've met them and so has he in his long career as a writer of sports. I've seen them at the boxing shows, at the race tracks, in gambling joints, in pool and billiard parlors.

"Yes, Ted, when I was a kid that type congregated in all such places, havens for ex-convicts, thieves and cutthroats. I grew up with some pretty tough fellows and that's what got me started in boxing. Many of those I'd seen in years past were criminals in the making. They eventually found their way to jail and some even to the chair. This is a helluva story and a helluva play, Ted. 'Native Son' is a story that brings the Negro before the public in a new light and that's why I like it."

If I've done nothing else than to aid my people by my acting, I believe I have accomplished considerable.

A GOOD many years have slipped by since the days when Canada Lee was looked on as one of the most promising amateurs ever developed in New York. That was back in 1927 and Lee in those days rated as highly as Ray Robinson did in his more recent simon-pure career. There was a scramble for him among boxing managers after he won the Metropolitan lightweight championship in 1927 and old Jim Buckley came up with the prize.

Lee got off to an impressive start as a professional, quickly growing into a welterweight, but competition in that class was quite a bit keener than it is today, and although he did very well against the cream of the crop at the time, he never reached the title heights.

Lee enjoyed life as well as boxing, perhaps too much for one engaged in such an exacting trade, and Canada himself admits that the pace of Harlem's night life did not help his ring career.

In spite of his liking for the bright lights, all the good welters found him hard to handle. Clever, strong, rugged and a hard puncher, he lost few fights against such as Vince Dundee, Tommy Freeman, Izzy Grove, Andy Divodi, Georgie Levine, Johnny Indresano, Jack Britton, Pal Silvers and other stars of the roped square.

Although he had the misfortune to ply this trade during the pre-Joe Louis era, when the lot of a colored boxer was much more difficult than it is today, he was very popular with fight fans because of his engaging personality and likeable disposition. He never hit the big money class—few colored boxers did at that particular time—but he appeared many times in Madison Square Garden and received fair-sized purses for most of his bouts.

Lee closed his boxing career in 1933 and turned to band leading, a field that gave him opportunity to use his musical talents, which are considerable. He plays the violin quite well. While he managed to get along, he was something less than a sensation as a maestro, but his liking for the business kept him in it until he received his first acting opportunity in 1934.

Although he had never attempted dramatic work previous to this time, he obviously had much latent ability in this direction, for he improved phenomenally as he gained experience.

His first real break in show business occurred in 1935, when Rex Ingram playing the lead in the production "Stevedore," felt the call of Hollywood and left the cast. This created the opening for Canada who had been appearing in the play in a minor role and understudying Ingram.

The going toughened up with the dissolution of the Federal Theatre Project, but he managed to stay in the picture with parts in the Henry Armstrong movie "Keep Punching," a few itinerant Harlem offerings, most recent and best known of these being "The Great White Fog," in which he had the lead up to the time he was picked to play the part of Bigger Thomas in the stage rendering of Richard Wright's sensational novel "Native Son."

Canada confesses he spent more sleepless nights worrying over his chances of securing this plum than he did over all the opponents of his ring days put together. There were other candidates for the chance, but Welles insisted on the ex-boxer and had his way, luckily for all concerned.

* * *

IN his middle thirties, father of a 14-year-old son, Canada plays a twenty-year-old toughie with convincing thoroughness in the play. He gets great satisfaction from the fact that his stage triumph has served to correct two erroneous impressions. First that a boxer is seldom capable of excelling at anything else, and secondly, that colored actors should only be allowed to play comic or unlettered roles.

"If I have done something to change these wrong ideas," he says, "I feel that my life is worthwhile."

Other distinguished members of the pugilistic trade have gone on to acting glory in the past although none caused such comment as Lee has. Gentleman Jim Corbett was a stage favorite of the previous generation. John L. Sullivan and Terry McGovern scored in a couple of vehicles designed especially for their rough and ready talents.

Maxie Baer was a hit in the picture, *(Continued on page 47)*

Wherefore a "T.K.O."?

Improper Designation Deprives a Fighter of a Knockout—Case of Joe Louis an Example—Should Be Abolished From Boxing

By "THE RING" EDITOR

So many recent boxing bouts have terminated by cuts or through the poor physical condition of one of the contestants and have been recorded by the newspaper reporters as technical knockouts, that the fight fans are beginning to ask what constitutes a knockout. Only a few days ago a RING reader wrote of a fight in which one of the lads was so badly beaten he couldn't stand on his feet.

"He was leg weary, groping about the ring, his face was swollen from the punishment he was absorbing and one of his eyes was closed and the other was beginning to close. The referee stopped the fight and the scribes came out with a story the next day that the winner scored a technical knockout. Now what I want to know is, why a technical knockout? Shouldn't the winner be given full credit for having stopped his man and not have his record tainted with the word 'technical' prefixed to the kayo?"

That reader is 100 per cent correct. Unfortunately too many of our present day scribes don't understand the meaning of the word knockout or don't know the rules of boxing. It is doubtful if a more pertinent question relating to boxing or one that is asked more often than the one, "What is a knockout?"

The erroneous belief is that a man must be down and out, unable to get to his feet, to be knocked out. In short he must be unconscious or subconscious.

* * *

AS has been stated in THE RING often, a knockout may be scored in many ways. Here they are:

1—When a fighter is completely knocked out of time—cannot get to his feet within the prescribed limit of ten seconds after being floored.

2—When he fails to come out of his corner to answer the bell for the succeeding round, in which case the referee counts over him while the fighter is seated.

3—When he is hanging helplessly over the ropes and cannot defend himself.

4—If he is unable to carry on during a round because of poor physical condition.

5—If he is in such distress during a round that he cannot defend himself and the referee is forced to intercede to save him from further punishment.

Until the New York State Boxing Commission amended its rules in 1936, a knockout was listed in its books as follows:

1—When a fighter is unable, after being knocked down to arise unaided inside of ten seconds.

2—When a boxer is in distress, but still on his feet, and the referee is forced to intercede to save him from punishment.

Now those definitions were correct and conformed with the general rules of boxing as handed down from the old code that preceded the adoption of legalized boxing, under state control.

Then in 1936, for no other reason than some managers complained that the record books carried the notation "knocked out," in contests in which their boys had to give up because of cuts or because they were in distress, the commission in New York changed its rules to read:

1—Referees and judges shall, in rendering decisions, consider and declare a contestant to be knocked out when he is unable, after being floored, to rise unaided inside of ten seconds.

2—If a referee intercedes to save a boxer from further punishment, then he and the judges shall render the verdict, "contest stopped, unable to continue, and name the winner."

No mention is here made about a technical knockout, yet the fighter who won that bout is shorn of the honor of having stopped his man by a kayo, which he undoubtedly did, by having the record show that the contest was halted and the scribes, writing about the fight, declare it was won on a technical knockout.

Such action is ridiculous. The man who was thus stopped was as much knocked out if he was in distress as if he were down on the canvas and couldn't rise within ten seconds. He simply could not continue and therefore was knocked out of time. I often wonder why the boxing scribes, especially in the bigger cities, didn't go out on the limb for this proper interpretation of a knockout instead of sticking to the erroneous statement, "technically knocked out."

There simply isn't such a thing as a technical knockout and THE RING, in making up its records, and in printing them for our readers monthly, take cognizance of that point and record it as a K.O.

A fighter who cuts his man so badly that the bout must be halted, or has his opponent in such distress that he cannot go on, is as much entitled to have his record show the K.O. next to such a contest, as the fellow who halts his opponent by flooring him so that he cannot get up before the ten seconds limit. Why deprive him of such honor?

* * *

TAKE the case of Joe Louis. It is most unfair for posterity to have the Bomber's record show so many T.K.O.'s listed, when as a matter of fact, each time his fights have been halted, Joe was whipping his opponent so badly that it no longer was a contest. Such was the case in his most recent bouts with McCoy, Simon and Musto, among others.

I blame the referee in most cases for depriving Joe of his just due by stopping the fight instead of giving the opponent the full count. In many cases the count has been up to five or even more, when the referee waived his hands indicating he had stopped the fight. Why was such action necessary?

It would not have hurt the beaten boxer to have counted him out, so long as his opponent was in no position to attack again unless the defeated fighter could get to his feet. It is a gross injustice and should be rectified by the boxing commissions throughout the country.

A change in the rules is needed where a T.K.O. is permissible. Wipe that word "technical" off the rule books and let's get back to common sense.

* * *

THE compound word "knockout" was first coined by Billy Madden when he was handling the affairs of John L. Sullivan in his tour of the country. At least he was the first to bring it forcibly to the attention of the public.

It was at the time he made the historical tour with the Boston Strong Boy when the Mighty Man of New England met all comers and offered to hand out a bonus to any man whom he failed to "knock out in four rounds." In those days the rules stipulated that "if a fighter was knocked out of time," that is, if he was rendered incapable of continuing for a period of ten seconds, he lost the prize money. It did not mean then, nor does it mean today, that a fighter had to be rendered senseless to lose by a knockout.

If for any reason a fighter failed to continue the combat, either through fear, because his seconds cast a sponge into the ring as token of defeat or because the referee, as an act of mercy when he saw a fighter beaten and helpless, stopped the bout, the defeated man lost the prize money and side bet.

Recently I attended some boxing bouts out West and I saw something which convinced me more than ever that there should be no such designation as a "technical knockout." A fighter was badly whipped. He would have been knocked into dreamland with a few more

(Continued on page 46)

NEVADA BACK *in* FISTIC SPOTLIGHT

By JOHN F. CAHLAN

THE state of Nevada, whose entire population of 110,000 would not make a good-sized crowd for a world's heavyweight championship fistic event, recently has appointed a boxing commission, and the state, which already is steeped in fighting lore, plans to attempt a comeback which, some day in the near future, may bring another championship match to the area. Wayne Hinckley, a Reno business man, is the chairman of the new commission with Bill Lewis of Carson City as secretary. The other members of the board are M. C. Tinch, Las Vegas resident, Walter Kellison of Sparks and Walter Collins of Ely.

While at present things don't look too bright for the future of boxing in the state, because of a lack of home-grown fighters, the new commission has things in mind and Hinckley visions a day not far off when the glory of fighting which reached its peak in Reno, on July 4, 1910, with the Jeffries-Johnson fight, will return to this state.

Nevada has seen the best of them throwing the leather. Look over the list of champions who have crawled through the ropes.

Jim Corbett, probably the most scientific fighter who ever pulled on a glove.

Bob Fitzsimmons, the most natural fighter of them all.

Joe Gans, the old master.

Bat Nelson, who could take straight lefts, right crosses, upper cuts and haymakers and still come back for more.

Jim Jeffries, huge grizzly, who practically started his career in Carson and finished in Reno.

Jack Johnson, one of the greatest fighters of all times, a wonder at defense and the master of feinting.

Jack Dempsey, the last of the great fighters, demonstrated his wallop in the sage brush state, though not in a championship bout.

* * *

THE main hope upon which Hinckley and his mates base their vision is the amateur game which is showing progress by leaps and bounds, thanks to the acumen of Les Showers and Dick Russell, two of the smartest amateur tournament directors in the business.

Eight years ago when the construction of Boulder Dam was at its peak, a sports writer in the southern part of the state John F. Cahlan of the Las Vegas *Evening Review Journal,* prevailed upon Showers and Russell to come to Las Vegas and stage a show. The two young men, then just breaking into prominence, arrived and presented the first amateur show of its kind ever held in the state.

Since then amateur shows have been doing all right and three years ago the promoters invaded Reno where they staged the largest affair up to that time in the metropolis. Two years ago, they repeated in Reno, drew huge throngs for their show and then returned to Las Vegas after a lapse of seven years and sold out an arena that had been built to accommodate 2000 persons and never had been filled before. This year the two men have returned again and look forward to staging their amateur show, which is expected to draw such large throngs they will have to present it in the ball park.

Tex Rickard who placed Nevada on boxing map.

* * *

ALL of this work Showers and Russell are doing, undoubtedly will build back the interest in fighting in the state, and as Showers and Russell indirectly were responsible for the re-birth of boxing and the subsequent appointment of the boxing commission, the area doffs its hat in their direction.

Nevada has played quite a prominent part in the history of world championship fights. It gave one of its adopted sons to the fistic world back in 1910, when George L. "Tex" Rickard deserted his desert home in Tonopah, crashed the "Great White Way" of New York and gave the boxing world its first million dollar gate.

Rickard first came into prominence while promoting fights in the then booming gold camp of Goldfield. The residents of that community wanted a championship battle in their home town, so they gave Rickard $10,000 in gold to make a match with some champion. Rickard selected Joe Gans, the redoubtable colored lightweight champion, and interested "Battling" Nelson, the Durable Dane, in the mêlée. There were some difficulties in luring the battle to Goldfield, but Rickard showed the business sense which later brought him international fame, and signed the two boys for a title go.

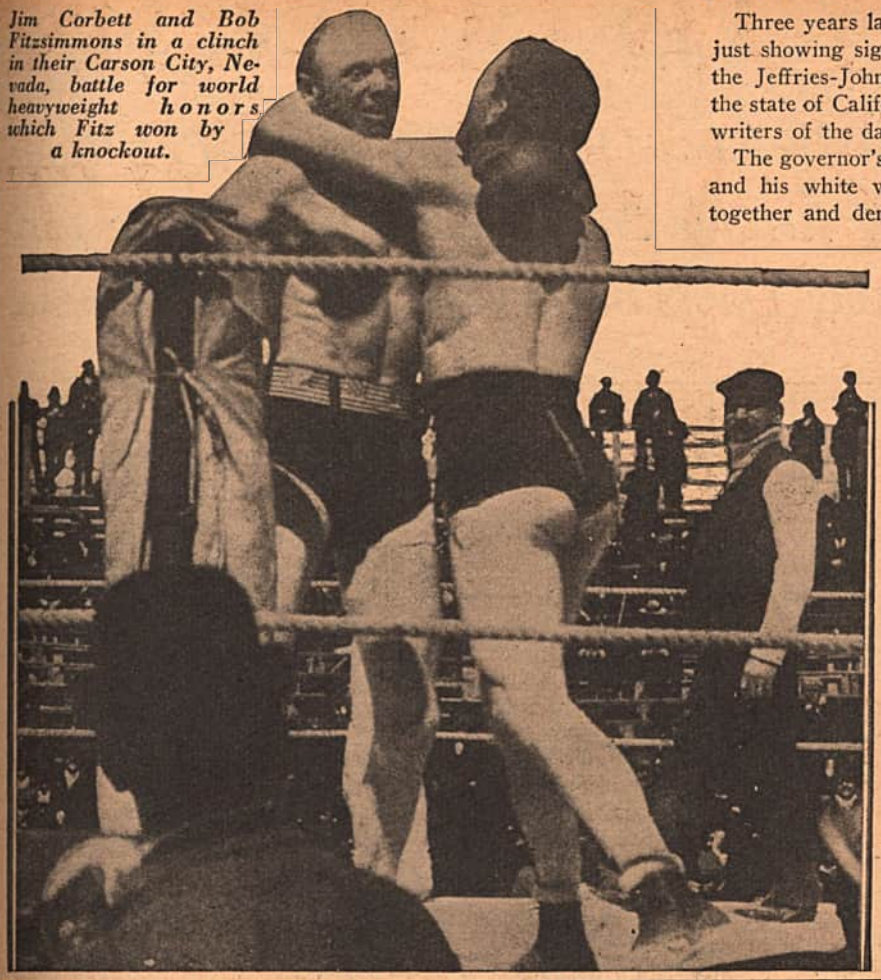
* * *

ON the heat of a desert summer afternoon, Gans and Nelson battled for 42 rounds, Gans finally winning the go and in so doing succeeded in digging his own grave. He died a few years after that battle, and all of the critics of that time were agreed that the terrific battle in the smothering heat took all the life there was left in Gans' body and left him wide open for the ravages of tuberculosis.

The fight was billed for Labor Day, 1906 with the lightweight championship of the world at stake. Billy Nolan, Nelson's manager, saw that it was a lightweight fight as far as Gans was concerned for he insisted on Gans weighing in with fighting togs and this necessitated reducing to make 133 pounds.

George Siler, veteran referee, who officiated at the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight, was brought from the East to referee the battle.

That was some fight. Forty-two rounds of vicious battling, forty-two rounds of smashing, clinching, wrestling, butting and even kicking, out under the desert sun. Gans, the old master, lean as a greyhound, ten pounds below his natural fighting weight,



Jim Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons in a clinch in their Carson City, Nevada, battle for world heavyweight honors which Fitz won by a knockout.

Three years later, Reno, then a booming community which was just showing signs of growing pains, was selected as the site for the Jeffries-Johnson engagement, which had been kicked out of the state of California by the governor, and according to the sports writers of the day, the governor's wife.

The governor's wife, according to the story of 1910, saw Johnson and his white wife riding down the streets of San Francisco together and demanded that the governor ban the match, which was scheduled for the bay area.

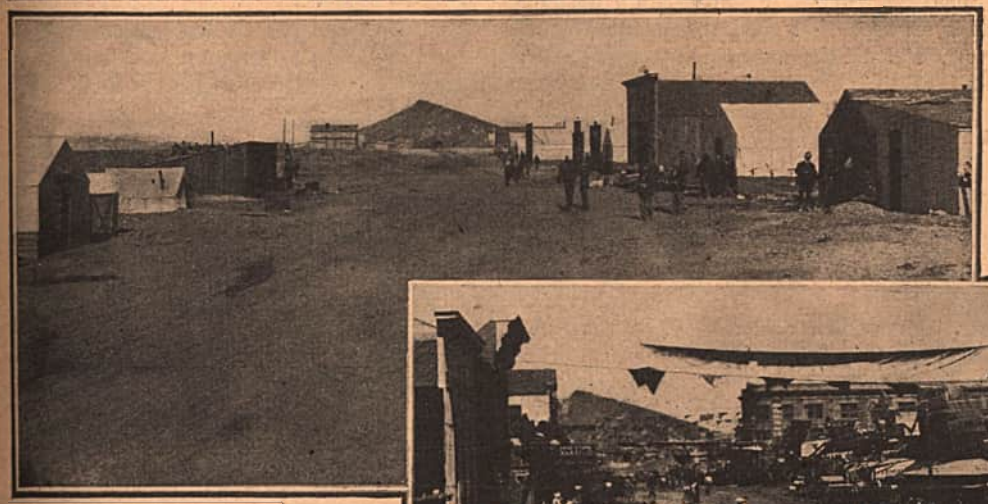
Rickard, who was promoting the battle, decided upon Reno as the alternate site, and again showed the business acumen which brought him into the promotorial game in the big city. He managed to pull the greatest gate at Reno that ever had been lured to a heavyweight championship match up to that time, and the figure stood as a high water mark until the "Golden Era" of the 1920's. It took Rickard himself to break that record, and he went on from there to build up the million dollar gates.

* * *

THE history of championship battles in the state of Nevada, however, goes away back beyond the Gans-Nelson mêlée and back into the closing years of the nineteenth century. It was in 1897, in Carson City, that the first title bout in the history of Nevada went into the record books. The principals were Bob Fitzsimmons, the "Rudy Robert" of the prize rings of that day, and James J. Corbett, a San Francisco bank clerk who had started his career as an amateur fighter for the Olympic Club in San Francisco.

Corbett, a masterful boxer, was expected to cut Fitzsimmons into ribbons and retain his title. The bout went about as expected until the 14th round, when Fitzsimmons uncorked his now famous "solar plexus" blow, and left the champion writhing on the canvas, unable to get up before the fatal count had sounded.

The battle not only set a record as the first title match in the state of Nevada, but also brought forth the first account of a fight written by a woman. *(Continued on page 42)*



Goldfield as it looked just before Rickard and his friends organized the Goldfield Athletic Club.

Below—the same city as it looked after the Nelson-Gans fight was arranged.

was cutting, jabbing and raising havoc with Nelson's fighting face.

Nelson, head down, boring in, battered and bleeding, but never backing up. Gans put him through the ropes. He extended his hand and helped him back. Nelson holding with his left, punched Gans with his right. Nelson butted and was warned repeatedly by Siler. Nelson kicked Gans on the shins at the close of the sixteenth round.

Round after round they fought like tigers. When the sun was setting, Nelson, whose face resembled an over-ripe tomato, was still fighting. The forty-second round was reached and neither could go much further. They mixed it and in a flurry of gloves, Nelson landed low. Gans went down, writhing in pain, and was awarded the bout on a foul. We don't expect to see fights like that here any more.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Salica Acclaimed World Champ by "THE RING"

A.A.U. Retains Control of Boxing in New York

"Bummy" Davis Ban Lifted – Gets New Chance

LOU SALICA has finally gained the recognition of THE RING Magazine as world bantamweight champion. The New Yorker, who defeated Georgie Pace in 15 rounds at the Bronx Coliseum to win the contender's post, came through with a great triumph over Lew Transparenti in Baltimore, to clinch the crown. Although Salica entered that fight as the New York and N.B.A. bantam king, this publication regarded Salica only as the top challenger, but had agreed, in view of Transparenti's high post, to recognize the winner as the champion.

Our reason for such action is that unlike Pace, who was the official National Boxing Association champion, but refused to meet legitimate contenders, Salica is willing to tackle all comers to prove his right to top honors. Since he defeated Pace for the N.B.A. and New York portion of the title, Salica has faced the best boys in the division and according to plans, he will continue to meet the best opposition.

After beating Pace for what was advertised as the N.B.A. and New York championship, he dropped a 10-round verdict in an overweight match to Tommy Forte, then knocked out Small Montana in three rounds, whipped Forte in a match of 15 rounds advertised in Philadelphia as for the crown and did the same to Transparenti, our No. 4 man at the time.

When the 1941 rating was announced, THE RING Magazine placed Tony Olivera of Oakland, Cal., as the leader in Group No. 1 with Salica trailing him. They were named as outstanding world bantams. THE RING declared that if Olivera and Salica would get together, such a fight would be recognized by this publication as for the title and to the winner would go THE RING belt and international recognition. Since then here is what happened:

Little Dado came forth with a claim that he must be considered as a bantam contender because, though he could make the flyweight limit and was fighting in that class, he also was competing as a bantam and held decisions over some of the leading boys in that division. Little Pancho, who claimed the flyweight championship of the Orient, likewise wanted recognition because he fought in both divisions.

Then Little Dado on January 24, fought Tony Olivera at Honolulu, Tony scaling 117½ pounds to 115 for Dado. Their bout was advertised and recognized as for the Hawaiian bantam championship and Olivera lost in 10 rounds.

On February 21, Olivera stopped Frankie Baron in Honolulu in one round, but on April 15, Olivera dropped another verdict, this time to Kenny Lindsay of Vancouver, in 10 rounds. That last contest was advertised as a title match, and Lindsay was hailed in western Canada as the new champion.

But on what basis? Olivera already had been eliminated. Tony had no claim to any honors, not even the California crown, since he was beaten by Dado. Then Olivera, the one fighter who in our opinion, had a better claim to the leader's post, when the February issue came out, than did Salica, dropped completely out of the picture.

The claim of Little Pancho and that of Little Dado likewise were erased when each lost in 10 rounds in Kui Kong Young at Honolulu, Pancho on February 7 and Dado on April 4.

Thus Salica, by his victories over Pace, Forte and Transparenti, each in fifteen-round bouts, now stands out as the world's best bantam and receives THE RING recognition for which he has been clamoring. If Salica, who as we go to press, is able to whip Forte again in their title match at Philadelphia, he will go to Honolulu to meet Young. Salica to date has proved that he bans no legitimate contender. The fact that he has consented to clash with all those standing in his way, and has come through with flying colors, has gained for him the honors we now bestow upon him. If Salica beats Forte in their third engagement, and then fights Young, THE RING will award a belt for that fight.

In his bout with Transparenti, Salica fought better than at any time in his long fighting career of nine years. He proved himself a lion-hearted battler, with courage to fight at his best when things were going against him. It was not until after the tenth round that he came through with sufficient points to enable him to beat his challenger. The margin of victory was slight.

Each of the cards, those of the referee and two judges, showed him in the lead at the end by a score of only 76 to 74, but Salica had correctly earned three extra points which enabled him to triumph.

Following a shaky start in which the challenger stabbed Salica dizzy with straight lefts and landed many left hooks, Lou took command. The victor trained down from 124 pounds to 117½ and was strong at that weight.

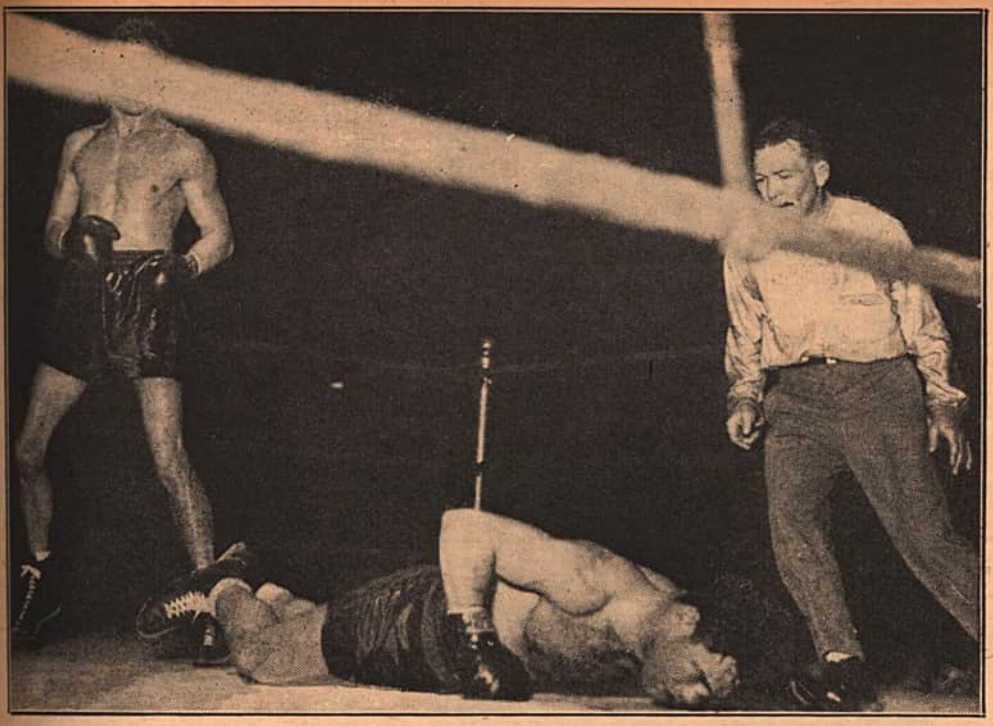
* * *

THE Amateur Athletic Union, through strong lobbying, has again saved its greatest source of income in New York State by getting Governor Lehman to veto the Mahoney Bill without comment, a bill that would have taken the control of amateur boxing and wrestling from the A.A.U. and placed it in the hands of the State Athletic Commission, where it belongs. That the A.A.U. would have suffered considerably in its finances had the Mahoney Bill become law, is a foregone conclusion, as such a measure would have compelled the sponsors of amateur boxing and wrestling to operate under exactly the same conditions as the professional clubs, with state licenses for clubs, referees, seconds, trainers, etc.

For many years the State Athletic Commission has fought to eliminate A.A.U. control, primarily because of the bootleg boxing shows that are staged all over the upper part of New York. General John J. Phelan, in his year's report to the Secretary of State, gave full details of the prevailing conditions. The Mahoney Bill passed both branches of the legislature, but the A.A.U. lobbyists carried the day in the final stretch. Strong political pressure was brought to bear and the A.A.U. saved the day.

In my opinion the Mahoney Bill should have been passed. Too much bootleg boxing is going on right under the nose of the A.A.U. There is very little true amateurism in New York. Only a few bona fide clubs, like those affiliated with the newspapers in staging Golden Gloves tournaments, adhere strictly to the amateur code. The same holds true all over the country. I've seen it. Amateur boxers in New York have their managers and these fellows, many of whom don't know a boxing glove from a kid glové, make all the arrangements.

In some of the clubs upstate, I have seen conditions prevail that are a disgrace to the amateur sport. Bill Brown, the strongest member of the Commission opposed to the A.A.U. control, can



Tenth and final round finds Marteliano down twice. Here we see him as his chin crashed against the floor as Zivic's right cross dumped him face downward. Tony was up at the count of eight.

adherence to State Commission rules. The Boxing Commission would not have taken over any of the A.A.U. prerogatives other than to work in a supervisory capacity.

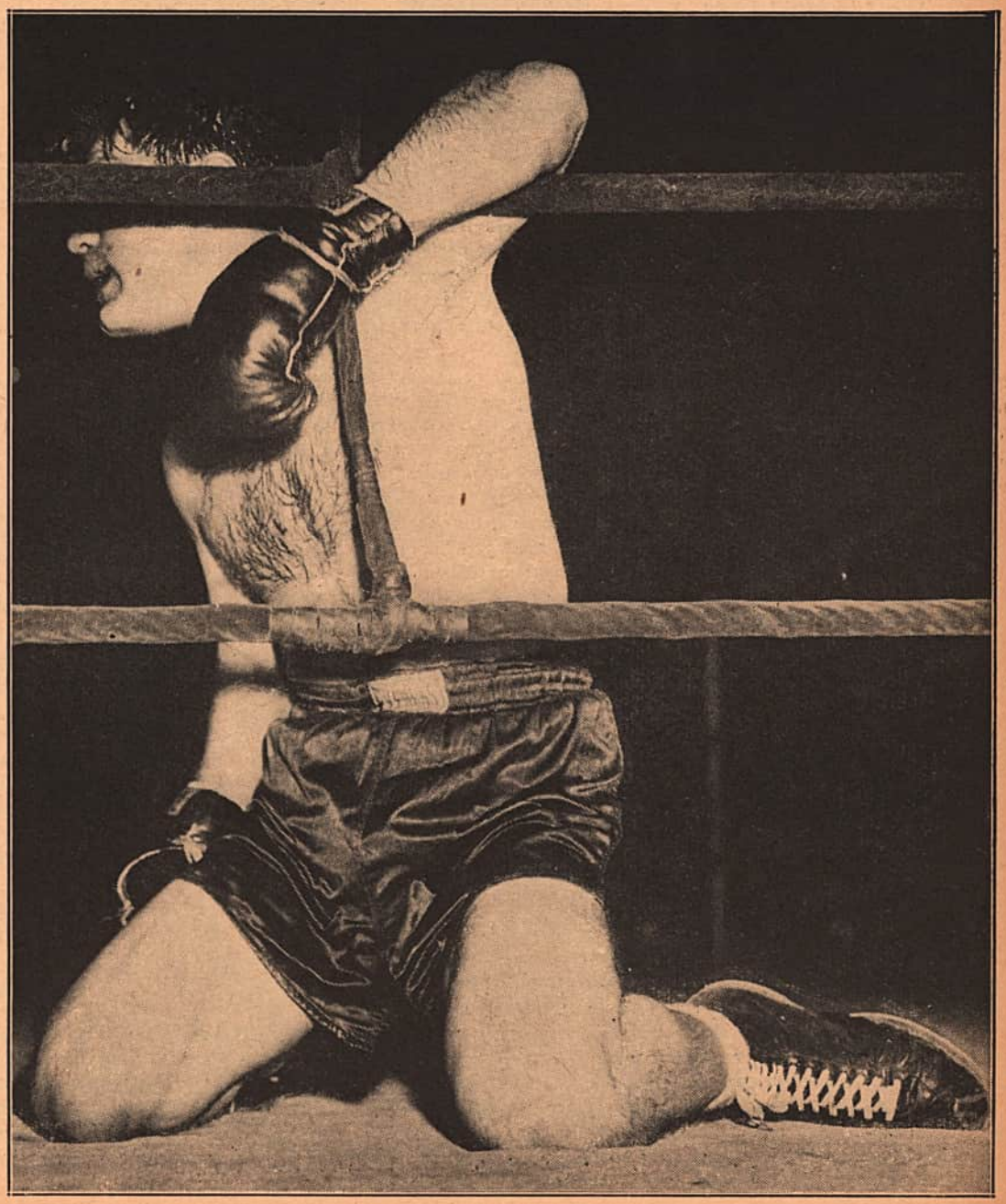
* * *

FRITZIE ZIVIC, like Henry Armstrong, his predecessor, thrives on work. He loves to fight. The world welterweight champion, were it possible for him to have Mike Jacobs arrange it, would like nothing better than to have a championship bout a month, as Joe Louis has arranged. Though Zivic lost to Mike Kaplan at Boston recently in ten rounds, he flashed true championship form when he

verify that. Dressing rooms without any sanitary conditions, the use of filthy towels, boys entering the ring in sickly condition; others going in to the roped square without proper protection—those are matters which the Boxing Commission Chairman stressed in its report to the Secretary of State and which Assemblyman Mahoney took into consideration when introducing his bill.

If amateurs are going to fight for three to five dollars per round as I have seen them get in up-state shows, then they should fight as pros and not as simon-pures and the state should not be deprived of the income due it. What's good for the goose should be good for the gander.

All amateur boxing should be supervised by the State Athletic Commission. Pity Governor Lehman saw fit to turn down the Mahoney measure. It was a protective measure for both the boys and the state. Had the Mahoney Bill become law, it would not have interfered in the least with the A.A.U. activities in boxing other than strict



And here Marteliano is saved by the bell as he hangs on to the ropes following his second knockdown. The count had reached four when the gong sounded, ending the bout. He was in no condition to get up and would have lost by a kayo.

triumphed over Tony Martelliano at the Coliseum of New York, in a battle that was a hair-raiser for six of the ten sessions. Up to the sixth round, which Fritzie lost on a low punch, the affair was an even one, but from that point on, Fritzie gave the kind of exhibition he displayed in his two fights with Armstrong and carried off the honors. Fritzie may not go down in the history of the welter division as the greatest champion of recent years, but he will be given credit for being one of the best the division has developed in the last two decades.

The youngest of the fighting brothers did a magnificent job. He worked like a master technician. He rated himself well, came roaring down the homestretch like a Cunningham and all but had Tony out in the final session. In that round Fritzie dropped Martelliano for a count of eight with a powerful short right to the jaw and then came another that put Tony down against the ropes, where he was supporting himself when the bell came to the rescue, ending the fight. Had the bell not sounded, Tony would never have gotten to his feet.

It is the kind of fighting exhibited by Zivic and Armstrong that has brought the welterweight division to the front. The same holds good in the middleweight division in which several top notch battlers have been developed. When the boxing game has such a sterling performer as Champion Joe Louis to set the pace, the entire field benefits. As the top man goes, so usually go all the other stars of the game. Louis has set a fine example and the others have been following.

Lou Salica, winner over Transparenti, clinches hold on bantam title.

* * *

SAMMY ANGOTT, the N.B.A. champion, successfully defended his N.B.A. title on Derby Day in Louisville when he handed Dave Castilloux, the Canadian title-holder, a severe setback by clearly outpointing him. Sammy dropped Dave in the first round and the Canadian couldn't get his bearings thereafter.

It is a pity that, as in the case of Tony Zale among the middleweights, a real championship fight cannot be arranged between the N.B.A. lightweight king and the International champion, Lew Jenkins. There can be no doubt as to who is the world title holder. Jenkins holds that crown and not Angott.

But there also can be no doubt that Angott has earned a shot at Jenkins' crown. Such a fight would eliminate the nonsensical lightweight championship claim of the N.B.A. and settle the matter of supremacy and I hope it can be arranged. Unfortunately Angott's manager cannot agree on the terms offered for such a fight. He insists on the champion's share, something to which he is not entitled.

The same condition holds in the case of Tony Zale. If the managers of Zale can get together with the manager of the winner of the Overlin-Soose bout, an international middleweight king can be crowned. Short sightedness alone keeps such a bout from materializing. A fifty-fifty split would be proper and clinch such a bout.

* * *

SPEAKING of the N.B.A., I again call attention to the ridiculous claim of Joe Triner, its president. In a recent statement, Joe declared that the legitimate featherweight king is Pete Scalzo and not Harry Jeffra, and he demanded that Scalzo arrange to defend his title against Archibald, the winner over Jeffra.

Such a fight is in order. I am heartily in favor of it. Scalzo is a great little fighter and he and the Archibald-Jeffra winner should get together to settle the matter of supremacy and eliminate one title claimant. Such a bout would clear the field and make the winner the best featherweight in the world. But as for Joe Triner shelving Jeffra as champion, I think if he adhered to the rules of boxing, he would learn something he should have known a long time ago—that Harry Jeffra won his crown in the ring by whipping the world champion Joey Archibald while Scalzo received his title by gift of the N.B.A., and since Joe's remarks were made, Archibald regained the crown.

I hope that Scalzo gets his chance against Archibald. If such a fight can be arranged, I will offer a championship belt to the winner.

Let's get together boys. I'm for such a fight. Scalzo has earned the right to win international laurels if he can, by whipping the world champion. He is one of the world's best featherweights.

* * *

WORD that Henry Armstrong is training for a "come-back," after less than four months of retirement following his overwhelming defeat at the hands of Fritzie Zivic, came as startling news to those who had taken Henry at his word when he stood in the center of the Madison Square Garden ring, accepted the "retirement" medal from Mike Jacobs, and announced:

"I deeply appreciate this great ovation. I did my best when in the ring, and I shall continue in private life, to live up to the standard I set as a fighter."

Hank meant that when he received the Award of Merit which Jacobs gives to every champion upon his retirement. At least he was in earnest. He had decided at the time that with eyes in poor condition and legs gone after eleven years of ring activity, he couldn't go on. But something has happened since then. A small sized fortune has been lost in a business venture. A man might be a great fighter but when it comes to business, he is only a novice. This has been proved time and again and Henry Armstrong is no exception.

With heavy income tax burdens, a home with family to support, Hank found that writing poetry or composing for an orchestra and leading it, did not bring in the income to which he had been accustomed. He learned that in one fight with a good opponent, he could make more money than he could all year in his new venture, so he has given up orchestra leading and composing and has definitely announced his return to the ring.

With no opposition in sight for Jenkins or Zivic—that is, the kind that will bring in $70,000 or more at the gate, though there are plenty of good contenders provided the commercial angle is put aside—Armstrong has been urged to abandon retirement. Those behind the move apparently are not considering the danger attached to such a comeback, especially in view of the extremely poor condition of Henry's eyes. While Hank will be passed in New York for a title fight, there are many states in which he could no longer receive a license because of his physical condition.

Too bad that the step must be taken, but Henry Armstrong should be the best judge of his own condition, financial and physical.

* * *

SO "Bummy" Davis has been reinstated! Well, those who write about boxing in New York, never for a moment thought that the "life suspension" meted out to the man who fouled Fritzie Zivic, meant anything other than a short term of rest. It was a foregone conclusion that so great a gate attraction as the Brownsville bad boy would not be kept on the sidelines for a long period, because *(Continued on page 42)*

BEHIND *the* THRONE

Wives of Famous Fighters Play Important Role in the Rise of Pugilists—Jenkins' Bombing Punch Was Final Factor in Winning Lightweight Title, But His Dynamic Little Wife, Katie, Furnished the Spark That Speeded Him Victoriously to Heights—Mrs. Hatcher a Capable Second

By I. Q. GROSS

IN the march of history women have played heroic roles in connection with the careers of their husbands. The loyal devotion of his affectionate spouse lightened the darkest hours of the ill-starred King Charles the First through the maze of thrilling events which eventually brought the unfortunate Stuart king to the scaffold.

In modern times, Thomas Edison was helped immeasurably by the wisdom and faith of his wife. Even our present Chief Executive, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, admits he would never have attained the heights were it not for the aid and confidence of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

The marital relation also ranks high in the world of sport. Boxing, too, has its First Lady. She has given the game a spark which it has missed for many years. She has lent to the art of fisticuffs a feminine touch which has inspired a confidence the sport has rarely possessed. Her beauty and fire have caught the fancy of thousands who admire her for her faith and her loyalty and who know that she was in large measure responsible for the success of the world's lightweight champion, Lew Jenkins.

Katie Jenkins is the woman's name.

Maybe Lew would have become champion without Katie by his side. But we doubt it. As we talked to her on the terrace of the swanky Versailles Hotel in Miami Beach, Florida, we came to affirm the opinion of many that Lew owes much of his present prosperity to the fact that his pretty wife encouraged him all the way up, stood by him in his darkest hours, trained with him when the going was tough and always spoke a cheering word when others laughed.

Katie has been criticized because many believe that women should stay out of the boxing game and shouldn't interfere with business affairs. But listen to Katie speak in her defense: "I was interested in seeing that Lew got a fair break. The managers who were after him were interested in him as a boxer, and for getting their cut. I am interested in Lew as a husband. I will live with him and love him after they leave him. I want to see him protected at all times. Why shouldn't I have spoken up when I saw others were doing him wrong?"

Kidd Hatcher and his charming wife who seconds him in states where the law permits it.

Now that Jenkins has won the title and can go no higher, Katie's secret wish is for him to retire. She fears that he may be hurt or that his eyesight may be injured by cuts. "It's true boxing has given us much but to be frank, I'd rather be just a plain house wife than to enjoy some of the comforts which we now can afford. When a person makes more money he spends more and gets more troubles and cares."

The champion's wife doesn't like the idea of her husband leaving home so often to go to training camps. "I love Lew and want to be near him at all times. I've tried to convince myself that maybe it would be better for me to stay away and let him continue to box but I can't be happy that way. When Lew finishes his boxing career we'll have more chance to do the things we like so much, like riding horses, fast cars and flying planes. I want Lew to quit the game as soon as he can because I want him to enjoy life and not to sacrifice everything for a few more good fights. I want him to be healthy and be able to enjoy the fruits of his labor."

* * *

KATIE would be taking flying lessons now except for the objection of her husband. Just three years ago she was riding in competition in Dallas in fast stock cars and got a great kick out of it until she turned over three times and was almost killed.

The Jenkins have never forgotten the friends who stuck with them through their lean days. A typical example is the tremendous home coming party given them in Dallas when Lew won the title. They were offered the leading suite at the best hotel in town. But Katie insisted that they return to the Irvington Hotel, a small hotel owned by an old friend, who was so kind to them when Lew was looking for fights and couldn't get 'em.

Lew and Katie recently bought a beautiful home on Palm Island, a tropical isle off Miami Beach, Florida. Katie is petite and handsome. She is less than five feet tall and weighs 98 pounds. Slacks are her favorite dress. When she came *(Continued on page 44)*

CHAMP *in the* MAKING

Sugar Ray Robinson, Former Amateur King, Looms as Best Young Prospect in Pro Ranks — Experts Pick Him as the Next World Lightweight Champion—Is Clever and Can Hit

By CURT HORRMAN

I SUPPOSE it is only natural for a manager to go out on the limb for his own fighter. That, at least, has been the accepted policy since the inception of the manly art of self-defense. So, pardon my glove while I go out on the shill and introduce Ray Robinson, a lad I am firmly convinced will succeed Lew Jenkins as lightweight champion of the world.

Robinson is no Joe Gans or Kid Chocolate—not yet, at least. But he shows promise of emulating the Old Master. Ray can box. Most important of all, he can also sock with either hand as his record will attest. Robinson engaged in 89 fights as an amateur, winning every start and registering 63 knockouts, a record unequalled in the ranks of the simonpures.

Among the numerous championships Ray won while competing as a medal chaser were the New York Golden Gloves Tournament of champions, the Inter-City Golden Gloves and the National Canadian championships in the 126-, 135- and 147-pound classes. Robinson competed as an amateur for two years and made his pro debut in the Garden on October 4 of last year.

Ray has since participated in 15 fights, winning 12 by knockouts and the other three decisions. The only fighters able to last the route with him were Mistos Grispos, George Zengaras and Bobby McIntyre. Those whom he flattened were Jose Echeverria, Bobby Woods, Norment Quarles, Oliver White, Frankie Wallace, Henry LaBarba, Benny Cartegena, Gene Spencer and Jimmy Tygh, twice.

Tygh had been on the deck only once before in his picturesque career until he ran afoul of Robinson. They clashed twice in Philadelphia under the promotion of Herman Taylor. Ray knocked Shamus into the arms of Morpheus with one punch in the eighth round, the first time they collided. Tygh beefed he was the victim of a short count.

* * *

PROMOTER TAYLOR lost no time in rematching the pair. It took Robinson but 1 minute 51 seconds to bowl Tygh over in their return encounter, during which he toppled the aggressive Philadelphian five times in all, the last time for keeps. Even Tygh now freely admits that there was nothing fluky about their second shindig.

Although Robinson has definitely established himself as one of the most formidable challengers for Jenkins' title, it is my belief that Ray needs a little more seasoning and experience before being teamed with the Sweet Swatting Sweetwater Texan in a championship match. And I plan to see that he gets this experience by constant competition.

There are any number of more experienced lads that Robinson will be required to meet before I will consider matching him with Jenkins. Among those I believe Ray is ready for are Pete Lello, who holds a knockout victory over Jenkins, Bobby Ruffin and Sammy Angott, the National Boxing Association title-holder.

Should Robinson clean house of that field this summer, I would consider matching him with Jenkins. But not until then. Not that I don't think the kid would give Jenkins plenty of trouble right now. He would. And he would stand a good chance of pickling the Texan, if he tagged him, just like he has bowled over all other types of opposition.

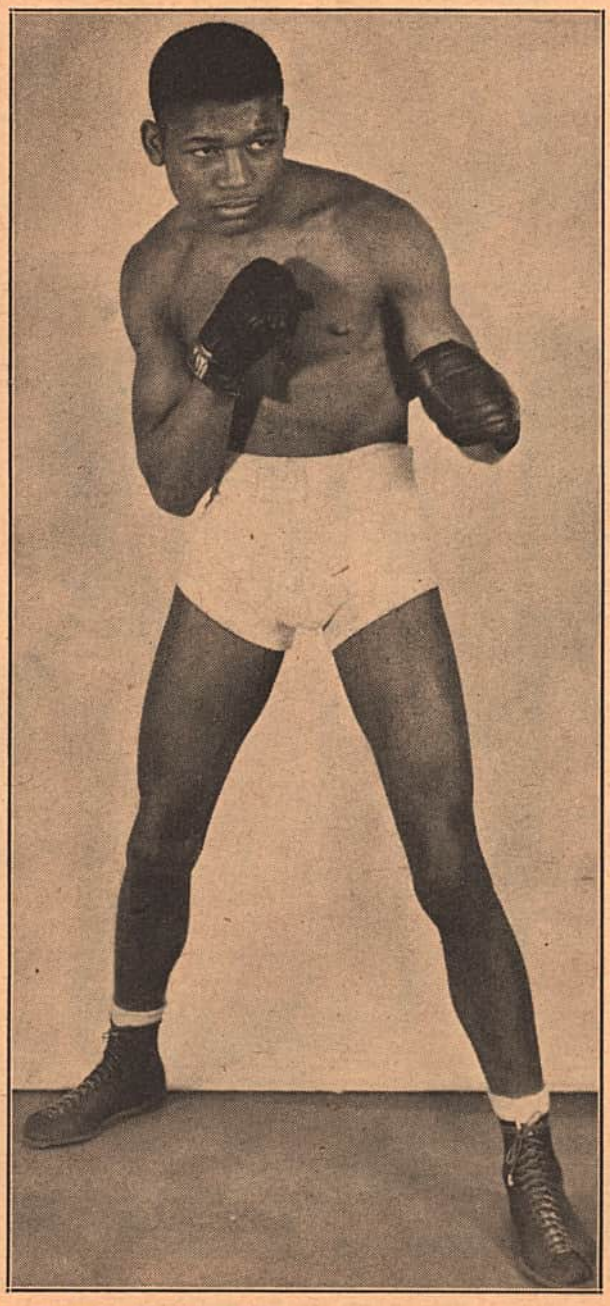
But I do not intend to make the same mistakes others have in the past of rushing Ray. Too many promising youngsters have been ruined that way. Instead, I propose to nurse him along as I have since he graduated the amateurs. And when he is ready for the Big Timers, he'll prove their equal in every respect.

* * *

I AM not the only person who thinks that Ray Robinson is the outstanding lightweight prospect, the man who eventually will succeed to the crown that adorned the heads of such famous ring men as Tony Canzoneri, Lou Ambers, Benny Leonard and Joe Gans, among others. Leo Riorden, writing in a Philadelphia paper, had this to say of Ray after his last fight with Tygh:

"Add another Robinson to the list of Negro personalities. Of course, Sugar Robinson has a long way to travel before he can approach the international reputation of Bojangles Robinson, the man with the humming, talking, laughing, lilting feet. But 'Sugar' Robinson has sweet feet, also. In fact, you can say that he tap dances more like Bill Robinson and fights more like Joe Louis than anybody in the lightweight class. A lot of fistic experts are saying that 'Sugar's' sweet feet and sharp punching will carry him to the title held by Lew Jenkins before he puts another year's mileage on his boxing shoes.

(Continued on page 46)



"Sugar" Ray Robinson, New York lightweight

Hurst's Meteoric Rise

Montreal Lightweight Strong Candidate for World Laurels— Has a Commendable Record

By LAWSON BAMPTON

CANADIAN fight critics and fans are acclaiming a new lightweight sensation in Harry Hurst, Montreal youngster who shows indications of scaling the lightweight ladder to dizzier heights than any of his predecessors in Canuck ring history. Already having proven undisputable right to be rated on a par with Canada's two premier lightweights, Dave Castilloux, Canadian title-holder, and Billy Marquart, the Winnipeg boy who fights out of Chicago, Hurst should soon soar far past the scope of either of these two able torch-bearers. In fact, there are many who will be surprised if he does not wind up as the proud and worthy wearer of the world lightweight crown a year or two from now, if not sooner.

Outside of Montreal, Toronto, Washington and New York, where he has established himself as a colorful and popular favorite with fans who like clean, fiery action on their fight menus, Hurst is probably shrugged off as an overnight flash who might have been fluky in holding the classy Canadian champ, Dave Castilloux, a ring scientist of known merit, to a ten-round draw in their recent clash. There may possibly be some who have seen him perform during the past year who also figure likewise, as many in Montreal's "smart sock society" thought before the bout, that a lad with only twenty fights under his belt couldn't hope to cope with the experience of a seasoned ring master like Castilloux, who ranked among the top challengers for the past year or more.

Harry Hurst, one of the best lightweights on the continent.

However, Hurst did it to the satisfaction of those fortunate enough to be on hand when he battled Castilloux to a standstill in a furious ten-round draw that had some 8,000 spectators at the Forum shrieking their delight as the tired, gallant pair of ring warriors punched it out toe-to-toe while the gong kept clanging, in dulled comparison to the fans' thunderous acclaim, to signalize to the unhearing gladiators that the titular struggle was over. That battle put the fight game back on its feet in Montreal, after a long period in the doldrums, and far surpassed the high-powered ballyhoo that preceded it. Hurst is now rightly regarded as "Boxing's Destiny Boy" in Montreal, and his story is quite a story.

* * *

STARTING quite young, Harry, who is now twenty-two, had a fairly lengthy amateur ring career. He cleaned up the lightweight division in his last two years as wearer of the Dominion's lightweight crown among the simon-pures as well as Golden Gloves and other titles. Maurice Foreman, his present mentor, who is largely responsible for his protege's progress, took him in hand during his final season as an amateur and quickly produced results.

Foreman, who trained his own kid brother, Al Foreman, with such success a decade ago that Al was British Empire and Canadian lightweight king and Canada's top drawing card, didn't take very long to make Hurst a two-fisted dynamiter. Hurst had been a dangerous left-hooker and Foreman made Hurst's right hand a more effective and lethal weapon. Quick, convincing knockouts marked the end of Hurst's amateur ring career and he kept right on going as a pro, knocking out ten of his first eleven opponents.

Of his twenty-one fights, he has yet to taste defeat. He kayoed thirteen, won six and drew twice. Vic Troise and Dave Castilloux were the dead-heat rivals. The ones who stayed the limit but bowed in defeat by wide margins were Tommy Cross, Chester Rico, Mickey LaMarr, Benny Cartagena, Norment Quarles and Beverley Carter.

The knockout victims: Charley Burns, 6 rounds; Billy Bullock, 7; Lloyd Lasky, 1; Tommy Fontana, 1; Charlie Gilly, 5; Irish Bob Riley, 3; Johnny Dube, 4; Kayo Labbe, 5; Floyd Stovall, 4; Jeff Furrone, 3; Chuck Butters, 2; Frankie DeCarlo, 5; and Ralph Walton, 2.

Hurst is always in first rate shape when he climbs through the ropes, and Foreman sees to it that he is ready to do his best at all times. Like other punchers whose heavy artillery limits the necessity of clever boxing, Hurst is a smarter boxer than is apparent. Of course, to be an effective puncher, with a degree of consistency to wade through undefeated as far as he has, one must be a smart ring general, too.

Harry had not much more than passed his first half dozen fights when Foreman contacted George Sheppard, Brooklyn fight manager, who is a former Montrealer, to handle the business in the States for fights that would season the bright young prospect. Results show that Sheppard does a good job, as Foreman points out.

* * *

FOREMAN really pulled a smart move when he started gunning for a main bout in Montreal for Hurst early last winter. He pointed out that Hurst was unbeaten and dared Maxie Berger to oppose him. Berger's handlers and a couple of columnists snickered out loud, broadly insisted that Foreman was pulling a publicity stunt with no intention of taking such a fight, and suggested that Hurst show he rates such a match by tangling with Dave Castilloux. More snickering in a couple of columns. Then a friendly columnist took up the cudgels on behalf of Hurst. Other columnists joined in the argument. The press unerringly built up the fight in honest arguments and Promoter Jimmie McKimmie stepped in and signed the fighters.

In the meantime, Hurst had kept on fighting and his appearances got more attention in the papers, so when a broken hand forced temporary cancellation of the February match, Hurst and Foreman were in the shadow of suspicion as publicity seekers. However, when negotiations were resumed, they were right on hand and the fight was made, with Hurst and Dave fighting to a draw.

During 1940, Hurst engaged in fourteen contests and won all but one with Victor Troise that went the limit of eight rounds to a draw. Three bouts were won on points and ten by knockouts, a most commendable record. This year he has fought three times. He won from Chester Rico in eight rounds by decision and beat Tommy Cross in ten via the decision route, and the last time out, he and Castilloux fought a draw. No wonder the Canadians, especially the fight fans of Montreal, are rooting so hard for Hurst.

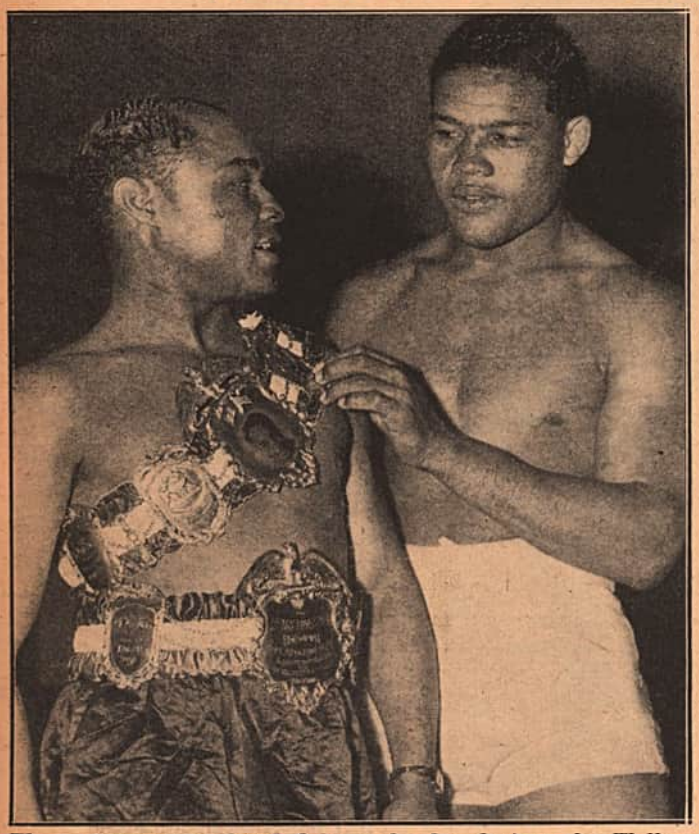
Montreal has been a production plant for some pretty good lightweights in the past. The Canuck Metropolis' home talent has been graced by such names as Al *(Continued on page 47)*

Hank and Joe Set Pace

Armstrong and Louis Best of Negro Boxers Developed Since Walker Law's Adoption—Eight Colored Champions Crowned Since 1920—Sport's Rise Due to Commission Influence

By "THE RING" EDITOR

(This is the last of the series tracing the history of the Walker Law and its influence on international boxing.)



The two greatest colored fighters developed since the Walker Law was put into effect, Henry Armstrong and Joe Louis. They are here seen admiring the two belts awarded Hank by THE RING, one for winning three titles and the other for having accomplished most for boxing in 1940.

IT has already been pointed out in these articles dealing with the birth and workings of the Walker Law, passed by the New York Legislature on May 24, 1920, that the salutary influence of the statute legalizing boxing was not only nationwide, but eventually extended all over the civilized world. When the other States of the Union fell in line by issuing protective decrees governing the sport, foreign countries were quick to follow suit, establishing commissions, or boards of control, with the result that the game which once led such a precarious, barely tolerated existence, rose to the unprecedented heights of the popularity which it enjoys today.

But it should never be forgotten by the dwellers in the Empire State that it was their bailiwick which set the mark for the sister States and the rest of the world to shoot at. It was a clean-cut demonstration of the old advertising slogan—"We lead, others follow!"

And it was not the least of the Walker Law achievements that under its benevolent aegis, colored boxers developed to an extent never before known, repeatedly hitting the championship target plumb in the bullseye.

Let us look back over the record.

From 1880 to 1890, the Big Time register shows us only George Dixon and Peter Jackson as the bright and particular stars of their race on the pugilistic horizon. From 1890 to 1900, Dixon, Joe Gans and Joe Walcott stood out pre-eminently. Between 1900, the year when the Horton Law expired, and 1910, Dixon, Gans, Walcott, Dixie Kid, Young Peter Jackson, Joe Blackburn and Bobby Dobbs were making ring history, while clever Jack Johnson became the first colored world's heavyweight champion, and those formidable gladiators, Sam Langford, Joe Jeannette and Sam McVey forged to the front.

In the 1910 to 1920 era, Jeannette, McVey and Langford were still battling, and Harry Wills, Battling Siki and Kid Norfolk had come into prominence.

* * *

MENTION has only been made of the really notable colored scrappers in this forty-year stretch, extending from 1880 to 1920. Besides Jack Johnson, Negro pugilists to annex titles during that period were Gans, who became king of the lightweights; Dixon, bantam and featherweight monarch; Walcott and Dixie Kid, each of the latter in turn winning the welter crown. Considering the handicap of racial discrimination that dusky glove-performers labored under all through that time, that's a creditable listing!

But in twenty-one years, dating from 1920 to the present, as against that forty years, producing five non-Caucasian champs—we have seen eight colored mitt artists dominating the field, in the persons of Tiger Flowers, middleweight; Battling Siki, light-heavyweight; John Henry Lewis, light-heavyweight; Panama Al Brown, bantamweight; Kid Chocolate, featherweight and junior lightweight; Jack Thompson, welterweight; Henry Armstrong, feather, light, and welterweight; and last, yet certainly not least, the Brown Bomber—Joe Louis, heavyweight—world champions ALL!

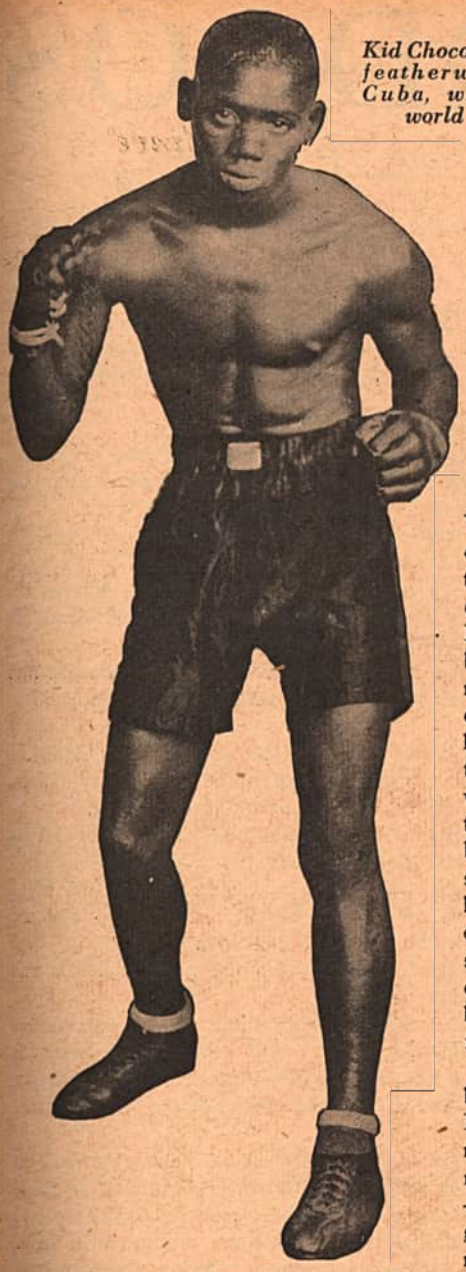
It is also worthy of note that the above array of talent covers every class in boxing except flyweight, and that one demonstrator of success demonstrated with such walloping energy that he held three separate titles at the same time. The titles belonged to the featherweight, lightweight and welterweight divisions, and the triple-crowned oddity was Henry Armstrong who, in executing this feat, did something no other fighter, white or colored, has accomplished!

Undeniably the coming of the Walker Law was a boon for the colored glovemen, as the high honors they have won since its inception clearly shows. Previous to that, one of the hardest problems which confronted the manager of an unknown Negro boxer campaigning in the sticks, was to edge his boy into a match with a white lad in Manhattan, which might lead to something better later on. Matching him around New York with one of his own race meant taking a chance on being beaten-up for next to nothing financially.

This particular state of things grew even worse after 1910, when Jack Johnson toppled over Jeffries and became heavyweight leader. That victory wasn't a popular one, and its consequent effect was to make it tougher than ever for colored boxers to get anywhere near a title shot. There was something very close to being a genuine, though not officially acknowledged, conspiracy to limit them to battling among themselves, which extended from coast to coast, and was for a long time ignored, if not actually supported by sports writers in general.

* * *

EVEN after the Walker Law got into full swing, nearly two years passed before that unofficial ban upon mixed matches was removed, when Irish Johnny Curtin took on Danny Edwards



Kid Chocolate, a clever featherweight from Cuba, who gained world honors.

before a Gotham club. That was in 1922, and neither the announcement of the match nor its fulfillment caused as much as a ripple of excitement in little ol' N' Yawk! Yet the stock excuse given for sidetracking Negroes, not only by the State Boxing Commission, but by boxing board magnates in various other parts of this land of the free, was that the soaking of a white boy's beezer by the hand of a colored brother was likely to stir up all sorts of hell later, in the shape of riots, such as were said to have developed when Johnson bopped Jeff for the full count.

Those said riots, by the way, were, as Mark Twain commented on the false rumors of his death —very much exaggerated. Nothing much happened anywhere, outside of drunken brawls by stiffs who were looking for trouble and finding it. That sort of thing occurs somewhere on a small scale after any important scrap, whether the contestants are white, black, brown or copper-colored, only it doesn't make the newspaper headlines.

But once the public mind gets twisted into crooked channels, it's the devil's own job to straighten it out again, and as a matter of record it was nearly sixteen years after the Johnson-Jeffries bout before a colored man again figured in a championship contest. The hoodoo was busted when Tiger Flowers whipped Harry Greb, and seated himself on the middleweight throne, in 1926.

What made Flowers' victory impressive was the fact that Greb was a very extraordinary and highly popular fighter, who had gone out of his class to meet such men as Gene Tunney and Tommy Loughran, and had won and lost the light-heavyweight title. After Tunney became heavyweight champ, he admitted that he took the worst hammering of his career when he lost his first fight with Greb. Gene evened up the score later by beating Harry, but was always willing to pay tribute to Greb as a whirlwind scrapper.

Tiger Flowers, whom the boys were wont to hail as the "Georgia Deacon," because of his religious inclinations and all-around impeccable reputation, was a southpaw of uncanny skill. At an early stage of his mill with Greb he solved Harry's hurricane style of attack, which had bewildered a host of opponents, and won by a large margin of points.

By beating Greb, the versatile Tiger did more than gain a fat purse and win a title, he unconsciously became a benefactor to other boxers of his race by establishing a precedent which could not be ignored. From the date of Flowers' significant victory, the bars of prejudice disappeared as if by magic, mixed matches were no longer taboo, and the Negro boxers obtained full recognition as first-class fighting men.

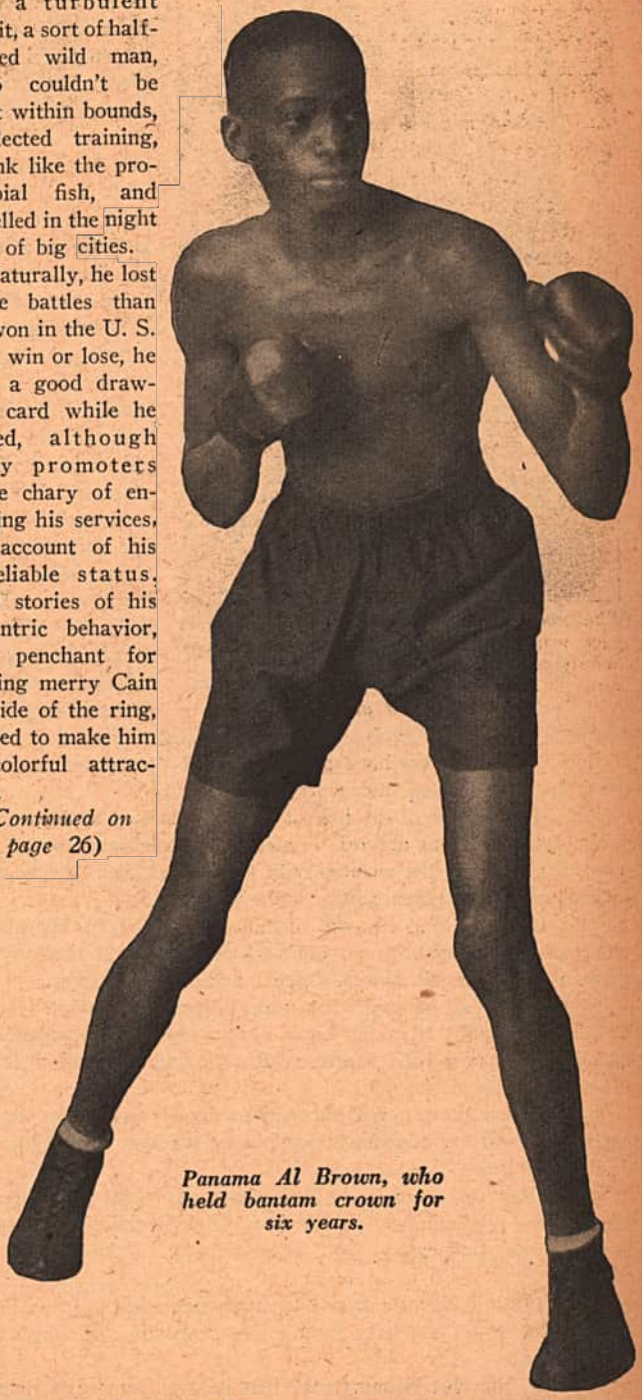
* * *

BATTLING SIKI, the erratic Senegalese, created a furore in the boxing world by upsetting the colorful Georges Carpentier at Paris in 1922 and grabbing his light-heavyweight crown. Siki was an ex-champ when he came to this country, having lost his world's title to Mike McTigue on points in Dublin, Ireland, on March 17, 1923. In the following June he made an unsuccessful try for the French light-heavyweight title, losing to Morrelle on a foul in six rounds, before a Paris club.

His American debut took place in New York, June 16, 1923, when Kid Norfolk was awarded a fifteen frame decision over him. Siki was a terrific puncher and as ferocious as a leopard in action. But he was a turbulent spirit, a sort of half-tamed wild man, who couldn't be kept within bounds, neglected training, drank like the proverbial fish, and revelled in the night life of big cities.

Naturally, he lost more battles than he won in the U. S. Yet, win or lose, he was a good drawing card while he lasted, although many promoters were chary of engaging his services, on account of his unreliable status. The stories of his eccentric behavior, and penchant for raising merry Cain outside of the ring, helped to make him a colorful attraction.

(Continued on page 26)

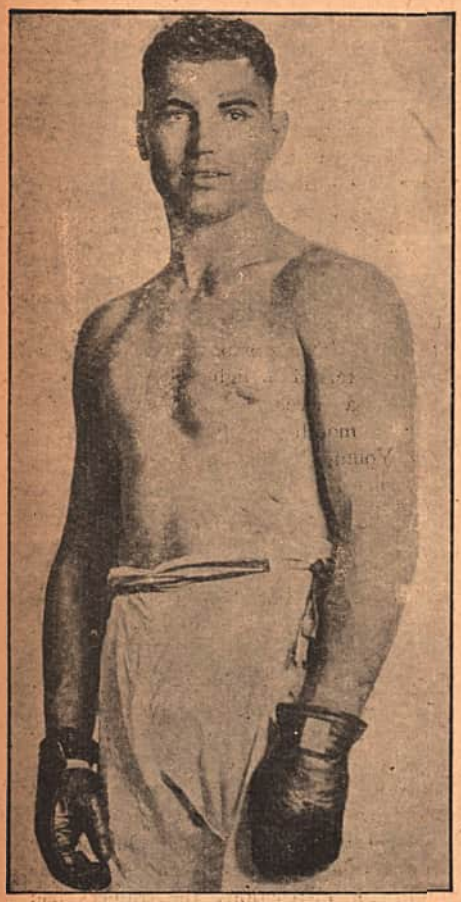


Panama Al Brown, who held bantam crown for six years.

RING HOODOOS

Some Extraordinary Cases of Superstition Cited—Gene Tunney One of Few Top Fighters Who Was Never Affected

By GEORGE T. PARDY



Jack Dempsey who was superstitious about his dirty, maroon coat sweater.

FIGHTERS are probably the most superstitious of all athletes. Few boxers I have met are free from it. One was Gene Tunney. He dismissed luck as a factor in the fight game, although he had plenty, as for example the "long count" he was given in his contest with Jack Dempsey at Chicago. But Gene affected to despise everything that savored of superstition.

"It's up to me," he used to say, coolly. Incidents that would have driven most fighters into a state of superstitious fear, had no effect on Gene. His almost inhuman coolness had a bad influence on his opponents.

I shall never forget the expression on Jack Dempsey's face when he heard that Gene had flown through a storm from his training camp at Speculator to Philadelphia on the day of their first meeting.

Tex Rickard, one of the coolest men I have ever met, was with Jack when the news arrived. For once his celebrated poker face slipped, and I saw the worried look in his eyes, and the big cigar he was smoking suddenly hang loose in his teeth.

Jack Dempsey had his full share of superstition. He always went into the ring with an old and dirty maroon coat-sweater thrown across his shoulders. Once I asked him about it.

"That sweater," he said, "has been with me ever since I began fighting. I bought it in St. Louis out of my first ring earnings, and I have never been beaten while wearing it. Once I left it off and lost the decision."

Jack handed the tattered garment to me for inspection. It was certainly no fitting adornment for one of the best dressed boxers of modern times.

"You may laugh at me," Jack went on, "but that old coat brought me luck against Fred Fulton, Carl Morris, Bill Brennan and George Carpentier, and I'm sticking to it—to the last thread."

I didn't laugh, because I have often thought that fighters in the heat of battle get a clearer insight into the nature of things than most of us.

Anyway, the fact remains that just before Dempsey's memorable fight with Luis Firpo "Doc" Kearns, his manager, decided that Jack was so invincible that he no longer needed his luck garment.

* * *

I WAS at the ringside and saw Jack climb into his corner. He was wearing a brand-new sweater. I looked about for the old maroon coat and couldn't see it.

"Jack's left his lucky coat behind," I said to a colleague. "It would be strange if he went out tonight."

It was a whale of a fight. Seven times Dempsey floored the Argentinian in the first round with some of the most shattering punches ever delivered in the prize-ring.

Before the gong to end the first round went, my colleague said to me, "It doesn't look as if that old coat's making much difference, George."

In my excitement I had forgotten all about Jack's mascot. I was about to reply when Firpo, rushing in like a maddened buffalo, sent Jack clean through the ropes with a terrific right.

Nearly a hundred thousand people sprang to their feet and let out a yell. Jack was out of the ring. He had fallen between Grantland Rice, the noted sports writer and Jane Dixon, the noted reporter who worked on the New York *Telegram,* both of whom helped to push him back into the ring.

Back again, Jack floored Firpo, then the gong sounded. The vicious, thrilling session was over.

It had happened so quickly that my mind was at sea. Out of the confusion and wild excitement, I shall never forget Jack with his back to the ropes, his jaw an open target, his hands hanging loosely at his sides, stunned from the impact of the blow that sent him through the ropes.

Then his marvelous recovery—the pulse-quickening way in which he went back at the "Wild Bull of the Pampas," bobbing and weaving and shooting in punches with lightning rapidity.

What a fight! That first round was three minutes of a thrill, seemingly endless. I sweated excitement. "What about the old coat now?" I whispered to my companion.

After Dempsey had knocked out Firpo in the next round, Jack handed Kearns the new white sweater.

"Here, Doc, take this," he said. "I don't want to see it again. For my next bout give me that old coat you wouldn't let me wear tonight. That Firpo fellow nearly put me out because I didn't go out in my old coat."

* * *

MANY fighters cross themselves before the first gong. Johnny Summers, famous British boxer, among others, always took a rosary into the ring.

When Harry Wills, the ebony-skinned New York heavyweight fought Jack Sharkey, both fighters were asked before the bout opened to say a few words into the microphone for the broadcast.

"Jack, will you say a few words to our radio audience?" asked the announcer just before the referee entered the ring.

"Sure," replied Sharkey. Then he shouted into the "mike": "I'll whip Wills tonight. I'll knock the bozo out!"

"Harry will you say something?" asked the announcer.

"Sorry," replied Wills, "I'm superstitious. I never say anything before a fight. It brings me bad luck."

But when the fight was over and Wills had been declared the loser on a foul, Harry rushed to the "mike" and cut loose with a barrage against Referee Patsy Haley, who had disqualified him. He no longer thought of superstition. All he was interested in now, was to take it out of the man who had halted the fight.

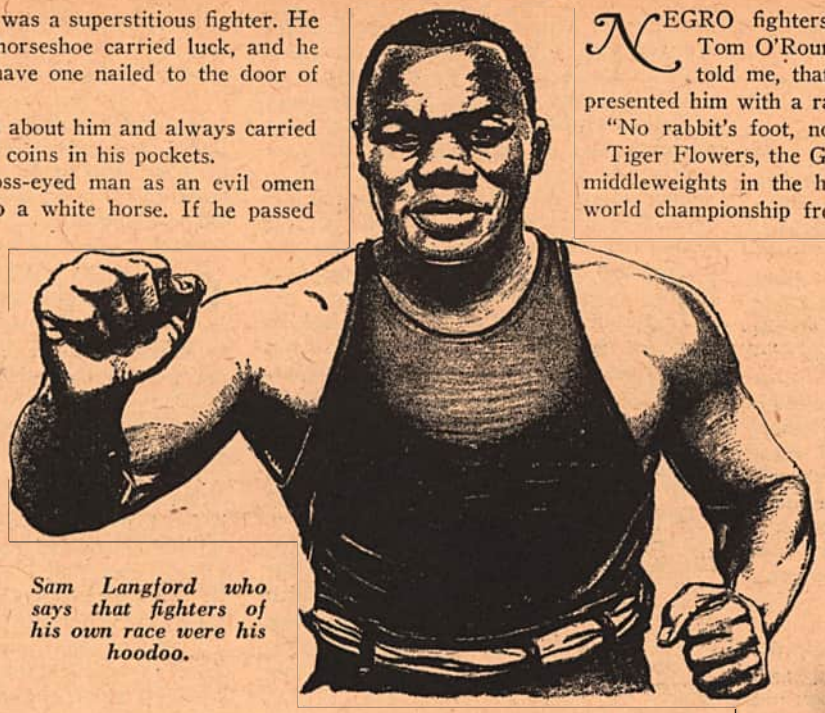
JIM CORBETT was a superstitious fighter. He believed that a horseshoe carried luck, and he never failed to have one nailed to the door of his training camp.

He kept stray dogs about him and always carried an assortment of odd coins in his pockets.

He regarded a cross-eyed man as an evil omen and took a dislike to a white horse. If he passed either on the road, it was a bad day for his sparring partners.

Bob Fitzsimmons told me that he was superstitious.

"Nat," he said, "I've often heard people ridicule others who told them of a dream that affected their careers. I believe in dreams as I do in the Gospel, and my reason for this strong feeling is that almost every dream I have had, has come true.



Sam Langford who says that fighters of his own race were his hoodoo.

"More than ten years ago, the night before my fight with Jim Jeffries on Coney Island, I dreamt I was fighting a tough battle, and that I was knocked out. When I got up in the morning, I told my wife about the dream.

"'Rose,' I said, 'I'm afraid it's all over. I'm going to lose my championship.'"

"'Don't be silly, Bob,' she said. 'What makes you say such things?'"

"I then told her of the dream I had had the previous night.

"'I shall lose all right, Rose,' I told her. 'I've never known a dream of mine not to come true.'

"You know what happened, Nat. I lost the championship to Big Jeff in the eleventh round."

And then Fitz went on to tell of several other dreams that had come true. "Fitz's Dreams," was the subject of a special article in The Ring a few issues back.

* * *

LIKE his old opponent, Jim Corbett, Fitz also believed that horseshoes brought good luck, and he told me that when he began his training for the fight with Corbett at Carson City he himself—for he was a blacksmith—made a large horseshoe and placed it on the floor of his dressing-room.

"I made two horseshoes every week I was in training, Nat," he said, "and gave them away to newspapermen and my handlers." (One of these is in The Ring Museum, autographed by Bob.) "When I had made the thirteenth horseshoe I decided to keep that for myself.

"One morning I was out on the road. My wife was following me on horseback. Suddenly I got a hunch. I stopped running and said to her,

"'Rose, I'm going to stop Corbett in the thirteenth round. The horseshoe has told me so.'"

As a matter of historical record, Fitzsimmons knocked out Jim Corbett with his famous solar plexus punch in the fourteenth round—only one round beyond that which he had predicted!

Tom Sharkey said that while he was preparing for his fight with Gus Ruhlin, Bob Fitzsimmons sent him two peacocks.

"When these birds arrived," said Tom, "I nearly passed out, for I remembered an old woman once telling me in Ireland that the owner of a peacock never had any good luck.

"I wanted to send these birds back to Fitz, but I loved him like a brother and didn't want to offend him. All through my training I kept thinking of the unlucky peacocks, and when I lost to Gus in the eleventh round, I blamed it on those Jonah birds."

NEGRO fighters are usually very superstitious. Tom O'Rourke, manager of Joe Walcott, once told me, that Joe refused to train unless Tom presented him with a rabbit's foot.

"No rabbit's foot, no luck," "Demon" Joe would say.

Tiger Flowers, the Georgia Deacon, one of the greatest middleweights in the history of the game, who won the world championship from Harry Greb, not only carried a Bible into the ring, but also knelt and prayed.

I once asked Sam Langford if he believed in the jinx.

"Yes, sah," replied Sambo, "my jinx is colored fighters, sure."

He never got over the idea that Negro opponents were a hoodoo to him. He was always anxious to annex the world title, but Jack Johnson stood in his way, and he always blamed his failure to become champion on members of his own race.

The Boston Tar Baby preferred to fight white men once a week to Negroes once a month. His record shows that he was whipped by Dave Holly, Young Peter Jackson, Joe Jeanette, Harry Wills and Jack Johnson—all colored boxers.

"White men are my meat," he told me, "colored men are my hoodoo."

* * *

JOE HUMPHREYS, who at one time helped me to collect data for a life of Terry McGovern, said in one of our many conversations:

"There was probably never a fighter who believed more in lucky omens than Terry. I'll never forget the day he fought Aurelia Herrera in San Francisco. He climbed into the ringside, and then sat down to await the instructions of the referee.

"Suddenly one of the spectators signaled to Sam Harris, Terry's manager, and pointed to McGovern's left shoe. It was unlaced.

"This was one of Terry's deepest superstitions. During the preliminary work, between the time that McGovern entered the ring and went to the middle for instructions, the trainers had purposely neglected to tie the lace.

"When the referee motioned Terry to the middle, McGovern took off the unlaced shoe, spat in it for good luck, put it on again, and told one of the handlers to lace it. I was fastening on his gloves at the time."

"The Brooklyn Terror was a mass of superstitious fears.

"He believed in the 'lucky kiss.' He was convinced that unless he received a good luck kiss from his wife before a fight, he would be sure to lose.

"On the night of his match with Oscar Gardner he suddenly remembered on his way to the club that he had forgotten to kiss his wife. He had only enough time to reach the club and get ready, but he insisted that he must return home.

"'I feel nervous tonight,' Terry told Sam Harris. 'I think I'm going to lose this fight.'"

"'Why, what's wrong, Terry?' Sam asked, 'you never said a thing like that before.'"

"'Well, Sam,' replied the Terror, 'I forgot to kiss the missus. I guess we've got time to get back to the hotel.'

"But Harris was adamant. A row started, and Terry left to return home. He came back shortly, however, without having seen his wife.

"In the ring Gardner handed him a peach of a lacing. For two rounds he smashed Terry all over the ring, dropping him in the first round, and nearly putting him out in the second. After that, McGovern recovered and finally outed Gardner in the third session.

"After the fight, Terry walked over to Sam Harris.

"'Never again, Sam,' he said, *(Continued on page 47)*

Hank and Joe Set Pace

(Continued from page 23)

It was inevitable, however, with his lawless inclinations, that Siki should drift into underworld currents, and his brawling habits result in ultimate tragedy. The curtain was abruptly rung down on the melodramatic activities of the festive lad from Senegal one dark night when he was found lying, stabbed to death, on the sidewalk of a New York street, presumably the victim of a bootlegging feud.

A remarkable fighter, this Mr. Siki, though a shady character. In this connection, it must be said that, while he stood out in bold relief as what the French call —"a bad subject"his conduct offers a sharp contrast to that of his colored contemporaries in the pugilistic field. In the matter of social behavior, it's a fifty-fifty break between Negro and white boxers.

* * *

THE ring career of Black Bill, the crack little colored flyweight, also culminated in tragedy, although it was not tragedy of his own making. Injuries to the optic nerve, suffered in the course of many combats between the ropes, cut short Bill's professional activities, resulting in permanent blindness. Bill's losing struggle for the flyweight title, with Midget Wolgast in 1930, is still remembered by sports writers as one of the fastest fifteen-round bouts ever staged between small chaps.

A ring curiosity from the physical standpoint, was Panama Al Brown, who won the world's bantam title from Vida Gregorio in 1929. Brown was even taller than Harry Harris, the white bantam who was also a world's champion a quarter of a century ago. Harris was over five feet, eight inches, a remarkable height for one of his class.

But the elongated Brown topped this, for Al actually stood five feet, eleven inches, and had a reach of 76 inches. Naturally most of Brown's opponents were obliged to concentrate their attacks on his body. But Panama Al had a splendid left that showered straight, cutting jabs on his assailants and kept them at long range, until they were either half-blind or clean exhausted.

How good Al Brown was can be guessed from the fact that he remained boss of the bantams and headed The Ring's Annual Rating of Boxers for six years. Most of his battles took place abroad, where he piled up a long succession of victories over Europe's best men.

* * *

THE coming of Kid Chocolate from Havana in 1928 added an exceptionally brilliant performer to the list of colored boxers who basked under the spotlight of the Walker Law. The spectacular Kid is said to have been only nine years old when he began pawing adversaries in amateur tourneys which, if correct, certainly belongs in the "peculiar facts" department of pugilistic records. At all events, he won 100 simon-pure bouts, 86 via the kayo route. Turning pro, he scored 21 knockouts in Cuban rings, and then headed for the U. S.

His manager, Luis Gutierrez, was willing to take any kind of a purse, in order to get Chocolate started. In his first public appearance, at Mitchell Field, L. I., the Kid received just thirty bucks for putting a kayo on Eddie Enos in three rounds.

Gutierrez had the right idea. Any lover of fisticuffs who once saw Chocolate, lithe, graceful, fast as lightning, and a sweet puncher, in action, would surely want to see him again. Within three months the Kid was filling main event dates at the smaller clubs, and before the year was over, he had crashed Madison Square Garden, where he fought a draw with Joe Scalfaro.

That bout proved that he wasn't lacking in either gameness or generalship. He ran into a right on the jaw that floored him a few seconds after the gong rang for the opening round. But he got up, stalled through a dizzy period, and was driving Scalfaro before him at the close of the tenth and final round. Several of the boxing critics believed that he was entitled to the decision.

The sports writers raved over Chocolate and the promoters massed hot on his trail. The Kid was in such demand that a year after he landed here, he and Al Singer played to a $250,000 gate at the Polo Grounds, the Cuban getting the verdict and $50,000 to boot.

In 1931 Chocolate won the world's junior lightweight championship by a technical kayo of Benny Bass. In the following year he took the feather crown by kayoing Lew Feldman in twelve rounds. He first showed signs of slipping in 1933 when Tony Canzoneri outed him in two frames. Next year, Frankie Klick scored a technical knockout over him, and thereafter Chocolate began definitely fading as a headliner attraction.

His career had been as short as it was brilliant. It was an old story. The Kid just couldn't stand prosperity. He wasn't tough, like Siki, but he loved the ladies and the life convivial too well, and his vitality had been seriously depleted to an extent that finished him as a star scrapper.

* * *

WHEN Young Jack Thompson beat Jackie Fields in 1930, he earned the distinction of being the first Negro to win the welterweight title in twenty-six years, counting back to 1904, when Dixie Kid deprived Joe Walcott of his championship.

Thompson was a fast, two-handed puncher, and in 1928 had already shown that he was a better man than Joe Dundee, who then occupied the welter throne. Thompson had been after a match with Dundee for some time, but the latter, knowing the colored lad was tough game, avoided him. Finally Dundee's manager agreed to an over-the-weight match, which took place in Chicago.

At weighing-in time the scales showed both fighters to be underneath the welterweight mark. This didn't suit Dundee's pilot, and that astute gent, in his role of title-preserver, bluntly stated that, unless Thompson put on more poundage—enough to take him out of range of the welter scaling-mark, there wouldn't be any battle.

So Thompson complied. He stuffed himself with all the bananas he could hold, and washed them down with generous draughts of water. That's an unfailing process for the increasing of weight, and it worked okay for Jackie. In a little while, he was able to step on the scales and show Dundee's cautious mentor that he was over the weight.

That was that! Then Young Thompson stepped into the ring with Dundee. In the second round he belted Joe on the chops with a smashing right and the champion was knocked out. But his championship title was safe, for the winner bulked over the welter limit. Thompson never had a chance to get even for this trick, as Dundee was later beaten by Fields, from whom the colored lad won the title.

* * *

GORILLA JONES was a hard-hitting middleweight, who won the American middleweight title, but lost on a foul to Marcel Thil at Paris in a bout with the world's championship of the class at stake. As a result of his behavior against Thil, the N.B.A. took the American title away from Jones and he never regained it.

John Henry Lewis won the light-heavyweight title from Bob Olin in 1935 and held it for five years. He was an exceptionally skillful boxer and one of the most scientifically contested bouts ever staged at the Garden was that between John Henry and Jock McAvoy, the British champion. Lewis won by a clear margin, but the Briton made an excellent showing, and was fighting back gamely when the fifteenth round ended. Lewis quit the ring owing to failing eyesight, fearing the unhappy fate which befell Black Bill.

* * *

THE two most sensational fighters developed during the Walker Law era were, beyond doubt, Henry Armstrong and Joe Louis.

Armstrong electrified the fans with his phenomenal speed, his wonderful endurance, and the extraordinary facility with which he could put on weight for one class, or train down to another, without his strength appearing to be affected. That a fighter could win and hold simultaneously three championships—feather, light and welterweight—no one had ever dreamed until Henry came along. Henry not only indulged in that dream, but made it come true.

When Armstrong lost his welterweight title to Fritzi Zivic in fifteen rounds, the spectators left the arena lauding the loser's splendid stand and bulldog gameness, to the skies. But Henry thrilled them even more in the return match, when, though he was stopped, he had the fans yelling with enthusiasm over the dogged courage with which he fought back at Zivic while he could see, refusing to quit under the terrific punishment, until forced to do so by the referee.

As regards the present world's heavyweight champion, the tale of Joe Louis' ring triumphs is too fresh in public memory to need re-telling. The Brown Bomber today holds the fort against all comers, defending his title so frequently that folks are beginning to wonder if there ever was such a thing as a heavyweight champ who would only scrap once a year. Louis took the sanctity out of that notion, which had grown to be a sort of unwritten pugilistic law, and has established a "keep busy" precedent, which maybe subsequent champs will not thank him for. But the public will!

Harry Wills, Kid Norfolk, Bruce Flowers, George Godfrey and Baby Joe Gans were among colored fighters of distinction who turned in numerous good performances under the Walker Law regime, and there were others too numerous to mention.

Dawson Doubts Billy's Punch

(Continued from page 3)

from the physical standpoint. Has anyone forgotten how quickly, easily and definitely Louis polished off Primo? Max Baer! Does Musto compare with him? And how long did Baer survive before a few applications of the paralyzing Louis punch induced sober reflection, and Max was counted out squatting?

Louis is fighting the world light-heavyweight champion because he has exhausted his available supply of heavyweight opponents. No more heavyweights remain. Repeats have not been highly successful and, anyway, few of the beaten heavyweights have wanted any more of the Louis game. Nobody can criticize them.

Yet, there can be no question Louis is not the old Louis. His hunger has given way to full and plenty. His worries about every-day subsistence are replaced by the ease and contentment only an independent fortune can bring. The hard, vigorous, tough and toughening life that once was his no longer exists.

Instead, Louis lives in the lap of luxury, everything that he could possibly wish for at his beck and call. Such a condition, no matter how well-earned, is not in the best interests of any athlete, particularly a fighter. Driving ambition is gone when luxury comes. Desperation, more times than not complementing the ring attributes of a fighter, inevitably gives way to a feeling almost of indifference.

* * *

THERE comes a softening, the measure of savagery is tempered, training has not the old appeal because actual fighting becomes a task whereas it once was a pleasure and joy. The softening manifests itself in flabby muscles to be observed by the naked eye. But, what the naked eye doesn't see, what his closest associates do not see, is the softening inside that only the fighter feels. And he tries to conceal it, knowing all the time he is lying to himself.

Conn is not the greatest boxer the ring has known. Consequently the bout will not be a repetition of Jim Corbett and John L. Sullivan. It will not even be a duplicate of Dempsey and Tunney, for the simple reason that Tunney, in addition to being a superb boxer, was a cool, calculating, deliberate hitter of solid proportions. But Tunney was lucky that night in Philadelphia. Dempsey demonstrated this a year later in Chicago. And it may be that Conn will be lucky, too. He may get Louis at or near the end of the trail.

However, there is the matter of styles. Louis' toughest fights have been against the crouching, bobbing style of fighter. Paulino, Farr, Pastor, Galento—even McCoy and Dorazio brought this weakness into bold relief. When they were in a crouch Louis couldn't land a glove on these fighters. He was absolutely at a loss what to do.

One of the most vivid recollections associated with Louis' career is the knockdown Galento scored over Louis. Clean as a shark's tooth it was, with a left hook that arched from a crouching stance and landed flush on an unprotected jaw. The recollection will always be vivid because the late Joe Jacobs, familiar with Louis' greatest weakness before anybody else in boxing, yelled himself hoarse with instructions for Two-ton Tony to "stay down; stay down in there; get down and hook it again."

But with that bravado that is native with him, Galento elected to ignore his adviser. He straightened up to strut his stuff before the kill. And he was battered helpless.

* * *

LOUIS enjoys his greatest success against a straight, stand-up fighter. Such a foe is a target, sometimes easy, sometimes difficult. But a target, nevertheless. Conn is a stand-up fighter. He never has "fought out of a crouch." He wouldn't know how. Billy is fast. He is clever. He is shifty. He loves to fight. He has an amazing confidence in his ability as a conqueror.

Yet, Conn has had no really stern test against a heavyweight and has encountered plenty of trouble against some of the light-heavyweights. He tires under pace and pressure. Boxing followers generally gave him little chance against Louis when the match first was mentioned. The apparent deterioration in Louis' form indicates the contest will not be as one-sided as at first was supposed.

But, viewed from any angle, the best to which Conn is legitimately entitled is an outside chance. If his legs carry him at top speed, if his marksmanship is unerring, if he does not tire or expose himself to fire, he may stick and stab his way past Louis for fifteen rounds.

But, with Conn fighting stand-up still, one false move will be his undoing. He cannot afford to give Louis even the tiniest opening for a shot at his jaw. We all know what happens when Joe gets one clean crack at a vital spot.

Daniel Gives Conn a Chance

(Continued from page 3)

Conn has a terrible handicap. He cannot get going for three or four rounds. The leopard never changes his spots, and the fighter cannot make his style over just to suit a certain bout—and that bout the biggest one of his life.

The style which carried Conn into a match with Louis will be the style he will have to rely on against Joe.

If Louis jumps out of his corner and, with his greater weight, strength and punching power, wades right into Billy from the bell, Conn will be carried out the way Schmeling was.

But if Louis wrinkles that brow, if he tries to dope things out, if he takes the time to study the boxer and lets Conn get warmed up, the more skilled technician may be able to develop a system of offense which will put Louis at a disadvantage.

* * *

IT is conceivable that I am placing too much stress on Louis' most recent fights—the five of them—things like the Dorazio, Musto, Simon, Burman and McCoy engagements. This succession of matches failed to bring out anything even approximating Joe's old abilities.

Louis could not arouse himself to an interested pitch in training for these opponents. This mental angle became apparent right from the start against each of these antagonists. Men whom the real, fighting, intrigued, determined Louis would have knocked out in two rounds fought him hard and stuck around until Joe got sick of them. Men whom the Louis who knocked out Schmeling would have chased to a hospital cot in three minutes, traded punches with him—and found Joe could be hurt.

They also discovered that Joe could be puzzled. Here I come to the most vital part of my thesis. Joe Louis has a one-track mind. He never has shown the ability to analyze anything for himself. For one thing, he cannot solve a croucher. Conn is no croucher. But he may bring some other angle into the fight which will baffle the slow-witted champion.

Louis says, "I like to fight a man who will stand up." This type of opponent has not fared well with the Negro. Conn is the type that will stand up. But Billy is not going to stand around, too. He will move here and there and will throw a big burden on Joe's heavy legs. These were spotted as his handicaps when he took the title and they have grown heavier with the years—with soft dough, soft living, opulent pork chops instead of hamburgers.

Conn is a quick hitter, fast on his feet. He stabs and then stabs again. He is a tantalizing fighter. He also has a nasty habit of forgetting where the belt line is. If he keeps thrusting at Louis; if he keeps moving, always moving, and stabbing; if he worries Joe, Billy will have a fine chance to last the limit and take the championship on points.

* * *

CONN will not be able to stop Louis. Louis will be able to knock out Conn. But Joe will not be able to outpoint Conn.

It would be wise for Conn not to hit Louis low. This would arouse Louis, and might convert him into the old killer.

What Conn must do is to "lull" Louis into a sense of security. He must keep on the go and keep piling points—and making Louis try to dope out things.

Conn has everything to gain. What has he to lose? If he is disposed of by Louis, he can go back to fighting all the other heavyweights—and doubtless beating them.

Louis may arouse himself for this fight. He may find a new incentive. Soon he will have to go into the army. He may decide to cut loose as never before, and leave bright memories until once again he returns into the roped square.

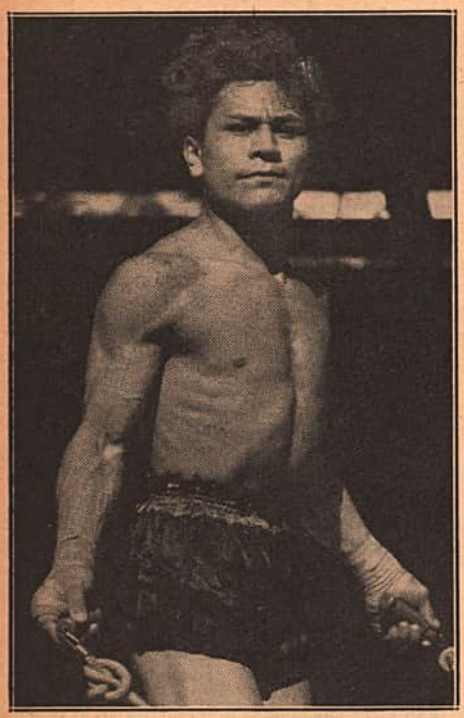
It is conceivable that against Conn we will have the last chance to see the real Joe Louis.

If Louis beats Conn, we will pass into a horrible desert in the heavyweight ranks. This match was made chiefly for the reason that in the heavyweight ranks, no man stood out as likely to draw flies with Joe in an outdoor bout. Conn was lifted out of the light-heavyweight ranks to make the only match with which Mike Jacobs had a chance to cash in handsomely.

When you go back to those five bad fights of the champion, and that ten-round indoor engagement with Godoy, you must give Conn a chance. If you remember what happened to Schmeling, you shudder for Conn.

NEW FACES

By
HARVEY THORNE



Luis Castillo, Mexican flyweight who is making a hit in Cuba.

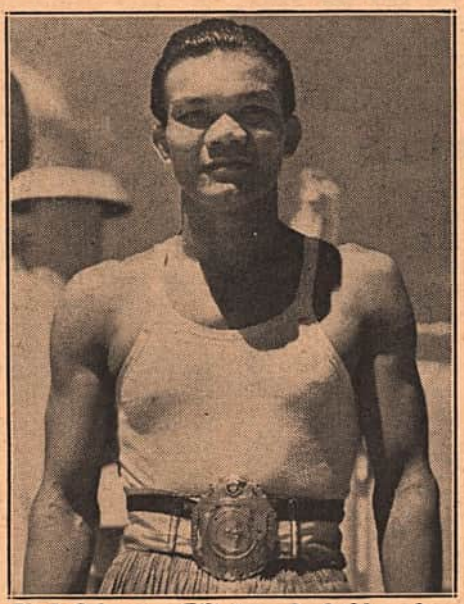
COMING out of Philly, a Pennsylvania Dutch scrapper, Joe Sankey, welterweight, is fast becoming a big attraction there. Fighting his way up by his punching ability and slugging tactics, he is now ready to meet the topnotchers in his class. Sankey, a former amateur champ with forty bouts to his credit as a simon-pure, won both the Middle Atlantic and the Golden Glove welterweight titles back in 1936. Since turning pro, he has had the same amount of bouts, forty, and has only three bouts chalked up against him on his record, and one draw. He is a good card in Philly. Some of his most recent matches were against such good boys as Buster Hardy, Wickey Harkins, Jay Macedon and Doug Marsh. He is now ready for the best.

Sankey is 25, unmarried, a clean living chap, and is very religious. Some lucrative matches are in the making for him. His slugging tactics are a treat to the boxing fans. He is a fine club fighter.

* * *

FLASH SEBASTIAN

FLASH SEBASTIAN is one more of the many Filipino fighters who are now parading about the rings of this country. Flash, a fighter with an exceptionally fine record, reached San Francisco a few weeks ago and is now campaigning under the management of Harry Fine. Flash has joined Rush Dalma and other stars of the Orient in trying to prove that the Filipinos have what it takes to make great fighters. Sebastian was stopped in his first fight in California by Sheik Rangel in the eighth round on January 22, but he says he has not yet become acclimated and will do better once he does. Flash is the welterweight king of the Orient.



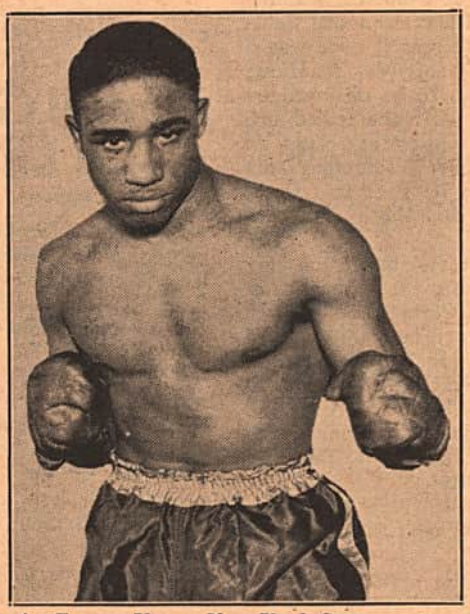
Flash Sebastian, Filipino who holds welterweight title in Orient.

LUIS CASTILLO

CUBA has discovered a lad who may yet reach the top in his division, judging by his ability. His name is Luis Castillo, "Cisco Kid." He is a flyweight. He holds the flyweight title of Mexico, but owing to lack of competition there, he has agreed to make Havana his home and he is being sponsored by Col. Jaime Marine, chief of the government sports commission. So highly does Col. Marine, who knows his boxing from A to Z, think of the boy, that he has turned him over to Luis Parga, head of the Boxing Commission, with instructions to give the boy the best available training.

Joe Sankey, a Philadelphia welterweight with hitting power.

Cisco Kid is 19 years old and scales 110 pounds. He is a boy with a fighting heart, and outside the ring he is well liked. Castillo won from Small Montana in a Havana match a few weeks ago. It is also planned to bring the boy to the States next winter for a campaign on the Pacific Coast where the cream of the flyweights are to be found.



Art Foster, Upper New York State amateur star now in pro ranks.

* * *

JIMMY TYGH

ALTHOUGH Jimmy Tygh recently was knocked out in one round by Ray Robinson, Philadelphians still regard him as one of the best of the Quaker City lightweights. Tygh is a good card in his home city, and was heartbroken over his flop at the hands of Robinson. But being beaten by Ray is no disgrace, for Robinson is the outstanding lightweight of the country today, only Jenkins and possibly one or two others being his master.

Tygh whipped among others: Tommy Speigal, Charley Gomer, Billy Maher, Frankie Wallace, Norment Quarles, Bill Marquart, Leo Rodak, Carl Guggino, Eddie Lander, and drew with Billy Beauhuld and Nick Camarata.

The Ring Presents to Its Readers Short Biographical Sketches of Boys Who Are Making Good—Some Are Veterans, Others Novices

Fiore Maruco, excellent North Adams, Mass., light-heavy prospect.

FIORE MARUCO

UP in the Berkshire Mountains of New England, in North Adams, Mass., there is a light-heavyweight prospect who seems to possess the necessary assets to gain him a high place in his chosen profession. His name is Fiore Maruco, an Italian who stands six feet and scales 175 pounds. He has an unusually long reach and is one of the best punchers developed in the state in many moons. He had only one amateur fight, then turned pro and since joining the money chasers, he has engaged in 59 fights, won 29 by knockouts and 14 by decisions. He has lost eight. His record to date follows:

Red Jones, Bennington, won 4; Young Quackinbush of Albany, K.O. 1; Kid Jacks, Bennington, won 4; Johnny Becket, Pittsfield, Mass., won 6; Johnny Barry, Dalton, won 6; Young McCarty, Boston, won 6; Young Becket, won 4; Billy Jones, Bennington, won 6; Chick Kelley, Easthampton, won 6; Eddie Palmer, Boston, K.O. 3; Art Floyd, Boston, won 6; Sylvester Davis, North Adams, draw 6; Barney Villa, Greenwich, N. Y., K.O. 2; Frankie Costello, Albany, won 6; John Hall, Albany, K.O. 1; Kid Decker, Dalton, won 6.

Johnny Stout, North Adams, K.O. 2; Henry Falzo, Athol, K.O. 4; Eddie McLaughlin, Boston, K.O. 5; Kid Decker, Dalton, K.O. 2; Willie Sestito, Worcester, lost 4; Emperor Jones, K.O.'ed by 2; Eddie Boyle, Boston, K.O. 2; Frankie Costello, Albany, lost 6; Bob Burlingame, K.O.'ed by 1; Bob Burlingame, North Adams, K.O. 2; Eddie McLaughlin, Boston, won 8; Jimmy Canny, Boston, K.O. 3; Al. Parker, Holyoke, K.O. 1; Charlie Sestito, Worcester, won 6; John Risco, Albany, K.O. 2; John Henry Johnson, Albany, won 6; Abe Baker, Boston, K.O. 5; George Fitch, New Haven, lost T.K.O. by 3; Sam Maltempo, Holyoke, lost 6; Art. McAlpin, Springfield, won 6; Bobby Little, K.O. 5; Romeo Ducharme, Holyoke, K.O. 4; Johnny Martin, Saratoga, K.O. 5; Eddie Brewster, Portland, K.O. 5; Jimmy Weed, New Haven, won 6; Danny Orr, New York, won 6; Ray Cooper, Albany, K.O. 3; Art McAlpin, Holyoke, lost 6; Art McAlpin, Holyoke, won 6; Joe Piastio, Worcester, T.K.O. 5; Henry Falzo, North Adams, K.O. 3; Earl Miller, Waterford, K.O. 2; Bobby Little, Holyoke, draw 8; Joe Mack, Portland, K.O. 5; Abe Baker, Boston, K.O. 5.

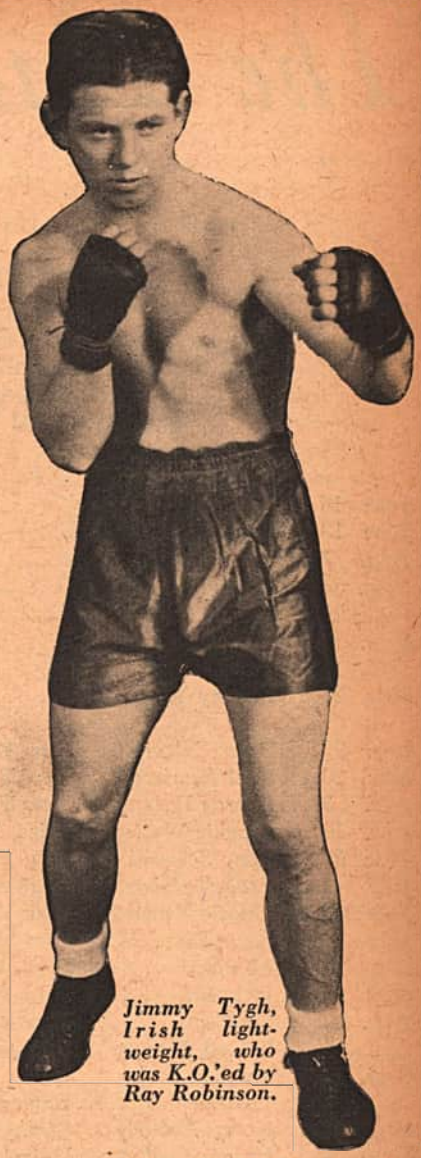
Harold Olsen, U. S. Army light-heavyweight from submarine base in Panama.

* * *

CHARLES FERGUSON

A YOUNG colored lad from Miami Beach, Florida, who rates a shot in New Faces because of his fine work down South during the winter. He started his boxing career on November 20, 1939, at the Liberty City Arena of Miami and has been compiling a fine record since. In his first fight he knocked out Kid Pohokey in the third round in one minute and two seconds, then he stopped Albert Thomas in exactly the same time in the second round.

He stopped Riley Howard in the fourth; knocked out Robert Mack in the fourth; stopped Al Ettore in the first and then in a tough battle with Trader Horn, he drew. That was his first setback in his kayo record in seven starts, but he followed where he had left off in the very next engagement when he halted Battling Tugg in the fifth session. William Myrick is his manager.



Jimmy Tygh, Irish lightweight, who was K.O.'ed by Ray Robinson.

Charles Ferguson, young Negro from Florida who is doing good work.

* * *

ART FOSTER

GEORGE SMITH of Buffalo has a fine prospect among the lightweights in Art Foster, a Golden Gloves and Diamond Gloves champion, whose record as an amateur made him one of the best attractions in New York State. Foster, competing as an amateur, had eighty-four battles, of which he won sixty-one by knockouts.

Since turning pro, he has had

(Continued on page 41)

The Ring Boxing Records

By "STANLEY"

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LOU AMBERS

(Louis D'Ambrosio)
Born, November 8, 1913, Herkimer, N. Y.
Nationality, Italian-American
Weight, 135 pounds
Managed by Al Weill

Date	Opponent	Place	Result
1932			
June 16	Frankie Curry		K.O. 2 rds.
June 18	Joe Pelicano		W. 6 rds.
Aug. 7	Al Piretti		K.O. 3 rds.
Sept. 4	Roland Lecuyer		K.O. 4 rds.
Sept. 12	Mel Doty		W. 6 rds.
Sept. 16	Ray Meyers		W. 6 rds.
Nov. 18	Jerry White		K.O. 4 rds.
Nov. 27	Stanley Winneryk		K.O. 2 rds.
1933			
Feb. 27	Pedro Nieves	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Mar. 20	Paul Scalfaro	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Apr. 3	Charlie Bedami	New York City	D. 6 rds.
Apr. 10	Frankie Wallace	Utica, N. Y.	W. 6 rds.
June 27	Tony Scarpati	New York City	W. 6 rds.
July 3	Ernie Tedesco	Englewood, N. J.	W. 6 rds.
July 16	Charlie Bedami	New York City	D. 6 rds.
July 24	Steve Larocco	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Aug. 7	Al Piretti	Englewood, N. J.	K.O. 3 rds.
Aug. 14	Jack Rose	New York City	W. 4 rds.
Aug. 28	Joe Costa	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Sept. 4	Roland Lecuyer	Springfield	K.O. 4 rds.
Sept. 11	Stanley Kranenberg	Englewood	W. 8 rds.
Sept. 18	Honey Mellody	Springfield	W. 3 rds.
Oct. 9	Johnny Gaito	Holyoke	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 23	Phil Rafferty	Holyoke	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 6	Paris Apice	Holyoke	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 27	Stanley Winneryk	Philadelphia	K.O. 2 rds.
Dec. 5	Louis Cocoa Kid	Providence	W. 10 rds.
Dec. 25	Joe Firpo	Philadelphia	L. 3 rds.
1934			
Jan. 8	Patsy LaRocco	Holyoke	K.O. 7 rds.
Jan. 24	Paris Apice	Providence	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 2	Tommy Romano	Providence	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 12	Tommy Bashara	Philadelphia	K.O. 2 rds.
Mar. 19	Johnny Jadick	Holyoke	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 16	Eddie Dempsey	Mohawk	K.O. 3 rds.
Apr. 26	Billy Lynch	Providence	T.K.O. 9 rds.
May 7	Steve Halaiko	Syracuse	L. 6 rds.
May 18	Jack Davis	Providence	T.K.O. 4 rds.
May 25	Steve Halaiko	Providence	D. 10 rds.
June 18	Jimmy Leto	Hartford	D. 10 rds.
June 28	Phil Rafferty	Brooklyn	T.K.O. 8 rds.
July 11	Roger Bernard	Brooklyn	W. 10 rds.
Aug. 29	Tony Herrera	Brooklyn	W. 10 rds.
Sept. 26	Billy Hogan	Brooklyn	W. 10 rds.
Dec. 10	Mickey Paul	Utica	K.O. 4 rds.
Dec. 28	Pancho Villa	Fall River	W. 10 rds.
1935			
Jan. 11	Harry Dublinsky	New York City	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 1	Sammy Fuller	New York City	W. 15 rds.
Apr. 24	Honey Boy Hughes	Providence	K.O. 5 rds.
Mar. 10	Tony Canzoneri (Title)	New York City	L. 15 rds.
July 1	Fritzie Zivic	Pittsburgh	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 25	George Levy	Newark	W. 10 rds.
Dec. 16	Jimmy Vaughn	Cleveland	W. 10 rds.
Dec. 20	Lou Jallos	Syracuse	K.O. 3 rds.
1936			
Jan. 3	Frankie Klick	New York City	W. 10 rds.
Jan. 21	Tony Herrera	Brooklyn	T.K.O. 9 rds.
Feb. 7	Baby Arizmendi	New York City	W. 10 rds.
Feb. 14	Eddie Marks	Utica	T.K.O. 3 rds.
Mar. 17	Tony Scarpati	Brooklyn	K.O. 7 rds.
Apr. 7	Pete Mascia	Brooklyn	W. 6 rds.
Apr. 15	Buster Brown	Providence	K.O. 1 rd.
Apr. 22	Orville Drouillard	Detroit	W. 10 rds.
May 5	Jackie Sharkey	Grand Rapids	T.K.O. 6 rds.
July 6	Joey Greb	Newark	W. 10 rds.
Sept. 5	Tony Canzoneri	New York City	W. 15 rds.
Oct. 28	Eddie Cool	Philadelphia	L. 10 rds.
Nov. 20	Jimmy McLarnin	New York City	L. 10 rds.
Dec. 29	Stumpy Jacobs	Rochester	T.K.O. 7 rds.
1937			
Jan. 8	Enrico Venturi	New York City	D. 10 rds.
Feb. 10	Davey Day	New York City	W. 10 rds.
Feb. 22	Al Roth	New York City	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 23	Roger Bernard	Flint	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 5	Pedro Montanez	New York City	L. 10 rds.
Apr. 19	Phil Baker	New Haven	W. 10 rds.
May 7	Tony Canzoneri (Won lightweight title)	New York City	W. 15 rds.
Aug. 16	Howard Scott	Hartford	W. 10 rds.
Sept. 1	Howard Scott	Washington	W. 10 rds.
Sept. 23	Pedro Montanez (For title; retained)	New York City	W. 15 rds.
Nov. 16	Charley Burns	St. Louis	W. 10 rds.
Dec. 6	Frankie Wallace	Cleveland	W. 10 rds.
1938			
Feb. 21	Lou Jallos	Richmond	K.O. 4 rds.
May 6	Jimmy Vaughn	Louisville	W. 10 rds.
May 11	Jimmy Garrison	Kansas City	W. 10 rds.
June 7	Baby Arizmendi	Los Angeles	D. 10 rds.
Aug. 17	Henry Armstrong (Title bout)	New York City	L. 15 rds.
Oct. 28	Steve Halaiko	Syracuse	T.K.O. 3 rds.
Nov. 28	Tommy Cross	Philadelphia	W. 10 rds.
Dec. 5	Frankie Wallace	Cleveland	T.K.O. 7 rds.
1939			
Jan. 16	Joey Silva	Philadelphia	W. 10 rds.
Jan. 27	Paul Junior	Boston	W. 10 rds.
Feb. 24	Baby Arizmendi	New York City	T.K.O. 11 rds.
Apr. 25	Honey Mellody	Boston	K.O. 4 rds.
May 8	Jimmy Vaughn	Philadelphia	W. 10 rds.
May 22	Paul Junior	Boston	T.K.O. 8 rds.
Aug. 22	Henry Armstrong (Title)	New York City	W. 15 rds.
Nov. 16	Jimmy Vaughn	Hartford	W. 10 rds.
1940			
Jan. 29	Wally Hally	Providence	W. 10 rds.
Feb. 23	Al Davis	New York City	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 17	Wally Hally	Denver	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 25	Norment Quarles	Charleston	W. 10 rds.
May 10	Lew Jenkins (Lost title)	New York City	K.O. by 3 rds.
1941			
Feb. 14	Norment Quarles	Hartford	W. 10 rds.
Feb. 28	Lew Jenkins (Retired)	New York City	K.O. by 7 rds.

LEM FRANKLIN

Born, Mobile, Ala., May 30, 1916. Weight, 202 pounds.
Managed by Leon Motts

Date	Opponent	Place	Result
	1937		
Oct. 17	Max Zona	Chicago	K.O. 2 rds.
Nov. 3	Paul Williams	Chicago	L. 6 rds.
Dec. 13	Freddie Fiducia	Chicago	L. 6 rds.
	1938		
Apr. 8	Paul Ambers	Detroit	K.O. 1 rd.
Apr. 22	Paul Williams	Chicago	N.C. 6 rds.
June 8	Sandy McDonald	Chicago	K.O. 1 rd.
Sept. 28	Bill Allen	Detroit	K.O. 1 rd.
Oct. 14	Charley Bellanger	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
	1939		
Mar. 20	Lee Savold	Chicago	K.O. 2 rds.
Mar. 31	Abe Simon	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 13	Tony Musto	Chicago	L. 10 rds.
Sept. 11	Clarence Brown	Chicago	D. 10 rds.
Nov. 17	Perk Daniels	Chicago	K.O. 1 rd.
Dec. 29	Eddie Simms	Hammond, Ind.	L. 10 rds.
	1940		
Feb. 5	Buddy Millard	Chicago	K.O. 2 rds.
Feb. 18	Andy Miller	Chicago	K.O. 2 rds.
Mar. 14	Willie Reddish	Chicago	K.O. 5 rds.
Oct. 28	Elza Thompson	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 25	Eddie Blunt	Chicago	K.O. 5 rds.
Dec. 16	Selman Martin	Chicago	K.O. 4 rds.
Feb. 3	Carl Vinciquerra	Chicago	K.O. 4 rds.
	1941		
Feb. 24	Carl Vinciquerra	Omaha	K.O. 1 rd.
Apr. 10	Paul Hartnek	Omaha	K.O. 3 rds.
Apr. 25	Frank Androff	Minneapolis	K.O. 1 rd.
May 2	Selman Martin	Des Moines	W. 10 rds.

RAY ROBINSON

Born, New York City. Weight, 134 pounds.
Managed by Curt Horrmann

	1940		
Oct. 4	Joe Echaverria	New York City	K.O. 2 rds.
Oct. 8	Silent Stefford	Savannah	K.O. 2 rds.
Oct. 22	Mistos Grispos	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Nov. 11	Bobby Woods	Philadelphia	K.O. 1 rd.
Dec. 9	Norment Quarles	Philadelphia	K.O. 4 rds.
Dec. 12	Oliver White	New York City	K.O. 3 rds.
	1941		
Jan. 4	Henry La Barba	Brooklyn	K.O. 1 rd.
Jan. 13	Frankie Wallace	Philadelphia	K.O. 1 rd.
Jan. 31	George Zangaras	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Feb. 8	Benny Cartegena	Brooklyn	K.O. 1 rd.
Feb. 21	Bobby McIntyre	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Feb. 27	Gene Spencer	Detroit	K.O. 5 rds.
Mar. 3	Jimmy Tygh	Philadelphia	K.O. 8 rds.
Apr. 14	Jimmy Tygh	Philadelphia	K.O. 1 rd.
Apr. 24	Charley Burns	Atlantic City	K.O. 1 rd.
Apr. 30	Joe Ghnouly	Washington	K.O. 3 rds.

AL DAVIS

(Abraham Davidoff)
Born, January 26, 1918, Brooklyn, New York
Nationality, Hebrew-American
Weight, 147 pounds
Managed by Johnny Attell

	1937		
.....	Frankie Reese	.....	W. 4 rds.
.....	Benny Rubano	.....	W. 4 rds.
.....	Sammy Rivers	.....	W. 4 rds.
.....	Benny Rubano	.....	W. 4 rds.
.....	Tommy Vello	.....	K.O. 1 rd.
.....	Benny Johnson	.....	K.O. 3 rds.
.....	Jim McSweeney	.....	K.O. 4 rds.
.....	Willie Bush	.....	K.O. 4 rds.
.....	Al Lopiano	.....	K.O. 2 rds.
.....	Pete Vitello	.....	K.O. 1 rd.
.....	Joe Novelliono	.....	K.O. 1 rd.
.....	Andre Sarilla	.....	K.O. 6 rds.
.....	Benny Rubano	.....	W. 4 rds.
.....	Red Garvey	.....	K.O. 4 rds.
.....	Skippy Allen	.....	K.O. 4 rds.
.....	Dom Zaccola	.....	K.O. 1 rd.
.....	Skippy Allen	.....	K.O. 1 rd.
	1938		
Dec. 8	Dominick Zaccola	New York City	K.O. 1 rd.
Dec. 18	Skippy Allen	Brooklyn	K.O. 1 rd.
Jan. 29	Johnny Mirabella	Brooklyn	K.O. 2 rds.
Feb. 12	George Karkella	Brooklyn	K.O. 4 rds.
Mar. 19	Benny Rubano	Brooklyn	K.O. 2 rds.
Apr. 2	Jack Sharkey, Jr.	Brooklyn	W. 8 rds.
June 20	Jack Sharkey, Jr.	Brooklyn	D. 6 rds.
July 21	Bernie Friedkin	New York City	K.O. 4 rds.
Aug. 12	Al Ragone	L. Beach, N. Y.	W. 6 rds.
Aug. 24	Young Chappie	New York City	K.O. 3 rds.
Sept. 16	Jack Sharkey, Jr.	New York City	D. 6 rds.
Oct. 15	Al Ragone	Brooklyn	W. 8 rds.
Dec. 4	Dom Colon	Brooklyn	K.O. 2 rds.
Dec. 18	Jimmy Lancaster	Brooklyn	K.O. 6 rds.
	1939		
Jan. 7	Wally Hally	Brooklyn	W. 8 rds.
Jan. 28	Johnny Cabello	Brooklyn	W. 8 rds.
Feb. 20	Mickey Farber	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Mar. 17	Mickey Farber	New York City	W. 10 rds.
June 8	Eddie Brink	New York City	W. 10 rds.
July 22	Gene Gregory	L. Beach, N. Y.	K.O. 1 rd.
Nov. 1	Tony Canzoneri	New York City	K.O. 3 rds.
Dec. 15	Tippy Larkin	New York City	K.O. 5 rds.
	1940		
Feb. 23	Lou Ambers	New York City	L. 10 rds.
Apr. 25	Teddy Baldwin	Newark	K.O. 5 rds.
Aug. 12	Johnny Rinaldi	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Sept. 7	Joe Ghnouly	Brooklyn	K.O. 7 rds.
Sept. 20	Tony Martelliano	New York City	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 26	Johnny Rinaldi	Brooklyn	K.O. 3 rds.
Nov. 15	Fritzie Zivic	New York City	L.F. 2 rds.

AL HOSTAK

Born, Seattle, Washington
Nationality, Slavic-American; Weight, 160 pounds;

	1937		
Jan. 12	Tony Fisher	Seattle	K.O. 2 rds.
Feb. 16	Leonard Bennett	Seattle	K.O. 8 rds.
Mar. 9	Johnny Sykes	Seattle	K.O. 2 rds.
Apr. 13	Young Terry	Seattle	K.O. 2 rds.
July 13	Babe Risko	Seattle	K.O. 7 rds.
Aug. 10	Allan Matthews	Seattle	K.O. 9 rds.
Oct. 14	Otto Blackwell	Tacoma	K.O. 3 rds.
Nov. 2	Bob Turner	Seattle	K.O. 2 rds.
Dec. 2	Don LaRue	Tacoma	K.O. 2 rds.
	1938		
Jan. 11	Jack Hibbard	Seattle	K.O. 1 rd.
Feb. 10	Swede Berglund	Seattle	K.O. 2 rds.
Apr. 12	Chief Paris	Seattle	K.O. 4 rds.
July 26	Freddie Steele	Seattle	K.O. 1 rd.
	(For N.B.A. Middleweight Title)		
Sept. 17	Young Stuhley	Seattle	K.O. 3 rds.
Nov. 1	Solly Krieger	Seattle	L. 15 rds.
	(For N.B.A. Middleweight Title)		
	1939		
Mar. 7	Johnny Erjavec	Seattle	K.O. 3 rds.
June 27	Solly Krieger	Seattle	K.O. 4 rds.
	(For N.B.A. Middleweight Title)		
Oct. 26	Charley Killer Coates	Tacoma	K.O. 3 rds.
Dec. 11	Eric Seelig	Cleveland	K.O. 1 rd.
	1940		
Jan. 29	Tony Zale	Chicago	L. 10 rds.
	(For N.B.A. Middleweight Title)		
July 19	Tony Zale	Chicago	K.O. by 13 rds.
	(For N.B.A. Middleweight Title)		
	1941		
Feb. 21	George Burnette	Chicago	K.O. 1 rd.
Apr. 1	Ben Brown	Seattle	K.O. 3 rds.
May 7	Atilio Sabatino	Seattle	K.O. 1 rd.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

SPIKE WEBB, Boxing Coach at Annapolis, who knows the value of THE RING Magazine so far as boys in all branches of the service are concerned, sent to THE RING Editor the following:

Recently I received a most interesting letter from a pilot flyer in England, who as a waif, a sixteen year old lad, was given shelter in France by Gene Tunney and myself when we found him, hungry and tired, pleading for help. That was back in the World War of 1917. He was a kid who had seen action at Ypres and during all the intervening years I have kept in close touch with him. Now he is a Pilot Officer in the R.A.F.

I have been sending him, as I have been sending to others in England, a copy of THE RING Magazine monthly. With the war on, they need such a magazine to keep their spirit up. And, believe me, they enjoy the book and pass it on from hand to hand, until, as they often tell me in letters, there is little left from handling.

Well, the Pilot Officer has a wife and children in France and hasn't heard a word from them for a long time, and he thinks that with the aid of THE RING Editor and Anton Christoforidis, something might be learned about his family. I think his letter is most interesting and feel that RING readers will enjoy reading it. It likewise shows how much good THE RING Magazine does to an ailing world. More power to THE RING and its Editor, Nat Fleischer.

Here's the letter from the English flyer in its entirety:

"I received the copy of RING that you sent me only a few days ago and it was grand to have it. It had been following me around in my moves from place to place. It is nice to know that you have not forgotten me. I shall be interested in any American magazines you can send, especially those relating to sports. I think the article you wrote for RING was excellent, and I have read it over a number of times. I have, in fact, read the magazine from cover to cover.

"Well, Spike, I'd like to get a long letter from you giving me news of all the old pals of the last war that you know of. By the way, I always carry the little cross you sent me. It is fastened inside my cap, and it sure has brought me luck so far, as I have never even been scratched in spite of a few close escapes.

"We all hope to knock hell out of Jerry this year, and put him down for the count . . . and more, but if it takes a few rounds more, we will make them hot ones. The boys are grand and I wish you could be with us. It would warm your heart and take you back a few years to the days when we were with the old A.E.F. You would feel more than 20 years younger!

"What do you think of Christoforidis, the Greek light-heavyweight who is now in the U. S. A.? I took a great interest in him when he was a preliminary scrapper in Paris, and we were great friends. If, by any means, you would get in touch with him, possibly through Nat Fleischer, I would appreciate it, and would like him to write me. Also he might still be in town with his former French manager, and might be able to get some news of my children who are, I believe, still in Paris. Pierre Gandou, who was his manager, knows my children well. Could you try this for me? I would be ever so grateful to you. I have tried to get news to them, but so far without success.

"By the way, Spike, I have had a little promotion since I last wrote to you and I am now an officer.

"Let's have a line from you soon. We always like to have letters and I get very few because I have no one here to write to me as all my family and friends are in occupied France.

"So long pal, give my best wishes to all my friends that may be around. All the best to yourself. Your old side kick,

TOMMY,
Pilot Officer F. Yoe-Thomas,
308 Squadron, R.A.F. Station Bagniton.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. If you have a letter of general interest, send it along and we will publish it under your name in "Letters from Our Readers." Don't hesitate. Write now.

AS a reader of your magazine for many years, I have read the pros and cons of many discussions of the different phases of the boxing game, but there is one feature that I don't remember of having seen much mention, and that is—about the effect of taping the hands. When was it first put into vogue in ring battles; its effect as an aid as a lethal producer?

The only mention I have read of the use of bandages was a reference by Jim Jeffries in his second fiasco with Fitzsimmons, and of that of Jack Dempsey in his battle with Jess Willard.

I would like to hear some of "the old guard" write their views on this subject.

GEORGE ROBERTSON,
California.

(Taping the hands has been in practice for more than fifty years. It was started shortly after the skin tight gloves were discarded for padded gloves. To the best of my knowledge, it came into use around 1890. It is said that Tom O'Rourke was one of the first managers to insist on the use of tape over the hands. I likewise would like to be enlightened on the subject. Let's hear from readers who have the information)—EDITOR'S NOTE.

* * *

I SELDOM write fan letters, but Damon Runyon's column of March 31st about your booklet on the life of "The Flaming Ben Hogan" revived so many memories of my early boyhood in the Pennsylvania oil fields, that I have a yen to possess a copy of it.

During the '70s I lived in Scrubgrass, Franklin and Edinburg, all within a few miles of Harpers Ferry, where Hogan made history with his famous houseboat. I was too young to visit the joint, but there was little of note happened there which the gang did not know of within a few hours after it occurred. Many of them rivaled the dime novel stories so popular at that time. I met Hogan once soon after he got religion, but after sixty years, dates and details get rather hazy. All I can remember of the incident is that I tried to talk to him, got a John L. scowl while he growled "Go sit down."

Please advise me where I can get a copy of the pamphlet.

At the age of twenty I got into the scene-painting business and through my connection with various theaters met most of the fighters during the next twenty years. Met John L. when he, Charlie Mitchell and Muldoon were on the road with a minstrel show and many times later in Boston and New York. The last time was near the end of the trail—he and Jake Kilrain were giving exhibition bouts with a burlesque show at Miner's Eighth Avenue Theater.

When Jim Corbett played Waterbury, Conn., he and his sparring partner practiced a new stunt to be tried out that night. It went smoothly enough during the rehearsal but in the show that night something went wrong when Corbett threw McHugh over his shoulder and Mac had his arm in a sling next day.

I met Young Griffo at Coney Island when he was training (?) for a fight—later saw the movie which he and another pug made on the roof of the old Madison Square Garden—it was shown in a store room on Broadway below Wall Street, admission 10c and three constituted an audience large enough for a showing.

I might continue the ravings of an old timer for another page or more, but I know when the victim has enough.

W. F. HAMILTON,
San Francisco, Cal.

* * *

THERE is not a magazine in the country to match THE RING. Nothing like it in comparison anywhere, and one of its homes is with the boy in uniform. THE RING should be in every army training camp, both here and abroad. It is the fighting man's bible, as well as a magazine of patriotism.

Well Nat, it is just too bad about Joe Louis. Senator John J. Haluska complains that Gus Dorazio took a dive. The Senator is right! Dorazio did take a dive—but to where, he did not know until after the bout was over. What nonsense for a Senator to preach!

Gosh, this is getting bad when Louis lets the boys ride for a few rounds; he is slowing up, has lost his punch, has no longer what it takes! And when he puts 'em out in a round or two, the fight is faked! It's terrible with you if you don't, and terrible if you do. The raspberry either way you fall. Let a man stay a while and you're through; knock him out in a round and you're through!

A fighter stands up straight and comes like Braddock and down he goes. If he becomes a fast pacer like Pastor, down he goes. If a football crawler like Godoy, down he goes. If he bobs and weaves like a horse on a warped merry-go-round, down he goes. If he leans far down like to tie his shoe lace, down he goes. If he puts on an Indian dance, down he goes. If fighters attack him sag-kneed, down they go. He takes every boy on his own bike and rides him down. Louis knows only one game and uses it whenever he wishes to—its name is bingo.

Let's be fair, Senator. Admit Joe Louis is a good fighter.

VINCENT WOODBURY,
San Antonio, Texas,

* * *

JUST a word to let you know that everyone in Kansas enjoyed the way you handled the Wichita boxing tournament and feel that as long as there are a few men left in the game like you, that boxing cannot help but remain one of the top sports.

It was plain to see that you had the boys' welfare at heart more than the bloodthirsty crowd who want to see the boys hammered to death so that they won't feel that they were gypped out of four-bits worth of thrill.

I had a twelve-man team in the tournament and also fought myself. I have taken part in amateur fighting for ten years and also promoted boxing in college while going to college in Oklahoma. Never have we had such splendid refereeing as you gave us in Wichita.

One time I had a team in a Wichita tournament and the referee happened to be Jess Willard. Now Jess is OK, but he has no business refereeing fights to my notion. I had a boy hit low five times in one round. I asked Jess to warn the other boy about it, but he remarked that it was only an amateur and that it didn't make any difference. You had the interest of the boys at heart in every move you made. Too many referees nowadays don't stop to think, as you did, in calling them, that a boy might be injured badly. If more referees had the right slant on the game in regard to the boys, I feel sure that the game would benefit from it.

JOHN BEDINGER,
Protection, Kansas.

* * *

WHAT a wonderful exhibition of courage Musto gave in his fight with Joe Louis recently at St. Louis, Mo.

Sam Taub seems to be doing better at his announcing than he used to a couple months ago. He seems to mention more about the efforts of the other man, instead of confining the picture as being onesided, like he formerly did when announcing a fight. He has been doing marvelously the last couple of fights. The Simon and Musto fights, especially, were very well converted into word pictures for his fight public. He was at his best.

Arthur Donovan is a wonderful arbiter, Nat, there is no question on that score. He seems to be about the best in the game today. He has full control of everything all of the time and never seems to encounter any serious difficulty while in the thickest of battle. That is a fine tribute to him and is the way it should be.

He has built for himself a place in the annals of the ring game, as being perhaps the most capable "third man" there has ever been, if one can go by what he hears over the radio. You also give him some very good write-ups in your articles in THE RING.

There is something that he should guard against though, at least I believe I would if I were in his boots. He seems at times to be overly impressed with his own importance and that is never good for any GREAT individual, no matter what he does, he will be ruined if he continues to enlarge upon his mistakes, and that can easily happen to anyone if he isn't careful.

What I have reference to is something that took place in both the Baer vs. Nova fight and the one between Joe and Musto. He, according to the announcer, asked Baer and Musto to come in and fight. Baer usually gives a good fight while he lasts and Donovan knows it. I believe it was absolutely uncalled for in that bout, he wasn't stalling and if he was, how about Nova doing a little crowding. It takes two to make a fight and if one of the principals is slowing up, surely the other man can do something about it by giving all he has, but Donovan seems to go after the underdog all of the time.

In the Musto fight, the same was true. He called to Musto, according to the announcer, to come in and fight. I think that is a terrible mistake. After a fellow gives all he has in his system and does what nobody thought was possible for him to do, carry the fight to Joe for the length of the fight, giving the best punches he has and not asking for any sympathy from anyone, but standing in there and taking all that Joe can dish up for him and still stand there, on his feet after eight rounds, then pause momentarily for what I don't know and during the brief pause have the referee tell you to get in there and fight.

That is absolutely uncalled for. When a man fights his heart out the way Musto must have, to the utmost pleasure of all the fans, he deserves more credit than to have the referee tell him to get in there and mix it up. As I said before, he always orders the underdog to do the work and it takes two men to make a fight, so why doesn't he either keep still or tell the man who appears in the best condition to do the work.

I may seem to be making an awful issue of this thing, but others are feeling the same way I do and they felt hurt at hearing Donovan tell Musto to come in and fight. It seems to me that it wouldn't be necessary to say anything to either of the men in that fight about making a fight out of it. I'm sure Tony was surprised, and perhaps hurt, by Donovan's remark. I think Donovan should know this, Nat, for his own good and I am sure you will tell him about it if anyone does.

I would like to congratulate Abe Greene on his stand in the argument about crowning a champion in the light-heavyweight division. At last we have someone who is willing to stand up for what he knows is the right thing instead of what is the political thing to do. More power to Abe Greene. He will live longer and happier that way.

That was a wonderful article in the May issue about what the rest of the world thinks about your magazine, Nat. Maybe some of the sleepers will wake up some day and come to life and get on the right side of the fence. They make mistakes, but won't rectify them, whereas you never fail to acknowledge your mistakes and will always rectify what is wrong, if that is the way it should be.

More power to you and THE RING, Nat.

ROY A. CARR,
Grand Forks, N. Dakota.

* * *

OF all the fighters in the history of ring fistiana I think Harry Greb is about the greatest that ever pulled on a boxing glove. I don't know why he is not remembered as such. I rate him in the same category with Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney and many of fighting's other Great pugilists. Isn't it true that Greb held more than one title? In one of his fights with Tunney didn't he beat Tunney so badly around the body that they had to cut Tunney's trunks off?

When Greb fought did he have a hard punch or did he just maul his opponent to the canvas like I have heard tell? Mr. Fleischer, if you were to pick the five fighters of ring history to be given laurels, would you include Greb?

BRUCE V. MCGRAW,
Seaman 2nd Class,
U.S.S. Saratoga, 8th Div.

(Greb held the middleweight and light-heavy titles. Greb was a great fighter but not among the first five. Probably in first dozen.)—EDITOR'S NOTE.

FOR a long time I have been an ardent fan of all of the boxing shows in my home town, Baltimore. Now, as a draftee in the army, I rely more than ever on the reports and ratings of THE RING Magazine. I notice with satisfaction that this month's number has been dedicated to a great fighter —a tribute to his race and profession, Henry Armstrong, whom the world will long remember as the greatest gladiator of all times. However, Nat, is it necessary for a fighter to retire to gain the popularity or title that belongs to him now? I speak of that hard-hitting and past master of boxing, Chalky Wright. Much has been said about a title match with him and Joey Archibald. I feel sure it would be appreciated by the sports fans of Baltimore if you would put an article in your "bible of the ring" to promote such a match. Due to his popularity in Baltimore, the clubs have been forced to make him meet very heavy opponents.

JAMES WHITE,
Baltimore, Md.

(Apparently you haven't seen the many statements we have made urging such a fight. Wright is the outstanding world featherweight and is entitled to a championship match. We can only suggest—the promoters must make the matches. I hope Chalky gets the chance. He, in my opinion, is the nearest approach to Henry Armstrong, in point of ability, among the fighters in the lower divisions.)—EDITOR'S NOTE.

* * *

I HAVE been wondering for months why a certain young heavyweight isn't given more consideration and publicity, and why many other boxers not nearly so deserving get much more. Fighters such as Burman, Eddie Blunt and Jim Thompson are rated above him. The fellow I'm referring to is Lem Franklin. In my opinion he is a most capable challenger for the title. It's true he hasn't beaten all the men rated above him, such as Nova, Godoy or Conn, but he has beaten Eddie Blunt, who, I notice in the April RING, is rated over him. As for Baer, Conn, and the other leaders, well I'm sure Lem would welcome the opportunity of meeting any of them. All Lem needs is just a chance.

Will Franklin be given a chance to prove his rights as easy as was Nova when he was matched with Comiskey and then with Baer.

I'm sure Pat wouldn't have lasted ten rounds with Lem, who is a fairly good boxer, fast, tough, and has a K.O. punch in both hands; the most dangerous puncher in the heavy ranks today, with the possible exception of Louis. I've read THE RING for 13 years and always enjoyed it and consider it a fair magazine to all boxers. I would certainly like to see you give a very deserving boxer a boost in your publication. I'm sure many others feel the same about Lem.

MYLES BELL,
Kearney, Nebraska.

* * *

I WANT to congratulate "Mr." August Schmittner on his very fine letter to you a few weeks ago. I am sure he feels very proud of himself for attacking such a fine sport as boxing, and such a fine man as THE RING Editor.

I think Miss Patricia Hermann of Canton, Ohio, hit the nail on the head when she said in her letter, "It's better to remain silent and be thought a fool than to speak and remove all doubt." I am sure that when even a woman tells a man where he gets off, as did Miss Hermann, that man must feel like crawling into a hole and pulling the hole in after him. I know I would.

Wishing you the best of everything.

CHAUNCEY D. MORRILL,
R. F. D. No. 1,
Cedar City, Utah.

* * *

I HAVE been a reader of your fine magazine for over six years and enjoy it very much. This is the first letter I have written you except for one time when I bought your Universal Boxing Course, and I can say that everything in it is very thoroughly outlined. Now, the reason I am writing this time is in behalf of one of our local fighters, Irish Eddie Dolan, one of the best welters in the game today. In 1940 he beat such fine talent as Johnny Bellus, Jimmy Leto, Ernest Cat Robinson, Francisco Montanari, Dewey Anderson, and many others, yet doesn't seem to get a tumble from the big shot promoters. He's class.

All of Connecticut will tell you that. He lost a questionable decision to Holman Williams and beat Charley Burley, your top-notch man. I don't know why Borden doesn't rate him in the first ten. He deserves the position among the elite. Give him a break.

RALPH FREMA,
Waterbury, Conn.

* * *

I AM a regular reader of your RING Magazine and enjoy your articles immensely. I thought I would drop you a few lines in regards to one of our Army fighters. Now that everything is mostly about the Service I thought maybe you would publish this in your magazine.

He is a very good welter prospect and holds two Army titles in that class, Panama and Hawaii, respectively. His name is Joey Benjamin of Long Branch, New Jersey, and has won 39 straight with 21 K.O.'s to his credit. As a youngster, he was manager of the equipment for Max Baer when Max was coming up the ladder. He is rated as one of the outstanding fighters in our Army and is going to make the game his career when he completes his enlistment in the Army this summer.

He is of the Toy Bulldog type and Dempsey combination. Joey will go far with the proper training and management and I am sure he will get to the top. He has yet to see defeat and as a reader of your magazine I think he deserves a few words in your column in regards to our boys in the Service.

What do you say, Nat? How about a plug for the "Champ." Thanking you for what you may do, I will close, respectively yours,

TOMMY TINKER,
Boxing Coach,
U. S. Army, Monterey, Cal.

* * *

I WROTE to you once before, thanking you for the many enjoyable moments you had given me by virtue of the magazine. But once again I feel it necessary to write to you. On page nine of the April issue you have a series of pictures of Henry Armstrong at his peak. On the left hand corner of that page on the bottom, you have a picture of Henry Armstrong standing over his opponent. You claim the opponent to be Lou Ambers. I may be wrong but I would like to make sure. I think that is Lew Jenkins on the canvas and not Lou Ambers.

I would also like to congratulate you on the way you answered our German friend, August Schmittner. We readers of THE RING look upon you as a true American. We are proud of you and wish we had many more like you. How in God's name can Mr. Schmittner make the statements that he made without realizing the good that you have done for the youth of our country with your writings and your lectures.

I am only sixteen but I feel quite competent to realize the danger that lurks around us today. I also realize that we have no room for a person like August Schmittner in our country. He should pack his bundle and depart to his bed-fellow, Adolph Hitler.

CHARLES SWEET.

(You are right. It is Jenkins and not Ambers. Many thanks for your kind thoughts and I am sure that there are many more who share your sentiments.)—EDITOR'S NOTE.

* * *

AS a constant reader of your wonderful magazine and a contestant of the fine sport of boxing, I would like to do a little praising. Your magazine not only keeps the Army lads well posted on the activities of the game but it is also giving the sport a great boost in Army training. Keep up the good work.

PVT. JOE D. DAY.
Fort Clayton, Canal Zone.

REGAINS HIS CROWN

Joey Archibald, Fights Like Real Champion in Winning Back World Featherweight Championship From Harry Jeffra in Washington

By HARVEY THORNE

Joey Archibald, new world featherweight king.

ADD the name of Joey Archibald to the list of those who have regained a world championship. Joey not only accomplished that feat when he defeated Harry Jeffra at Griffith Stadium on May 12, but in turning the trick, he set a record for his division, being the first to retrieve a lost title. Scaling 123 pounds to 123½ for Jeffra, Archibald came through with a split decision. Referee Eddie Lafond voted for him while Judges Bob Eller and Jimmy Sullivan cast their ballot for Joey.

Jeffra was off form. He was outsmarted by the Providence challenger who after a slow start, came into his own as the fight progressed and by a body attack, weakened his opponent. His best rounds were the ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth in which he scored by a big margin.

Jeffra frequently complained about Archibald's holding, but Joey insisted that he was merely tieing up his man legitimately. Archibald slipped in the thirteenth round, and Jeffra excitedly hit Joey while he was down. That cost Harry two points. He was also guilty of low hitting in the fifth for which he was punished. Those penalties proved extremely costly in the final reckoning.

Archibald surprised even his most ardent supporters by his fine performance. He looked like a real champion. He showed more dash and spirit than at any time in his long career. His aggressiveness, according to the judges, beat Jeffra though only by a margin of one point, not sufficient, thought many, to deprive Jeffra of the title.

Jeffra had command of the bout for the first eight rounds. He rolled up a heavy score, but from then on, the Rhode Island challenger battled desperately. It was Archibald's twenty-first victory in the Capitol City. He has never lost a fight in Washington.

Last year Joey lost the featherweight title to Jeffra.

* * *

JEFFRA had an edge in the opening round. Archibald jolted a stiff right to the head in the second and hooked over two lefts, but was caught with a right to the chin just before the bell.

Joey shot over two lefts to the face at the end of the third that gave him a slight edge here. Harry put over a corking right to the jaw in the fourth and was paid back with a hard left hook, but the session was Jeffra's.

In the fifth he sent over a right that dropped Joey, but Jeffra was penalized for accidentally hitting low.

Jeffra shook his foe in the sixth with another right to the head. Archibald came back hard. He was full of fight but Jeffra likewise was in a scrapping spirit and gained the round. With the opening bell in the seventh, Joey shot a stinging right to the head, but was nailed with a hard one himself a little later. Jeffra was at his man and gave no quarter. He won that round also.

Body jolts counted in the eighth for Jeffra. His opponent hit low in this round.

In the ninth, Joey started an uphill climb that finally cut so deeply into Jeffra's lead that two of the three officials figured him the winner. He opened the ninth with a whirlwind attack and kept at his opponent to the finish. He was the aggressor and landed the harder punches. He had the better of a hard fought round. Archibald kept up the good work in the tenth, when he outpunched Harry most of the way.

Joey landed a swell overhand right to the head in the eleventh and had decidedly the better of the session. The lead shifted from one to the other in the twelfth with little advantage either way,

(Cont. on pg. 41)

N.B.A. champion, who is backed by N. Y. Commission for title fight with Archibald.

Wrestlers *in the* Spotlight

John Pesek, International Star, and New Foreign Talent Injected Into Mat Sport to Revive Grappling Sport in New York

By AL MAYER

Peter Makaroff, known as the Siberian Boatman.

WHILE wrestling in America is not what it used to be, the influx of foreign stars, due to the European war, and the development of new talent in all parts of this country, has brought new life to the mat game in America with the result that more stirring competition was seen in the United States during the past indoor season than has been the case in the three preceding years. Unfortunately the rival groups continue to show their own men. If there were a get-together, with the stars of this nation and the foreigners competing against each other, there would be no difficulty in obtaining the banner crowds that attended wrestling a few years ago. Since this is not possible, however, those at the helm are paying strict attention to garnering the best material possible for their own use and in this respect, Jack Pfeffer, Eastern mat mogul, is usually a jump ahead of the rest.

In handling the promotion of such stars as John Pesek, the Nebraska Tiger Man; Ruffy Silverstein, Jewish champion from Chicago; Orville Brown, Kansas Cyclone; Jim McMillen, former Chicago football hero; Benny "Crusher" Feldman, 275-pound Jewish grappler and Jerry Monohan, Buffalo giant, Pfeffer is able to give Eastern followers of the sport a variety of talent equal to the best in the country.

In addition to the above, he has for his Eastern shows Paul Doveen, a 210-pound physical marvel from England; Peter Makaroff, the Siberian 260-pounder; Leon Grabowski, a 280-pounder from Poland who stands seven feet ten inches and is the biggest wrestler in captivity. They will make their debut under the Pfeffer banner against our top men. A thumb-nail sketch of each follows:

JOHN PESEK—The Nebraska Tiger has lost none of the power that made him one of the world's greatest wrestlers a few years ago. Pesek hails from that corner of the U. S. which is known for the development of great wrestlers. Like many before him, he began to wrestle on his father's farm where he was groomed by tough wrestlers. To these hardy men of the Midwest, wrestling has always been regarded as the world's premier sport. Pesek has been active on the mat ever since he turned pro. His career is dotted with tough matches and good sportsmanship.

Today Pesek is one of the wealthiest wrestlers in the world. At Revenna, Nebraska, where he lives, he owns a large ranch, breeds fancy greyhounds and enters them in various greyhound meets in all parts of the country. Independently wealthy, Pesek still loves to wrestle and the past winter season was one of his busiest in years, so much so, that he was unable to accept several tempting offers made him by New York promoters. John, however, promises to pay us a visit next winter especially in view of the new invasion of foreign matmen against whom he will surely want to test his skill. He will receive the chance.

Paul Doveen, a fast British heavyweight.

Leon Grabowski, the tallest wrestler in captivity. He hails from Poland.

JIM McMILLEN—Few wrestlers are more popular than "Gentleman Jim" McMillen. He is a credit to the game if ever there was one, a true sportsman who never permitted wealth and position to go to his head.

McMillen today is meeting young, strong and ambitious wrestlers. He is always ready to give them a "break." McMillen is a firm believer in keeping fit. He is proud of his strong constitution which has enabled him to keep pace along with young mat stars.

RUFFY SILVERSTEIN—A graduate of Illinois University, Silverstein attracted attention as a wrestler long before he left the university and thought of becoming a professional. He is small in stature—only five feet eight inches, but is magnificently proportioned and a master of modern and ancient grappling holds. He turned pro five years ago and since then met the best and toughest wrestlers in this country.

Ruffy Silverstein is one of the greatest Jewish champions developed in this country, and curiously, he never indulged seriously in any other sport other than wrestling. Ruffy likes other sports as hobbies such as swimming and archery. The latter he claims did more to develop his arms and muscles than any other form of training. He is a lieutenant in the Officers' Reserve Corps and may be called into service shortly.

ORVILLE BROWN—The Kansas Cyclone they call this rawbone product of Kansas. He is a tough wrestler, the type whom fans immediately tag as a bone crusher. Like John Pesek and other great matmen, he, too, learned his wrestling on the farms of Kansas.

Orville is a big fellow. He stands over six feet, weighs 235 pounds, and can go at top speed with much lighter men than himself. He believes in punishing holds, his favorite being the headlock.

Jerry Monohan, Buffalo giant, a popular New York heavyweight.

usual exercise to keep fit. He got it all right.

Being a boss foreman in the oil fields, is no soft job and Benny made good use of his size and strength to keep his men in order. During the years spent in Texas, he learned many tricks which later he introduced to unsuspecting wrestlers when he turned pro. His favorite is what he calls—the pancake landing. It consists of jumping up in the air and landing on top of his opponent.

JERRY MONOHAN—He is the Buffalo giant. He scales 260 pounds and is another big fellow who made his way to the top during the past indoor season. He is a tremendous attraction in Buffalo and other nearby cities.

According to Jack Pfeffer, we are going to see plenty of the Irish-American giant around New York next season. He'll be a hit in the metropolitan area.

PAUL DOVEEN—He comes from London and is considered one of the best men developed overseas. He is noted for his physique, speed and science. He is 25 years old and stands over six feet.

Doveen has been busy wrestling in spite of the war. He weighs 210 pounds and is thoroughly conversant with the American style of milling.

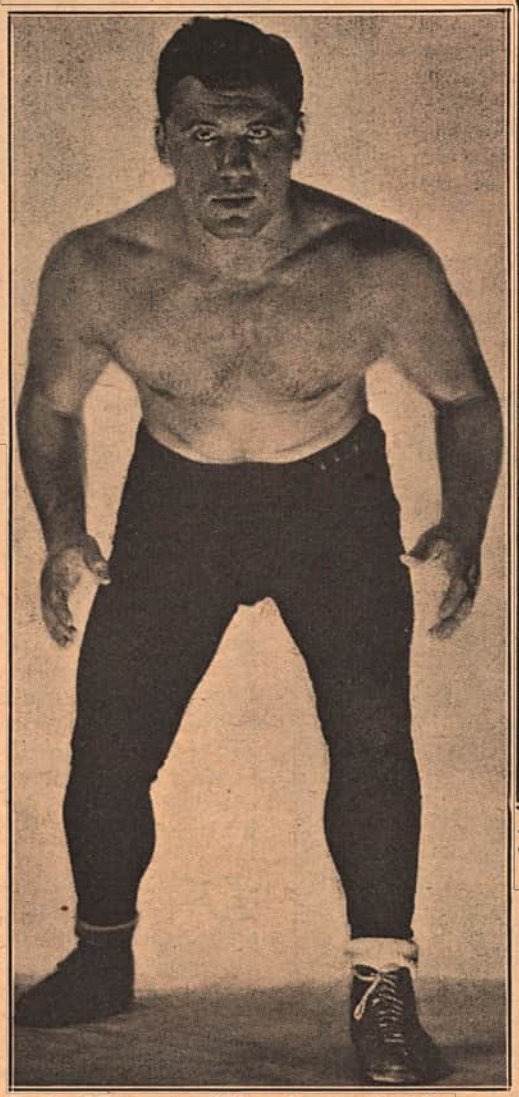
PETER MAKAROFF—He is called the Siberian Boatman. He is very powerful. He weighs 260 pounds and for the past three seasons has been the head man among Russian grapplers. He has massive shoulders, long, powerful arms and a bull-like neck. Makaroff makes use of his strength to beat his men. Like most Russian wrestlers, especially those who come from Siberia, he learned the game while still a youngster.

In his spare time Orville breeds prize cattle and horses.

BENNY "CRUSHER" FELDMAN—Red bearded, 275 pounds, standing six feet four inches, Feldman is the biggest Jewish wrestler in this country. He learned about wrestling in the oil and gas fields of Texas. Benny, a big fellow living among rough men, needed un-

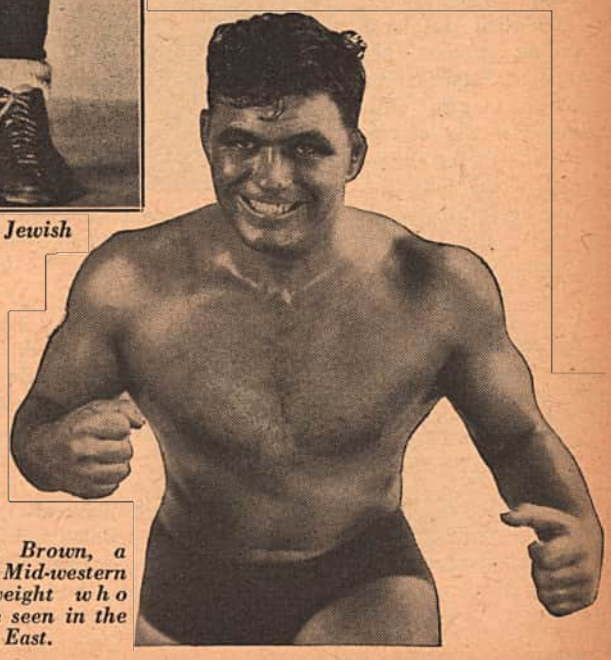
LEON GRABOWSKI—He hails from Poland and is easily the biggest wrestler in the world today. Stands seven feet, ten inches tall, weighs 280 pounds, has abnormal hands and feet and is impressive in and out of the ring. In spite of his weight and size, Grabowski is an unusual wrestler.

Like the majority of Polish grapplers, science plays an important part and although gifted with tremendous strength, he prefers to make use of recognized holds rather than just down his man by superior weight and strength. Trained by experts, Leon Grabowski is considered one of the best to come from Poland. In recent years he has been wrestling in Russia, Turkey and Egypt where his work was commendable.



Ruffy Silverstein, Chicago's star Jewish wrestler.

Jesse Janes, a young heavyweight whose cleverness has gained him many supporters.



Orville Brown, a star Mid-western heavyweight who will be seen in the East.

Wrestling in California

By BERNICE SANDBOE

IT is beginning to look as though Promoter George Zaharias of the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles is going to be the person who will bring wrestling back into its own in California. Never has a fairer and squarer fellow entered the promotional field, and his obvious interest in the uplift of wrestling is rapidly winning him friends and fans alike in this state.

The Olympic Auditorium is becoming the focal point of all top wrestling in the West. It is Zaharias' desire to create an arena that will compare in every respect with Madison Square Garden. He is picking his wrestlers for their merit and ability—using promising newcomers as well as established top-notchers. Olympic wrestlers are seen only in that arena and do not make the rounds of the smaller clubs. They are all matmen who train religiously for their matches and who give Zaharias all the possible support to raise the level of wrestling.

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As a fitting climax to the month of superlative wrestling bouts, Zaharias imported the old Manassa Mauler, Jack Dempsey, to referee at the Olympic. The idol of the ring proved a capable third man to handle the rematch of the Howard Cantowine-Golden Terror affray, which is an interesting story in itself.

Cantowine stepped into the Olympic ring as the surprise substitute for Ali Baba, who ran out on a bout with the Terror at the last minute on the excuse that he had permanently retired from the ring. To the complete amazement of everyone, including the Terror, Cantowine threw the hooded hulk for a loop.

Their match was such a bombshell in local wrestling circles that Promoter Zaharias rematched them, with Dempsey as the referee, and much to the disapproval of the fans, the Terror evened the score by taking the measure of "Hangman" Howard.

The famous Zaharias Brothers—Chris, George and Babe, from left to right.

Juan Juarez, giant Mexican heavyweight, now appearing in California.

* * *

Ali Baba has hung up his wrestling tights for good. This is the reason for his failure to appear at the Olympic. The eccentric little grappler has invested his mat earnings in a business in Pasadena and has decided to lead a more quiet life.

* * *

In an effort to please Los Angeles fans, who have always been partial to Mexican matmen, Vincent Lopez, El Pulpo and Ignacio Martinez, George Zaharias has imported huge Juan Juarez, a gigantic Mexican peon, who justified his advance billing by tossing tough Chris Zaharias in four minutes and six seconds. Not in months have Olympic fans seen such a mammoth wrestler. The towering Juarez stands well over six feet and weighs 270 pounds. He is a brutal and powerful matman and has threatened to revolutionize wrestling in California if the top men of the sport will engage in combat with him! Watch for his name in big electric lights!

The man is a typical Mexican peon. Big, awkward out of the ring, Juan is a flash of lightning inside. He has spent all his early life as a cattle hand on a ranch not far from Mexico City. His primitive, outdoor life has made him as strong as an ox and his already brown skin has been burned almost black.

He is the same today as he was when he arrived in Mexico City—a quiet Mexican boy, who knows he can wrestle and does so. No fiery, burning ambition rests in his heart—Juarez is good and he knows it. He realizes, however, that one is never too old to learn things and whenever he sees a new hold, or a new wrestling technique, he is not content until he has mastered it himself.

* * *

DANNO O'MAHONY, the Irish whip laddie, comes to the Olympic Auditorium with a firm purpose in mind. He is the only man who has ever wrested the coveted title away from Champion Jim Londos, and though Danno lost the title and it was eventually regained by Londos, he is anxious to have another chance at Londos. He firmly avows that he can defeat the little Greek if the latter will meet him. "I threw him once," said Danno quite firmly, "and I know I can do it again."

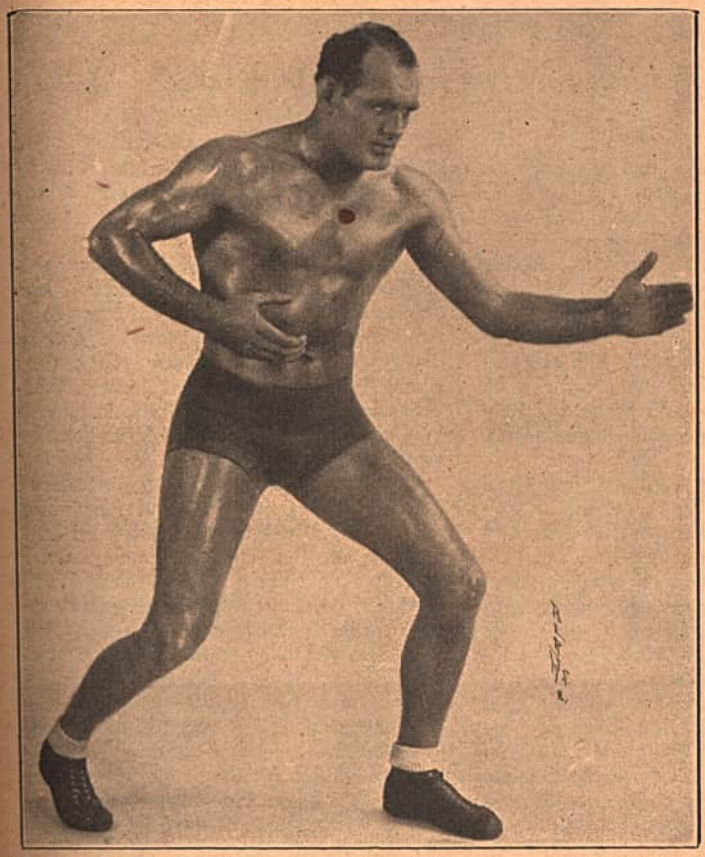
Whether or not Londos will care for this dish to be served him is hard to say, and it is exceedingly doubtful if he will permit himself to be rushed into such an important encounter. But at any rate, Danno has made the preliminary steps for a rematch. He asked Promoter Zaharias for an opportunity to show his ability to the Olympic audiences instead of barnstorming the small arenas, for he knows that only by winning the whole-hearted approval of George Zaharias and the patrons of the Olympic can he force Londos' hand, and demand a match.

* * *

The surprise victory of Howard Cantowine over the Golden Terror is doubly remarkable, inasmuch as Howard has just recently recovered from a broken back. He was thrown from the ring in a match in San Francisco and his successful comeback to wrestling had been considered doubtful.

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EDDIE MERRILL



Ralph Kirchmeyer, a veteran heavyweight who is going better than ever in Eastern mat circles.

IS the Cobra Death-Lock a fair hold? Opinion is evenly divided. Some critics say it is strictly legitimate. Others put their thumbs down on it as a strangle hold.

The inventor of this treacherous hold is Nanjo Singh, the Hindu wrestler, who has made himself the subject of controversy wherever he has competed. He finds himself handicapped in the use of this grip in some sections and in others the boxing commission and critics as well as fans agree that it is a perfectly fair means of winning tussles. Singh declares that the only reason why his hold is being banned, is because the American wrestlers have been unable to find the proper means for defending themselves against it.

Singh scales 208 pounds and stands five feet ten inches. He enters the ring with turban on his head and squats in his corner until he commences activities.

* * *

SAMMY STEIN, football star, movie actor and wrestler, is back at his old game, the grapping sport. The famous member of the New York Giants football team who deserted that sport for the mat game and then quit wrestling for a time to enter the Hollywood movie field, continues a hot favorite with the mat fans. In his recent appearances he has been featured and has drawn big crowds at the gate. His popularity is as strong today as it was when he first joined the grapplers in the East seven years ago.

As a movie star, Stein lost his sight for a time when he became blinded by the strong Kleig lights, and was forced to quit both the motion pictures and wrestling. Today his sight is back to normal and he has again become a headliner.

Sammy is one of the few Easterners who has made good in both the movies and on the mat. Nat Pendleton of Columbia University is another.

ROLAND KIRCHMEYER, the Oklahoma veteran who has been compared by many experts to Jim Browning in ability, is one of the country's leading exponents of the famous scissors hold that brought both Browning and his predecessor, Joe Stecher, to the top. In Roland the fans have a giant—he is six feet six and scales 232 pounds—who compares favorably in the use of that hold with the world's best.

Kirchmeyer, who has retained his position high among the nation's best matmen for several years, is one of the best liked wrestlers in the game. His ability, his showmanship and his fine character, have made a hit with the followers of wrestling.

He learned his wrestling at Oklahoma A. and M. College, where he was the star of his team and captain of it. His institution has turned out more star wrestlers than any other in America. At college as now, Kirchmeyer was an orthodox wrestler who resorted to the use of the holds made famous by the stars of past years. He never went in for the rough and tumble acrobatic stunts and that is why today he is as good as when he first got into the game.

* * *

WRESTLING NEWS from Hawaii by Theodore Yamachika, follows: The three month winning streak of the Red Shadow was finally broken by Ben Pilar, Filipino grappling ace. It was the first time that the masked terror had been beaten in a Honolulu ring and as per agreement, he obligingly unmasked himself. He proved to be J. C. "Cyclone" Mackey of Amarillo, Texas. He is no newcomer in the mat game. He claimed the world's light-heavyweight championship as far back as 1934. He held the crown until 1936. At one time he won 59 consecutive bouts in Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

A grappler who sings, Don Carlos Sebastian by name, is the latest importation of Promoter Al Karasick. He excels in both singing and wrestling. He victimizes his opponents with a varied attack of speed, roughing and science and in between bouts, he vocalizes with gusto. And there's really no joking about his singing. Recently he opened a studio for voice training.

* * *

The logical successor to the villain role left vacant by the Red Shadow seems to be "Killer" Tony Morelli of New York City, N. Y. He introduced the "smother" hold which is similar to Tetsuo *(Cont. on page 42)*

Nanjo Singh, a Hindu heavyweight, who is being featured in Philadelphia and in New England States.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

The outstanding fights of the month and the ranking of the leaders in each division based on recent performances

WITH Joe Louis taking a slight vacation from his monthly massacres, the features of the month revolved around the lighter divisions with the spotlight falling on the crowning of Lou Salica as the undisputed world bantamweight champion after a long stretch of non-recognition by THE RING Magazine, the recapturing of the featherweight championship by Joey Archibald from Harry Jeffra, and the Soose-Overlin fight for New York's portion of the world middleweight crown.

After more than a year of campaigning in which time he eliminated several of the outstanding bantamweight contenders, as named by this magazine, and fights in which the other challengers listed by THE RING eliminated themselves, THE RING finally opened the doors of world title recognition for the hard fighting Salica following his conquest of Lou Transparenti, a bantamweight who was held in high esteem by every boxing critic in the country. The field has now been cleared of the original challengers of world supremacy and Lou Salica has emerged wearing the crown that signifies him as the logical and undisputed world title-holder. When he defends his title next time out, this publication will put up a belt for the winner.

Other outstanding monthly features included Billy Soose's capturing of the New York State middleweight title from Ken Overlin on a decision that was received with catcalls, jeers and scowls, and Mike Kaplan's trouncing of Fritzie Zivic in an overweight contest in Boston.

Although many boxing writers, notably New Yorkers, are heralding Soose as the world champion, electing to ignore the claims of Tony Zale, THE RING will continue its policy of regarding the middleweight title vacant until the mess can be cleared up by matching both Soose and Zale for the undisputed 160-pound championship of the world.

It will be noted in the ratings that Tami Mauriello, a former title threat in the 160-pound division, has outgrown that class and has been given light-heavyweight recognition. While Mauriello has been dropped from the middleweight division along with Ernie Vigh, both Eddie Booker and Steve Mamakos have taken their places.

There are also two changes in the welterweight class with Harry Weekly and Wicky Harkins supplanting George Martin and Jimmy Leto. Running along the elimination lines of two to each division, Toby Vigil and Aldo Spoldi have been dropped from the lightweights and have been replaced by Ray Lunny and Harry Hurst, while the featherweight class, with Joey Archibald recapturing the title, also finds the places of Maxie Shapiro and Verne Bybee taken by Al Reid and Bobby Poison Ivy.

Kenny Lindsay's victory over Tony Olivera has made him the No. 1 man in the bantamweight picture, while in the flyweight class we find a newcomer, Warren Kendall, on the strength of his knockout of Jimmy Stubbs.

Lem Franklin leads the heavyweight brigade with a triumph over Selman Martin, and a one-round kayo over Frank Androff. Tony Shucco beat Joe O'Gatty. Buddy Walker and Buddy Knox drew. Harry Bobo whipped Gus Dorazio. Wally Cross shaded Al Delaney, who in turn lost to Clarence Jones. Tiger Jack Fox beat Yancey Henry.

Johnny Kapovich stopped Jack Rose and Charley Brown in three and four rounds respectively. Freddie Fiducia kayoed Leroy Haynes in the eighth. Tommy Gomez kayoed Art Sykes in the third. Harold Blackshear disposed of Newsboy Millich in one. Willie Reddish whipped Curtis Sheppard. Jim Robinson trounced Paul Hartnek. Buddy Scott stopped Johnny Hogan in one.

Anton Christoforidis knocked out Johnny Romero in two rounds, to lead the light-heavyweight division. Tami Mauriello stopped Hobo Williams in six. Booker Beckwith kayoed Lee Oma in the second. Jimmy Reeves belted out Al Reiss in one. Lloyd Marshall disposed of Ralph De John in six rounds. Carmen Barth knocked out Maurice Strickland in two. Oscar Rankins kayoed Vern Earling in the seventh Herbie Katz knocked out Al Williams in six rounds to complete a knockout cycle in the 175-pound class.

Billy Soose's triumph over Ken Overlin heads the middleweight thumpers. Al Hostak stopped Atilio Sabatino in one round. Eddie Booker beat Shorty Hogue, Leon Zorrita and Freddy Dixon. Antonio Fernandez whipped Phil McQuillan and his fight with Eddie Peirce was declared a no-contest in the fifth round. Steve Mamakos beat Ernie Vigh. Coley Welch beat Johnny Seeman and John Henry Eskew. Milt Aron drew with Solly Stark and whipped Jesse Ackerman.

Allan Matthews stopped Big Boy Hogue. Andy Iroy defeated Harvey Massey, who also lost to El Brookman. Joe Basora knocked out Pat Mangini in two rounds. Andre Jessurun shaded Jackie Donovan. Kid Tunero whipped Gene Molnar in his American debut. Augie Arellano drew with Vince Fratello.

Mike Kaplan's overweight victory over Fritzie Zivic is the welterweight spotlight snatcher. The champion, however, defeated Tony Marteliano in an overweight contest. Wicky Harkins drew with Paulie Walker and whipped Jimmy Leto. Leto also lost to Izzy Jannazzo. Charley Burley stopped Eddie Ellis in five. Maxie Berger beat Manuel Villa, 2nd, Pete DeRuzza, and kayoed Joe DeJesus in three. Bob Montgomery stopped Nick Peters in the third. Cocoa Kid whipped Jerry Fiorello

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending May 12:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweight	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion Billy Conn	Title Vacant	World's Champion Fritzie Zivic
1—Lou Nova	Jimmy Webb	Billy Soose	Mike Kaplan
2—Arturo Godoy	Gus Lesnevich	Ken Overlin	Izzy Jannazzo
3—Lem Franklin	Anton Christoforidis	Tony Zale	Charley Burley
4—Eddie Blunt	Jimmy Bivins	Georgie Abrams	Holman Williams
5—Buddy Baer	Melio Bettina	Al Hostak	Maxie Berger
6—Jim Thompson	Teddy Yarosz	Eddie Booker	Bob Montgomery
7—Abe Simon	Pat Valentino	Antonio Fernandez	Tony Marteliano
8—Bob Pastor	Tami Mauriello	Steve Belloise	Cocoa Kid
9—Roscoe Toles	Erv Sarlin	Steve Mamakos	Harry Weekly
10—Tony Musto	Booker Beckwith	Shorty Hogue	Wicky Harkins

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lew Jenkins	World's Champion Joey Archibald	World's Champion Lou Salica	Title Vacant
1—Sammy Angott	Harry Jeffra	Kenny Lindsay	Little Dado
2—Jackie Wilson	Chalky Wright	Kui Kong Young	Jackie Paterson
3—Davey Day	Jackie Wilson	Tommy Forte	Manuel Ortiz
4—Dave Castilloux	Bill Speary	Tony Olivera	Little Pancho
5—Leo Rodak	Pete Scalzo	Lou Transparenti	Jackie Jurich
6—Ray Robinson	Jackie Callura	Jim Brady	Johnny Shaughnessy
7—George Latka	Sal Bartolo	Kid Tanner	Warren Kendall
8—Lenny Mancini	Georgie Pace	Freddie Pope	Jimmy Stubbs
9—Ray Lunny	Bobby Ivy	Horace Mann	Luis Castillo
10—Harry Hurst	Al Reid	Carlos Chavez	Jimmy Stewart

and stopped Joe Sutka in 10 rounds. Harry Weekly trounced Indian Billy Lee and Saverio Turiello. Lee in turn whipped Jerome Conforto. Allen Westbury stopped Atilio Sabatino in six, but in turn lost to Georges Champion. Vinnie Vines kayoed Johnny Flores in two. Georgie Crouch knocked out Flash Sebastian in eight rounds. Vic Dellicurti whipped Tony Ferrara. Red Cochrane decisioned Rego Dell. Marty Servo beat Danny Falco and Bill Duffy. Ernie Roderick stopped Jack Clancey in five. Billy Davis beat Norment Quarles.

Irwin Kaye Kaplan whipped Aldo Spoldi. Arthur Dorrell defeated Pete Muscarnera, Dave Chacon, and kayoed Norman Red Rahn and Frankie Velez in two and three rounds respectively. Muscarnera beat Vinnie Rosano. Phil Furr whipped Dewey Anderson. Red Green defeated George Gavras. Milo Theodorescu won from Dave Bruce. The latter also lost to Norman Rubio. Terry Reilly knocked out Hockey Bennell in eight rounds. Leonard Bennett stopped Kenny Blackmer.

Sammy Angott leads the lightweight scrappers with a triumph over Dave Castilloux who drew with Harry Hurst and stopped Vic Troise in eight rounds. Jackie Wilson kayoed Memo Llanes in a round. Leo Rodak whipped Pittsburgh Jackie Wilson. Ray Robinson kayoed Jimmy Tygh in a round, Charley Burns in a round, Joe Ghnouly in three rounds, and Victor Troise in a round. Lenny Mancini whipped Billy Marquart. Ray Lunny defeated Toby Vigil. Pete Lello scored over Norment Quarles and drew with Bobby Ruffin. Tippy Larkin kayoed Abe Cohen in two.

Cecil Hudson whipped Yucatan Kid. Guillermo Puentas whipped Julie Kogon and kayoed Oliver White in seven rounds. Mickey Farber stopped Harold Oliver in five. Honey Mellody stopped Georgie Martin in the third. Nick Camarata whipped Steve Padon. Red Guggino beat Justo Jiminez and Chet Jones. Johnny Hutchinson defeated Gene Valenzuela. Maxie Shapiro whipped Chief Crazy Horse and George Salamone, besides kayoing Wishy Jones in two rounds. Mike Evans decisioned Pedro Tomez.

Tommy Cross kayoed Ted Christie in eight rounds. Harris Blake defeated Tommy Speigal. Terry Young won over Marty Pignatore who in turn won from Danny Bartfield. Freddy Archer whipped Carmelo Fenoy, and George Zengaras. Ray Price stopped Memo Llanes in two. Joey Fontana whipped Maurice Arnault. Spider Kelly stopped Vic Andrews in nine rounds. Allie Stolz kayoed Joe Amico in seven. Charley Varre beat Carmelo Fenoy. Nick Peters drew with Eddie Carter. Joey Zodda won from Firpo Pedro. Tod Morgan whipped Ron McLaughlin.

In the featherweight division, Joey Archibald regained his title by whipping Harry Jeffra, who in turn won from Al Brown on a seven-round kayo and defeated Tony Iacovacci. Brown defeated Joey Stack. Chalky Wright whipped Charley Varre. Bill Speary knocked out Paul Lee in nine rounds. Pete Scalzo kayoed Andy Scrivani in a round. Jackie Callura whipped Guy Serrean. Sal Bartolo whipped Davey Crawford. George Pace kayoed Matt Perfetti in the seventh. Bobby Ivy decisioned Larry Bolvin. Lulu Costantino beat Jimmy Gilligan and Joey Iannotti, who also lost to Al Reid. Reid whipped Joey Stack who in turn defeated Henry Hook, while the latter trounced Matt Perfetti.

Frankie Donato stopped Mike Belloise with a cut eye in the eighth round. Harold Hoshino stopped Clever Henry in ten rounds. Phil Zwick knocked out Jimmy Maddox in two. Santiago Sosa beat Simon Chavez. Verne Bybee stopped Al Spina in two. Jimmy Kidd Hatcher drew with Red Guggino. Abe Denner stopped Vankie Watson in the second. Lou Barbetta whipped Johnny Cockfield, and Tony Brentz twice. Richard Lemos defeated Georgie Hansford. Vince Dell Orto defeated Vic Corchado.

Lou Salica, now recognized as world bantamweight champion by THE RING, whipped Lou Transparenti who in turn stopped Sammy Rivers in five rounds. Kenny Lindsay beat Tony Olivera. Tommy Forte whipped Johnny Marcelline and Spider Armstrong. Freddy Pope knocked out Joey Puig in four rounds. Horace Mann beat Nick De Posta and Joho Shiroma. Kayo Morgan decisioned Bobby Creed. Jimmy Lyden whipped Peter Kane. Tommy Cobb trounced Nat Corum. Kid Young defeated Mickey Miller.

In the bantamweight class, Jackie Paterson whipped Phil Milligan. Manuel Ortiz whipped Carlos Chavez. Warren Kendall kayoed Jimmy Stubbs in three rounds. The latter stopped Tommy Burns in seven rounds and Billy Jenkins in five rounds. Jackie Jurich drew with Donnie Maes. Billy Hazelgrove whipped Joe Curran. Luis Castillo drew with Lorenzo Safora. Gus Foran whipped Dudley Lewis. Small Montana kayoed Pancho Leyvas in the second round.

The eight best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—None available.

Bantamweight—Norman Lewis, England.

Featherweight—Dick Rainsbury, Australia.

Lightweight—Billy Murray, Miami Beach, Fla.

Welterweight—Hank Claypool, Akron, Ohio.

Middleweight—Harry Matthews, Emett, Idaho.

Light-heavyweight—Pat Mulcahyn, Ireland.

Heavyweight—Charley Wright, Newark, N. J.

The Ring's Quiz

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HOW much do you really know about fights and fighters? If you can come through with three out of five you can pat yourself on the back as an expert in the history of the game. The answers will be found on page 45.

1—How many rounds is a championship limited to in this country?

2—What is meant by a city commission in boxing?

3—If a champion gives up his title, can he reclaim the crown should he decide to return?

4—Who was Tom Molineaux? Who was the first Negro in the glove period of boxing to hold a world title? Who was the last fighter to win a world championship?

5—In what class is each of the following: Lou Nova, Anton Christoforidis, Tony Zale, Billy Soose, Mike Kaplan, Ray Robinson, Chalky Wright, Kui Kong Young, Pete Scalzo, Al Hostak, Little Pancho, Leo Rodak and Little Dado?

New Faces

(Continued from page 29)

three contests and won each. He beat Joe Kuscher in Rochester, in four rounds; won over Lou Severo in Buffalo in four and beat Johnny Greco in Toronto in six.

* * *

ERNIE LEFEVORE

ONE of the best featherweights in the army is a youngster who is performing in Hawaii under the colors of the 8th Field Artillery. His name is Ernie Lefevore, a native of New Bedford, Mass. He started his army fighting at Panama and has come along in leaps and bounds.

He is now hot on the trail of the department championship. A shifty defensive fighter, with an excellent left hand, he has played havoc with his opponents. He has a fine left jab that is tantalizing. Up to this writing he has engaged in 35 fights and has won 33 in the two years he has spent in the army. He stands 5 feet 2½ inches and weighs 127½ pounds.

* * *

HAROLD "OLE" OLSEN

ANOTHER of the fighting lads of the U. S. Army is Harold "Ole" Olsen, stationed at the Submarine Base at Coco Solo, Canal Zone. He is one of the best of the rising crop of white heavies. He stands 6 feet 1 inch and scales 175 pounds.

Ole is exceptionally fast and carries a hefty wallop in each mitt. He is 22 years old and started boxing last year when he copped the departmental heavyweight crown.

Regains His Crown

(Continued from page 35)

though Archibald had a shade.

Archibald slipped to the floor in the thirteenth and Jeffra hit Joey while he was down. Jeffra was also guilty of hitting low.

The fight was an excellent one. Pity that so few saw it.

* * *

THEIR latest fight drew the small sum of $2700. Only 1800 persons paid to see the mill. This is probably a low mark for a championship fight, and if not, at least pretty close to setting a low record for gate attendance.

When the Archibald-Jeffra fight was arranged, a forfeit was placed with the New York Commission to assure a contest for the world title between the winner and Pete Scalzo, the N.B.A. champion. We hope that Al Weill and Pete Reilly, managers respectively of the new world champ and the N.B.A. king, will arrange such a bout. As a contest between Archibald and Scalzo would eliminate one of the title claimants THE RING Editor will be happy to present a three panel championship belt for such an affair. Let's have it.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 39)

Higami's "sleeper" hold in that both produce a state of unconsciousness. Tony is a tricky, rough wrestler who fears no man. He is willing to take on any man and under any condition.

Tony has been in the professional game for ten years and is 29 years old. In 1932 he was picked on the United States Olympic team. At various times he has held the New York Metropolitan title, the New York State title, the Florida title and is the present N.W.A. Eastern States junior heavyweight champion. He has lost only four per cent of bouts during his ten years of wrestling.

* * *

JOE MARSH, the old trust buster of wrestling, is importing a Hindu champion, who he claims is the world's best and he hopes to start a campaign in this country that will lead eventually to a match with the Hindu and Londos, Sherry, Wyckoff, Wright and others who are title claimants, in an effort to produce a real world's champion. In a letter to THE RING Editor, Marsh writes:

Never before have I ever asked for space in THE RING Magazine, though I have been a reader of it ever since it started in 1922. In my opinion, there never has been a magazine on boxing and wrestling which could in any way compare with THE RING, and I have often wondered how any magazine could cover so much ground.

I was connected with wrestling for many years as you know, as wrestler, manager and promoter. Some of the men I have managed were "Farmer" Burns, Frank Gotch and Marin Plestina. Their records speak for themselves. I am mentioning these things because of something I am leading up to.

Recently I have come to terms with a body of sporting men to handle, for them, a great Hindu wrestler they are bringing to this country. I have agreed to handle this man with the understanding that I am to use my own judgment, without any interference, in exploiting him in America, and that they are to follow my wishes in all ways and times pertaining to the posting of forfeits and making of matches. They have agreed, thus giving me free rein.

They expect to have all arrangements made so that this man can land in this country early this fall, and have agreed to post $1,000 with THE RING Magazine, as side bet or forfeit to meet any man in the world, winner take all, or under any conditions the editor of THE RING may suggest.

I have suggested to these men that it would be well to let it be known to the wrestling world that this man is coming so that these "shooters" who claim they are idle because of lack of "shooters" in the game today, can start training.

It is my opinion that never in the history of the world has any sport ever fallen to the low state that wrestling holds in America at the present time. The Hindu I'm bringing over has agreed to meet any wrestler who has nerve enough to face him on the mat in an up-and-up, on the level match. That is just what any bout in which he participates will have to be, for this man knows no other way of wrestling. There is no fake wrestling in India.

I feel from articles I have read in THE RING that you are also anxious to see the game cleaned up and a real champion made. There are at the present time over a dozen men in America who are claiming the world's championship title. I have never been able to understand by what right any of them lay claim to it, and when this Hindu arrives, I hope to prove that none of them have a right to it. Champion of America, maybe, but never champion of the world until they defeat the best of the many great wrestlers of India.

I sincerely hope that you will give this space in THE RING, and also that you will give us your support in cleaning up the game and also this championship muddle.

When this is done, I truly believe that people will once more pass through the turnstiles by the thousands as they once did, and not in dribbles as they do today.

I feel that THE RING can do more to make this come true than any other one factor and that real wrestling by real wrestlers, helped by the National Wrestling Association and State Athletics Commissions, will do the rest.

Nevada Back

(Continued from page 15)

Mrs. Sam Davis of Carson City who still resides in the capital city, attended the fight with her husband who was representing a New York newspaper, and after the bout was over, wrote her own account of the fight under a pseudonym for another New York paper. She did not use her own name, because she was afraid her relatives would disown her if they ever found out she had attended a prize fight.

* * *

ON the modern day, Nevada also has played a decided part in providing playgrounds for future champions on their way up.

Jack Dempsey, the "Manassa Man Mauler" of the Golden Twenties, fought several fights in the state while he was climbing the ladder. The most famous one was with Johnny Sudenberg, at Tonopah.

Dempsey also fought a boy named Jack Moran, in Reno, and Moran lasted an even three punches, for the quickest knockout ever scored in Nevada.

Max Baer, former world's champion heavyweight, took two long steps toward a title fight with Primo Carnera when, in 1931, he fought King Levinsky and in 1932 Paulino Uzcudun, in Reno, under the promotion of Jack Dempsey.

Since that time, however, fighting in the state has degenerated into small club battles in Reno, Las Vegas and Ely. There's a long road ahead, but Hinckley and his mates see a brighter day dawning. With the help of Showers, a disabled war veteran and Russell, his associate, combined with Al Hawley, A.A.U. commissioner for Nevada, the boxing commission hopes that once more Nevada will take its historic place in the fistic world and may develop either a champion of its own, or stage another title mêlée in the commonwealth.

It's been done before, while the state was much smaller than it is now. With a growth in population, Hinckley and his board declare that fame as a boxing center will return to the place where champions were born in the past.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 18)

money-drawing fighters can be counted on the fingers of one hand and that's all that counts these days. Commissioners and promoters are hot after the "gold" at all times.

Mike Jacobs knows his onions. He concurred in the decision of the Boxing Commission while the indoor season was on, and then, with an eye to a big outdoor gate, he shipped his good man Friday, Lawyer Sol Strauss, to the Texas army camp where "Bummy" is in training, offered to stage a Davis-Zivic fight with the army relief fund taking 15 per cent off the top with a minimum guarantee of $10,000 received the War Department's consent and then had no trouble getting the New York Commission to lift the ban on Davis.

As for this publication, I think Davis has suffered sufficiently and am glad to see that he is going to get another chance to prove that those who went to the mat for him, had not erred. The only objection I find, is that the fight will not be for the welterweight title, and that the Army officials, while permitting Davis to fight for a private concern, with big dough at stake for him, his manager and the promoter, announces that the Army cannot recruit sufficient good talent for the proposed Army-Navy benefit bouts at Jacksonville. How come? What's wrong with such talent as Bummy Davis and others I can name from various camps who would fit in nicely against Navy's stars?

How come that the Army officials turn down such a fine proposal as was made by Gene Tunney to stage the huge 100 per cent benefit at Jacksonville, with branches of the services splitting the gate receipts and the fighters working without compensation, yet grant Bummy Davis a month's leave of absence so that he can gain for himself and his mentor a fat sum fighting in an over-the-weight match? Here is something that should be investigated. Who is responsible for turning down a real benefit, and accepting a fifteen per cent option with a guarantee of $10,000 to turn Bummy Davis over for a private promotion instead of an Army-Navy affair?

And while asking questions, might I ask the New York Boxing Commission why they have permitted the proposed Zivic-Davis fight to be staged as a 12 rounds over-the-weight match? Is it because the bout will draw more than $150,000 and that a return title bout will yield another handsome sum to all concerned, a few months later? The return bout between Davis and Zivic is a natural but there is no sane reason why the Commission should not compel the boys to have it out in a title bout unless it be because of the commercial angle, and surely that is never considered by our moguls!

Here's a suggestion to all boxing commissions—eliminate the round-by-round system of scoring. Adopt the point system, ten points to a round, now in use in many states. It is a far better, more accurate way of judging a fight than by rounds. That has repeatedly been proved.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Martin Fisher, Buffalo, N. Y.

Q.—If a fighter goes down through a slip, should the referee count over him?

A.—It isn't done, though a referee would be within his rights to do so. He should use his own judgment. If the fighter is not taking a count, or resting, but is getting to his feet as quickly as is possible, no count should be made. The referee should wipe his gloves when the fighter rises and let the battle continue. If the fighter attempts to waste time, or take advantage of the slip to rest, then the referee must count over him.

Donald Sauer, Kingston, Mass.

Q.—What nationality is Fritzie Zivic? Do you think that Lou Ambers could have continued fighting and possibly won the welterweight title? What are Nova's chances of copping the heavyweight crown? Will Tommy Farr ever get another crack at Louis? I am 16 years of age, my weight is 120 and height 5 feet 6½ inches. What will I be when I am 21? Who, in your opinion is leading contender for Joe Louis' title?

A.—Croatian. Not any more. He's through. He retired. Very good. Not likely. 5 feet 9 inches and weight 135 pounds. Max Baer at this time.

Walter Williamson, El Paso, Texas

Q.—Did Babe Hunt fight Dempsey? What was the result? If a fighter is floored and the referee counts him out in five instead of ten, a fast count, what can the boxer do about it? How old must one be to be able to obtain a promoter's license? If one is continuously being fouled and the referee does nothing about it, what can the fighter do?

A.—No. If a fighter is given a fast count, there is nothing he can do about it other than to protest. The count is entirely up to the referee if he acts alone, or in unison with the knockdown timer in states where a knockdown timer is used. One must be at least 21. If one is fouled repeatedly and the referee does nothing about it, he shows his ignorance of the rules or must be a biased official and in either case, should be prevented from acting as third man. There is nothing the fighter so fouled can do other than protest to the official.

Richard Nichols, Providence, R. I.

Q.—I would like to know how to get an autographed picture of Max Baer, Jimmy Braddock, Henry Armstrong and Joe Louis? I am 18 years old, 5 feet 11 inches tall and weigh 157 pounds. What will I be when I am 22?

A.—You will have to write to their various managers to get their autographed photos. 6 feet 1 and weight about 178 pounds.

Harlane Weber, Erie, Pa.

Q.—I am 15 years of age, am five feet 9 inches and weigh 125 pounds. What will I be at 21? What is the height of Billy Soose, Ken Overlin, Lew Jenkins and Fritzie Zivic? Who would win if they fought each other. Max Baer vs. Buddy Baer, Max Baer vs. Billy Conn? Steve Belloise vs. Billy Soose? Eddie Blunt vs. Red Burman?

A.—6 feet tall and weight 150 pounds. Soose 5 feet 10 inches. Overlin—5 feet 9½ inches. Jenkins—5 feet 6 inches. Zivic—5 feet 9½ inches. Max Baer. Conn. Soose. Burman.

J. R. C. Brennan—A Reader

Q.—In your New Faces story on Johnny Flores you mention the fact that the only fighter to whip him was Johnny Colan. I think that is a mistake as Jimmy Casa whipped him at the Queensboro Stadium in a six rounder. Am I correct?

A.—Right. Casa won a six-round decision over Flores.

Mrs. James P. Horner, Mascotte, Florida

Q.—Could you kindly insert a little notice for me. I am the widow of "Lucky" Jim Horner of Mascotte, Florida and I have a horseshoe which my husband won many years ago in Chicago. This horseshoe was forged by Bob Fitzsimmons and raffled. It has his name on it. If any Ring reader cares to buy this, he can get in touch with me at Mascotte, Florida.

Reader, Jordan, Minn.

Q.—How can I locate the following boxers and are they still active in the ring? Alex Kettles, Ralph O'Dell, Harry Thomas, Larry Udell, Russ Wasser? How high was Wasser rated in the national ranking of 1939? How can I reduce my hips about three inches?

A.—They are scattered about the middle west. They have all retired. Wasser was not rated nationally. Stationery bicycle exercise and plenty of mat exercises.

James Clyne, New York City

Q.—I would like to know if Tommy Tucker floored Jimmy Webb in their first fight of eight rounds? If so, what round? Did Webb finish strong winning the seventh and eighth rounds?

A.—Tucker floored Webb in the eighth round of their bout. Webb won the early rounds including the seventh but lost the eighth by a big margin because of that knockdown.

Q.—Kindly let me know the nicknames of the heavyweight champions from Sullivan to the present day.

A.—Sullivan—The Boston Strong Boy, Corbett—Bank Clerk, Jeffries—Boilermaker, Fitzsimmons—Ruby Robert, Johnson—The Galveston Black, Willard—Pottowattomie Giant, Dempsey—Manassa Mauler, Tunney—None, Baer—The Playboy from Livermore, Carnera—Venetian Gondolier, Schmeling—The Uhlan, Sharkey—Boston Gob, Braddock—Cinderella Man, Louis—Brown Bomber.

Martin Flaherty, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Who refereed the following fights: Jeffries-Sharkey; Jeffries-Corbett at Coney Island; Jeffries-Fitzsimmons at Coney Island and in California? What were the results?

A.—Jeff vs. Sharkey, George Siler referee; Jeff won in 25 rounds, decision. Jeffries vs. Corbett at Coney Island, Charley White referee; won by Jeff by knockout in 23rd round. Jeff vs. Fitz at Coney Island, Charley White referee; Jeff won by knockout in 11th round; Jeff vs. Fitz in California, Eddie Graney referee; Jeff won by knockout in 8 rounds.

Fred Spetrini, Providence, R. I.

Q.—What were the gross receipts and attendance figures of the Louis-Farr fight, Louis-Mann, Louis-Thomas, Louis-Schmeling (second bout), Louis-Pastor, and the first Louis-Godoy fight?

A.—Louis-Farr: attendance, 36,903; receipts, $265,753.11. Louis-Mann: attendance, 19,490; receipts, $111,698.49. Louis-Thomas: attendance, 16,468; receipts, $45,600.00. Louis-Schmeling: attendance, 72,045.00; receipts, $1,015,096.17. Louis-Pastor (second bout): attendance, 33,868; receipts, $347,870; Louis-Godoy (first bout): attendance, 15,657; receipts, $88,523.

I would advise that you get Black Dynamite, Volume 2, "Jolting Joe and Homicide Hank." Price $1.50. Has complete details of Louis and Armstrong fights.

Sam Bramman, Atlanta, Georgia

Q.—About what per cent of fighters do you annually rate? What do you think of weight lifting for a boxer?

A.—About forty per cent. We ignore the novices and those who repeatedly lose fights. Weight lifting is good for a wrestler. A boxer should use weights only moderately. I should advise against heavy weights. OK to use weights up to 10 pounds.

Arthur Boxer, Buffalo, N. Y.

Q.—What home exerciser would you advise me to get?

A.—The best on the market is that advertised in THE RING by the Institute of Physical Development. You get just what a beginner requires. It is very inexpensive and serves your purpose well.

Dan O'Brien, Dublin, Ireland

Q.—Some of us old-timers here would like to have you give us a life story in THE RING of Jack Hickey, middleweight champion of Ireland in 1892. Won't you oblige?

A.—Sorry, I couldn't if I had the space as I know too little about him other than he was an excellent fighter at the time that Bob Fitzsimmons was forging to the front.

Norm Rosenberg, New Haven, Conn.

Q.—How many pro fights did Al Singer have? Give his record from 1928-1930?

A.—Singer had approximately 75 fights. Sorry, can't give you record for those years as it would take up too much space. However, during that time he was knocked out three times, he lost four decisions, boxed two draws, scored 16 knockouts, and won 26 times. Get from our book shop the Everlast 1937 Guide. You will find complete record in that. Price 50 cents.

Milton Martin, Rock Lake, North Dakota

Q.—How old is Gunnar Barlund and will he get a chance at the title? Who would win a Barlund-Nova, Buddy Baer-Roscoe Toles? I am 17 years old, weigh 160 pounds and am 5' 11¼". What will my height and weight be at 21?

A.—Barlund is 27. It is unlikely that he will ever get a chance at the title. Nova, Baer. You should be 6', 2" and will weigh about 176 pounds.

Norman Sobel, 34 Highview Road, Jersey City, N. J.

Q.—Could I have the records of Benny Leonard, Jack Dempsey and Abe Simon? What are the nationalities of Lou Nova, Abe Simon, George Latka, Jackie Wilson and Lem Franklin? I am 15 years, 5', 10½" and weigh 147 pounds. What will my measurements be at 21?

A.—Sorry, but those records would take too much space which we can't very well spare. You have most of those records in back issues of THE RING. Follow them there. Scotch, Irish-American, Hebrew, Croatian, American Negro. You should be 6', 2" and weigh 180 pounds at 21.

Terry Cavanaugh, Albany, N. Y.

Q.—I am 18 years of age, 6', 1" and weigh 170 pounds. What will my height and weight be at 21. Who is Tommy Romano? What are the nationalities of Ernie Vigh and Andre Jessurun? Are Melio Bettina and Fred Apostoli married? How long has Babe Risko been dead?

A.—At 21 you should be 6', 3" and should weigh 192 pounds. Never heard of a Tommy Romano boxing professionally. Vigh is a Hungarian. Jessurun is of French-Dutch descent. Neither Bettina nor Apostoli are married. Babe Risko is very much alive and kicking.

Daniel D. James, Sanford, Fla.

Q.—Did the New York State Athletic Commission attempt to take away John Henry Lewis' title at one time?

A.—Yes. All they did was try. Lewis' manager threatened to sue in courts and the Commission decided it didn't have the power to take a man's title away.

Charles Summers, Dayton, O.

Q.—Is a man considered down if his body is hanging over the ropes?

A.—Yes, if he doesn't get back into fighting position quickly.

Arthur Marvin, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—Who is the world's wrestling heavyweight champion?

A.—There are fifty claimants but Jim Londos was never beaten for it and he was the last to have a legitimate claim on the crown.

Charles Hampdon, Belmont, Mass.

Q.—Does your story of Adah Isaacs Menken tell of any of Heenan's fights?

A.—Yes. Get the book and read it. You'll find his contests discussed.

George Sellers, Northampton, Mass.

Q.—Can a man be counted out if he gets up at the count of ten. I mean just as ten is counted?

A.—No if he gets up as ten is counted, he is still safe. The ten count is part of the full allowance—ten full seconds for a fighter to get to his feet.

Earl Baker, Andover, Mass.

Q.—What is meant by heeling? Does swearing call for a penalty? From whom did Jack Johnson win his title? When a fighter's shoelaces are untied, and the fighter wants them laced again, is time out taken or does the time go on? What was the nationality of the following: John L. Sullivan, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney?

A.—Heeling consists of striking an opponent with the lowest portion of the palm on an open glove. It is so accomplished that the perpetrator uses the open section under the opponent's chin. Swearing calls for a penalty.

If a fighter's laces are unloosened, it is the duty of the referee to see that they are fastened so as to avoid possible injury through falling. He should call time while this is done. I had occasion to do this in Wichita. Sullivan and Tunney, of Irish birth; Dempsey, Scotch, Indian and part Jewish.

Jack Lipworth, New York Reader

Q.—Is Young Corbett III colored? Who would win the following fights? Jackie Paterson vs. Little Dado, Little Pancho vs. Kid Tanner, Kid Tanner vs. Lou Salica, Fritzie Zivic vs. Izzy Jannazzo, Billy Soose vs. Archie Moore, Billy Soose vs. Al Hostak, Billy Soose vs, Ken Overlin, Billy Soose vs. Steve Belloise, Billy Soose vs. Larry Lane, Billy Soose vs. George Abrams, and Lew Jenkins vs. Chalky Wright?

A.—Young Corbett III is not colored. I would select Dado over Paterson, Tanner over Pancho, Tanner over Salica, Zivic over Jannazzo, Soose over Moore, Soose over Hostak, Soose over Overlin, Soose over Belloise, Soose over Lane, Abrams over Soose, and Wright over Jenkins.

Ensley Gavel, Southville, Nova Scotia

Q.—How old was Sam Langford when he started fighting? What was the height and weight of Joe Choynski when he was in his prime? I am 20½ years of age. Am I too old to start boxing? I live in the country quite a distance from where boxing bouts are held. What is the best way to start boxing? How tall is Larry Bolvin?

A.—16 years of age. Weight 165 pounds. Height 5 feet 11¾ inches. Not if you have the ability. You will have to go to a place where there is a gymnasium and be able to train with other boys in the gym. 5 feet 3 inches tall.

William J. Bowers, Phila., Penna.

Q.—What is the address of the Polish and Irish Angel and Zim Zam Zum.

A.—You can reach all the wrestlers you mention by addressing them c/o Jack Pfeffer, Times Building, New York City.

Boxing in the Navy

(Continued from page 4)

them Honeyboy Finnegan, Tom Sharkey, the late Ernie Schaaf and Jose Javier.

For many years fleet smokers have been held wherever and whenever the fleet dropped anchors. Sometimes at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, where Lieut. Col. "Heinie" Miller, USMC, one of the Navy's own, held sway, until sent to Parris Island recently; at other times on the China Station where such fistic luminaries as Larry Prendergast and Phil Schlosberg, former manager of Ernie Schaaf, brought credit to the Navy by bowling over the best there was offered. It mattered not where. It was also in the naval service that Charles Francis Coe, noted lawyer and writer, learned the art of wallop which later took him to a fleet crown.

Competition for fleet crowns in all weights has always been as sharp as a mother-in-law's tongue and the fans have turned out en masse to witness the events. A long line of eliminations takes place before the finals reach the ring. Each type of ship has its own champion who has to come through a tough schedule before he steps inside the ropes for the main event. And you can bet your last coupon that he has found out what it all means.

While nothing definite is known at present about this year's finals, it is a safe wager to make that the ship's stables are getting in their daily licks at training either on the forecastle or other parts of the boat, and will be in condition when the time comes.

With the recall to active duty of the fleet reservists, many of the ring warriors of other days whose records of the past are written in boxing's history, are lending a hand to the recruits. All the old champions of their day, among them Harry Sutton, Bob Grant, Barney Murat, are now passing along the information to the youngsters just as it was passed to them when they took to the game.

As a conditioner, boxing has always been one of the navy's best morale builders and with the thousands of youngsters now wearing the blue uniform, it is still more important that it should be carried to greater heights.

One of the greatest men the Navy has ever had the privilege of calling its own, Lieut. Comdr. Jack Kennedy, a national figure in the boxing fraternity and one who long ago has ceased to record the bouts he has refereed, is now back in harness on the west coast. And wherever Jack is, you will also find a boxing ring and a lot of youngsters learning the game.

Not only have the fighters returned to the service but many an excellent conditioner in Navy boxing circles is now wearing the uniform. It was Jake Shugrue who brought Ken Overlin over the rough spots, and it was Red McGuiggan who had the honor of seeing many of his pupils reach the fleet finals and go on to other glories. Yes, and many others, all too numerous to mention right now, are breaking in boxers at the point where they left off.

With all the boxing competition that goes on in the Navy, everything is run according to the letter of the amateur code. All fights are governed by the latest rulings among the amateurs, with numerous fleet scrappers giving a good account of themselves in Golden Glove competition and going on to victory in A.A.U. tournaments. Two of the best examples of Navy fighters reaching the top in amateur circles are the recent victories of Cleveland Roundtree and Big Bill Townsend out Hawaii way. Roundtree, a submarine man, ploughed his way clear up to the Hawaiian championship while Townsend got as far as the finals, when illness prevented his going on.

If anyone thinks that boxing is slowly sinking over the horizon like the evening sun, all they have to do is to take a look at the new arena recently erected on the Island of Oahu in Honolulu, and they will soon change their course for a happier port.

The arena was erected for the sole use of the men of the fleet. It can well be ranked with the largest and roomiest arena in the country today. Built of structural steel and concrete, with a steel roof, the arena has a seating capacity of 5,800, with room in the center for 400 more seats should the occasion arise.

No, sir, boxing is, as it has always been, a Navy man's sport.

The United States Navy has produced more great boxers than any other organization in the world. Boxing is the Navy's most popular sport and as such it enlists the services of more than 100,000 boxing enthusiasts. Most any gob knows how to box—at least a little. It is the pet sport and play-time diversion on shipboard.

Where baseball follows the flag, boxing accompanies the flag. Wherever the Navy goes, there you'll find boxing booming. Man-for-man, more "gobs" know that "Lesson One" is to stick out a straight left jab, than in any other walk of life.

When it comes to boxing, the Navy has the talent. It has always boasted of excellent material, but now with additional enlistments, especially the influx to the naval air stations, the service has a million dollars' worth of high class material. And they're men in more ways than one.

Behind the Throne

(Continued from page 19)

to New York for the first time, she wore slacks at all times through the city streets as was her custom in Texas and in California. But New Yorkers thought she was trying to attract attention, so Katie decided she would change her attire to that of the Northern folk.

Those who have read the story of Lew Jenkins' rise, know how much Katie did towards bringing Lew to the top. They traveled around the country in a broken-down flivver, fighting here and there to get enough to eat, but today Lew and Katie are sitting pretty. Nothing to worry about except when Lew will next defend his world title.

Mrs. Jenkins is not the only one who takes an active interest in the fistic affairs of a fighter. Recently Nat Fleischer refereed a fight in Wichita in which big Le Roy Davis of Amarillo, Texas, heavyweight, fought Red Nelson and in that contest, Mrs. Davis was her husband's chief second. Likewise in the case of Jimmy Kidd Hatcher, whose wife takes care of him in his corner during the intermission. Mrs. Hatcher and Mrs. Davis, like Katie Jenkins are beautiful Southern women. The South goes in for women trainers and seconds far more so than in the North because there is no commission rule against a wife seconding a husband, as in Northern states.

Mrs. Hatcher, who is 20 years old, is an attractive blonde who hails from Lake City, South Carolina. She believes not only in seconding her husband, but in advertising him by wearing a sweater on the back of which is her husband's name.

Jimmy Hatcher was born April 23, 1918, at Lake City, South Carolina. His father is a prominent medical doctor in Lake City. His father is Spanish, regardless of name, and his mother is of Irish and Jewish descent. He was christened James Kidd Hatcher, finished high school in Lake City, and was sent to college with the intentions of becoming a doctor and following in the footsteps of his father.

He had a desire to be a fighter and left college and started on his boxing career in South Carolina. He has had approximately 42 bouts to date, losing two, one to the present lightweight champion Lew Jenkins and the other to Clarence (Cotton) King.

He had won four out of six rounds from Jenkins until he received a bad cut in the sixth round which necessitated stopping the bout and awarding it to Jenkins. Since Pate signed him, Jimmy has won 14 straight victories, boxing mostly big lightweights in order to secure work. He is one of the best conditioned boxers in the game today. He can go 20 rounds as well as most of them can go 10.

He never lets his opponents rest. He has been the rage of fight fans in Florida for the past two seasons. His one burning desire is to be featherweight champion of the world and he is willing to make any sacrifice necessary to attain that goal. He now claims the featherweight championship of the South. Perrin consistently refuses to meet him, even in his own back yard.

He was married last year to Toby Fraelich, in Sarasota, Florida. Since that time Toby has worked in his corner wherever the boxing commissions will permit. He has never lost a fight with her in his corner and considers her his good luck charm.

Last year Jimmy Pate, Hatcher's manager, took him to Connecticut where they spent about three months. Jimmy boxed seven bouts winning over Snooks Lacey, Dusty Brown, Tommy Ciaro and Pete DeGrasse. He stopped Pat Doyle, won over Kid Sal and Texas Lee Harper. Then they went back to West Palm Beach where Pate lives. The Kidd had seven more bouts there, winning over Justo Jiminez, twice; Mike Martinez, twice; Joey Raymond, Carl Guggino, Jackie Callura. In winning over Guggino, he beat a boy who had just beaten Leo Rodak, Johnny Bellus, Don Eddy, Jiminez and Armando Sicilia. On top of that, he spotted Guggino over eight pounds.

He was so busy until Guggino didn't have time to do anything but hold on. Hatcher is listed as a featherweight. He can still make 126 pounds. Callura is the only boy his weight that Jimmy has fought. The Kidd sets such a fast pace, that his opponents usually tire after about five rounds and start holding. It seems that most of them just can't stand it that fast for 10 rounds. Hatcher is pretty good. He is one of the busiest boys in the ring once the gong sounds.

Soose Fails to Impress

(Continued from page 5)

tion of a few stomach wallops that hurt, there was little damage done by either.

Soose displayed skill and calmness after the eighth round, but up through that session he was outclassed by his veteran opponent.

In the first five rounds, with one exception, Ken made Soose appear like a raw novice. Billy missed often, covered his face like one fearing to get marked up, and at times doubled his body half way to the ground to avoid Ken's stinging jabs. Such tactics for a challenger didn't appeal to the gathering. They did as much to influence the spectators in Ken's favor as did Overlin's back-pedalling and holding in influencing the judges.

In those early rounds Ken whirled his opponent around and cuffed him. It wasn't until the sixth that Soose finally solved the riddle and began a little stinging of his own. He then reached Ken often with a right but the punch lacked steam and did practically no damage.

At close quarters it was Overlin who did the stinging. He was as canny as ever and gave his man a thorough going over. Ken just outsmarted Billy and because of that he should have gotten the verdict.

In the eleventh, for example, Billy proved that he lacks the class of Ken. Overlin kept him off balance and slammed home some telling body punches that gave him that session by a wide margin. At times Billy landed with effectiveness and had his opponent hurt, but he didn't follow through and permitted Ken to recover.

Apparently Billy had figured too much on Overlin's inability to go the route. He failed to take into consideration, however, the 200 odd fights Overlin has had, contests in which he had learned a lot, sufficient to enable him to pull safely through the spurts of the Pennsylvanian.

* * *

KEN knew all the tricks and he brought them properly into play. At times, especially in the early rounds, he had Soose bewildered. Overlin paced himself accurately. It was expected that his legs would not stand the strain after a few rounds, but he didn't lose any of his speed until the thirteenth. He matched Soose's fine left with a good left of his own, though neither had the sting of an Abrams, Vigh or Mauriello in it.

The argument of those who thought the decision unfair was that though Billy forced the going, and was ever willing to fight, his execution fell far short of his intentions. Overlin hit more often and his blows carried more sting. The only fault I could find with Ken was that he was guilty of holding too much. He did this every time he wanted to weather the storm or take a few seconds rest. Referee Donovan declared that Ken's holding influenced him in giving the verdict to Soose.

One of the best punches delivered by Soose came in the ninth round when the challenger let fly with a right to the head that carried some weight. Overlin sagged and looked glassy-eyed. Had a more determined fighter faced Ken at this stage, he would probably have been knocked out.

But Soose permitted Ken to regain his senses before starting another attack that came too late. Late in the tenth Soose landed his second most effective wallop, a beautiful left to the body that sank in deeply and made Ken wince. He almost doubled with pain. Then in the twelfth a left to the jaw made Ken wince, but Ken came back with a vengeance, fought his man to a standstill and won the round.

Following its procedure in the case of Overlin and Zale, THE RING does not record Soose as a world champion. He is only the New York standard bearer while Zale continues to hold the honors in N.B.A. territory. A fight with Zale, who already has been whipped by Soose in a non-title bout, will settle the matter of supremacy. To the winner of such a fight THE RING will award a handsome belt, now on exhibition in our headquarters. No world title is held by either.

The Ring's Quiz Answers

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HERE are the answers to the questions printed on page 41:

1—The largest number of rounds for which a fight may be arranged in this country is 25 rounds, permitted in the state of Nevada. Different states have different limits. New York has 15 and most other states have that same limit. Michigan allows 20 rounds.

2—A city commission is a boxing body authorized by the city in states where there is no state boxing commission, as, for example, in Ohio, where the cities have the right to appoint a commission to rule over the sport.

3—Once a champion gives up his title, he cannot reclaim it. If he attempts a comeback he must fight his way back to the top.

4—Molineaux was the first U. S. Negro to fight for a title in Europe. George Dixon was the first Negro to hold world honors after the adoption of the Marquis of Queensberry rules. The last fighter to win a world title was Joey Archibald.

5—Nova, heavyweight; Christoforidis, light-heavy; Zale, middle; Soose, middle; Kaplan, welter; Robinson, lightweight; Wright, feather; Young, bantam; Scalzo, feather; Hostak, middle; Pancho, fly; Rodak, lightweight, and Dado, flyweight.

Boxing Interest

(Continued from page 9)

The United States Navy gave us two Sharkeys—Tom and Jack. Tom was a grand fighter, but never became champion. He gave Jeffries a terrific beating at Coney Island, but Jim kept his title. Tom came from Ireland and when he landed here, got into the navy, where he developed his ring skill and then turned professional.

Jack, of course, was one of our lesser heavyweight champions of the world. Jack was a rough and tough tar. But when he got a family, he somehow lost his zest for fighting, except as a means for piling up a small fortune. Fair enough, if he felt that way—and still could pile it up.

A product of our navy during the World War was Sailor Meehan, the butter ball who met Jack Dempsey a couple of times in short bouts. These were little more than exhibitions. Meehan was not a great fighter. But he could make trouble for Dempsey, who perhaps was too busy laughing to concentrate on the fight. Meehan was a roly-poly with an awkward style and no great punch.

Out of the navy, too, came Sailor Burke, a good middleweight who had championship aspirations during the McGoorty heyday.

In listing fighters with service backgrounds let us not forget Soldier Bartfield, who was a corking welterweight around New York years ago. The Marines sent into the professional ring George La Blanche.

Jack Munroe, who stood off Jeffries in four ex rounds, and even knocked Jim down, went from the ring into the Canadian army with the Princess Pats, and lost a leg.

* * *

IT took a war to give a great fighter to Germany. His name was Max Schmeling. Now Max is devoting his talents to parachute jumping for Hitler. If Schmeling had his way, he would be in the United States, living the American life. Perhaps he considered that move for some time. But he waited much too long.

Before the World War of 1914-1918, Germany had no boxer worthy of the name. The war made the Teutons think about a new type of sport, and they went in for boxing along with track and field athletics, as well as soccer.

Out of this wave of sports interest Schmeling developed. With him, Neusel and others. Now Germany's boxing is only a memory.

And so Germany plays another game in 1941. And we gather a vast army to protect ourselves against international thugs, nuts, murderers.

As we gather our national defense forces, boxing presents a tremendous appeal. Mike Jacobs says he is willing to help with equipment where the army or navy do not furnish it. But this job should not be left to a professional promoter. It is a task for all of us, and before long we all will get an opportunity to help.

And here let me say that the government would do well to enlist the services of Nat Fleischer, editor of this publication to aid in the boxing programs at the various camps. There isn't a man in America so well versed in the sport as THE RING editor. He has, in my opinion, done more for boxing than any promoter or scribe, and he should be given a commission to work for the army as is Gene Tunney doing for the Navy. He was in the service during the last war and knows what is needed for the morale of the boys in camp.

Jimmy Bronson, who was in charge of the A.E.F. boxing in France, is another. He should be drafted by Uncle Sam into the service immediately. There isn't a man in the country who is better qualified for taking complete charge of boxing in the army camps than is Jimmy Bronson. He and THE RING editor would make a splendid pair in creating boxing interest among the new soldiers.

Wherefore a "T.K.O."?

(Continued from page 13)

punches. The manager, preferring to give his boy the benefit of a T.K.O. rating rather than a knockout, hurled the towel into the ring and the bout was stopped with the announcement that "Al Jiminez wins by a technical knockout."

Under such a rule, all a manager has to do to save the knockout verdict, no matter how woefully outclassed and defeated is his boy, would be to prevent him from going out for another round and thus have his fighter lose "by a T.K.O."

Let's forget "technical knockouts" and designate a victory by its proper term.

When a fighter cannot continue because of cuts or bruises, etc., the scribes and commissioners should realize that such condition has been caused by his opponent. His opponent, in short, had enough on the ball to cause this condition.

The epidemic of T.K.O.'s is on in full force. Either a fighter can go on or he can't and if he can't, then he loses by a knockout. "There isn't such an animal as 'T.K.O.' in my book."

Baer Packs 'Em In

(Continued from page 7)

"What kind of a bum am I now, commissioner?"

Brown has a sense of humor, and he called back:

"You're TWO bums!" Then they both laughed.

* * *

AFTER he had knocked out Pat Comiskey in such stirring fashion, Baer forsook the ring to enter upon a musical comedy career. For months he rehearsed his part and the show opened and closed in Boston. It just didn't click, and Baer had wasted a lot of valuable fighting time because he had fought himself back to a high spot in the challengers' circle. Had he not taken that long lay-off, he might have fared better against Nova in the recent return bout. Nova stopped him in a previous fight when Baer had to retire because of a fearfully cut mouth, an inside wound which bled so freely that the flow ran down Baer's throat and choked him, and in the return match, Lou made even a better showing. He stopped Max in the eighth, handing him a severe beating.

Coming back to his corner at the end of the tenth round in the first tilt, Baer looked down in the press row and, opening his lacerated mouth, kept pointing his finger down his throat. He was trying to tell the scribes that he was choking. In the next round, the referee took pity on Baer and stopped it.

It was in this fight that Baer's old-time hitting seemed to be lacking. In one of the rounds, Max clouted Nova flush on the jaw seven times in a row with his right hand. In the old days, any one of them would have knocked Nova kicking! Either Nova has the most astonishing chin in the world or the Baer punch is only a memory. The knockout of Comiskey, however, seemed to indicate that Max's wallop still was intact. The battering of Galento showed that Baer could still be a remarkable punisher, but only for a limited period.

* * *

BECAUSE of his great drawing power at the gate, Baer never will be out of the running so long as he is willing to fight. The fellow has made too many startling comebacks to be rated as a hopeless has-been.

Baer was eye-filling in his destruction of Pat Comiskey. Baer fought intelligently, convincingly against Galento. The going got so tough that Tony refused to come out of his corner to carry on. He had taken an unmerciful beating. This came as a distinct shock to his friends. Nova had stopped Baer. Galento had stopped Nova, so the natural bet would have been that Galento would wade right through Baer.

The California Adonis outdid himself against Galento. Max might have halted Tony sooner than he did, had he cut loose with some of his rallies. Instead, Max seemed to be taking delight in casually battering Galento into defeat. Tony had ridiculed Baer in the public prints and for once Baer was riled.

Baer never was an ordinary athlete. Nature was pretty sweet to Max in giving him a constitution and a build which has withstood the hard knocks of the game so well. Perhaps Baer's infrequent fights in the last six years of his career tended to conserve his strength. Had he been fighting five or six times a year, like Louis, the constant training would have burned him up. I'm positive that Louis' frequent camp drills have taken their toll and that Joe is shop worn. He is not the fighter of the Baer victory. He is not the great machine who downed Carnera or Braddock. Has too much training robbed him of his speed and his accurate hitting?

Training is drilling. It couldn't be any more exacting were a fighter to go into a ditch with pick and shovel. A fight over, they "slop up," as the saying among them goes. They eat and drink their fill and then suddenly the manager comes along and says:

"Pack your tack. You fight Razor Joints Crowly in three weeks." Back to the camp he goes and does the same thing over and over again. Is it any wonder that they learn to loath training?

Perhaps Baer had the right idea. Eight, ten and twelve months between fights. For one thing, there was no training camp drilling in between. Endowed with a superb body, it was never a difficult matter for Baer to get into fighting condition. Old-timers insist that he should have two or three warm-up fights before coming to the center with fellows like Nova, Galento and Louis, but Baer didn't think so.

Baer, coming back to an important fight after a layoff of nearly a year at times, must have some misgivings about his ability to travel the full distance with an opponent like Nova. He doubted his ability to last. If a fighter goes into the ring doubting himself, uncertain of what remains of his one-time glorious constitution, I'm sure that he will find himself fighting with caution, reserve and hesitancy. Can it possibly be his best fight under the circumstances?

The answer was seen in the last fight with Lou Nova. On the other hand, the fact that Baer has lasted so long as he had, is an argument against constant training.

Max Baer has been the enigma of the ring. He was the most astounding performer ever to have laced on fighting gloves. I once asked Ancil Hoffman if he ever thought of sending Max into a fight with two or three stiff jolts of brandy under his belt. Hoffman laughed and replied:

"Oh, that would never do! He'd go loco!"

Perhaps my idea still is a good one, if Baer wants to continue in the ring. Let him have it. Max Baer on the rampage would be pretty hard to handle! He might be transformed into the sort of fighting demon Tommy Laird and the other California writers lived in dread of seeing.

I'm for "hopping" this strange giant with a few swigs of Napoleon's pet stimulant before the bell sends him on his way to write another page in Fistiana's big book, should he decide on another comeback.

Champ in the Making

(Continued fro mpage 20)

"'Sugar' has a streamlined figure and the soft features of a schoolboy athlete. His face is unmarred. He is not only unbeaten, but 'unbeaten-up.' Slender, slick and gliding, he is coordination with a zip. His expression never changes. He has an emotion proof as well as a punch proof face. He has the Joe Louis manner and mannerisms."

* * *

AND Joe Jaffe, another star Philadelphia reporter, writing of the same fight, had this to say:

"Detroit has its Devastator and now Harlem's howling about its Howitzer—and how!

"Destined to attain fistic heights, Ray Robinson's class and clout as demonstrated for the edification of Philadelphia fans, particularly in his two recent knockout victories over Jimmy Tygh, appear to have the New York Negro winging his way toward championship circles headed by Devastator Joe Louis. Having bowled over Tygh in eight rounds a month ago, Harlem's Howitzer repeated his blitzkrieg in less than two minutes of the first frame against the same Jimmy in a return engagement. It was Ray's fifth Philadelphia contest and as many knockouts in the Quaker City in boosting his undefeated record to 10 kayoes out of 13 starts since casting his lot among commercial clouters after triumphing more than 100 times in A. A. U. competition without ever suffering a setback.

Since the Tygh bout, the Sugar Baby knocked out Charley Bivins in one round and then in Washington he put out Joe Ghnouly in 2.07 of the third round.

* * *

SO there you have the words of only two of a horde of newspapermen from New York and Philadelphia who have watched Ray in most of his pro battles. Does anyone blame me for being so enthusiastic about the boy's chances? I took him in tow because I am fond of boxing. I saw possibilities in Ray when I watched him as an amateur, and now that I have him under my wings, I cannot help but feel that in Ray Robinson there is the making of another Joe Gans.

Hurst's Meteoric Rise

(Continued from page 21)

Foreman, Leo Kid Roy, Frankie Fleming and Maxie Berger, all of whom held the Canadian lightweight title as well as being internationally established fighters, but right now Dave Castilloux, another Montrealer, and Harry Hurst are the city's most promising ringmen.

Born in Manchester, England, Hurst came to Canada in his infancy and was brought up in Montreal, where he still lives with his parents. He started in the game early, a lad of eighty pounds or so, and made normal or average progress until he became a featherweight. Then he captured city and provincial amateur laurels and was runner-up for the Canadian title, losing a close decision in the final.

In 1938 he branched out as a lightweight and improved sufficiently to score two quick knockouts to win the Canadian amateur lightweight trials for the right to represent Canada at the British Empire Games in Australia. He was runner-up for the Empire crown, starting his rally too late in the finals, losing a close decision though having his opponent running and clinching.

After returning from Australia, he was stricken with pneumonia for awhile, then late in the winter, he resumed training, prepping for the Golden Gloves and Dominion championships to be held at the Forum in spring of 1939. He was the sensation in both meets, scoring several spectacular knockouts.

With the Golden Gloves and Canadian amateur lightweight titles added to his other laurels, and opposition not available, Hurst decided to turn pro. His first assignment was in Quebec, and he started off on the right foot by knocking out Ralph Walton, colored boy, in round one. He then campaigned in small towns, adding three more quick knockouts, flattening Jackie Arnault in one, Johnny Delaney and Eugene Meunier in two apiece.

His next bout was at Montreal, where he was stacked up against the Plattsburg soldier veteran, Frankie DeCarlo. It was a tough battle for a few rounds, then DeCarlo was stretched on the Forum ring's canvas in the fifth round.

The Montreal walloper's next match was another appearance in the Forum. He had Beverley Carter, colored Toronto boy, on the canvas for the count when the bell rang. Carter, coached to fight purely defensively, had evaded Hurst for several rounds but tired gradually. In the fifth round, Hurst floored him twice, the bell saving Carter. In the sixth and final round, Hurst floored Carter three times and the Negro was sitting dazedly on the floor when the bell ended the fight.

Hurst's next three appearances were in Toronto, where he is a keen favorite now. He kayoed Chuck Butters, sturdy Hamilton slugger, twice in one battle. Late in the first round, he connected with a smashing left hook to the body and Butters went down with his wind knocked out, writhing around in agony. The referee, uncertain, though no foul was claimed, called the round to an end and gave Butters five minutes' rest. The second round was a furious slugfest until Hurst connected with a smashing right to the jaw and Butters was out officially this time. Jeff Furrone, experienced Syracuse boy, was the next victim of the Hurst punch. He heard the birdies in the third heat.

Hurst was then matched up in his first main bout, a ten-rounder with K. O. Labbe of Lewiston, Maine, at the Lachine Arena, on the outskirts of Montreal. The tough and experienced New Englander was expected to give Hurst a thorough test, but the Montreal youngster pounded him steadily from start to finish.

Hurst is a serious-minded, clean-living lad of twenty-one summers and his burning ambition is to be the first Canadian to bring the world title home.

Negotiations are on for Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING Magazine, to donate a belt for the Canadian lightweight title bout and Nat has informed Canadian friends that he is willing.

Ring Hoodoos

(Continued from page 25)

'you see how I almost lost the fight. That's because I didn't kiss the missus for good luck!' "

* * *

SOME years ago, Scotty Monteith, who brought out and developed the clever Johnny Dundee, had a stable of fighters, one of whom he called Red Cap Wilson. This boy never entered the ring without having a red cap on his head.

The fact that Wilson was licked more often than he won made no difference to his superstitious feeling. After every defeat he still insisted that he must go into the roped square with his red cap on his head.

There are many fighters who refuse to enter the ring without wearing a scapular around their necks. I have known others who, like Tiger Flowers, knelt and prayed just before the bell.

A good many fighters talk because they believe that by doing so they can put the "jinx" on their opponents. Young Corbett was one of these.

"I'm a sucker for the left, pal," he would say. "Try it."

Ad Wolgast played a similar game out of superstitious belief. He would spring into the ring across the ropes, rush to the opposite corner to look his opponent over, and then with chest thrown out, he would shout in a loud voice that he had the hoodoo on his man.

Some fighters have such queer names that many managers say, "It sounds hoodoo to me."

This brings to my mind a fighter in Boston called Kid Pantz. He was matched against a boxer called Arthur Cote. The fight developed into a brawl and the proprietor of the club brought a legal action against the fighters for damages. Some wit at the time said the proprietor was a tailor.

Superstition is usually behind the ring peculiarities of fighters. Stanley Ketchel was superstitious. He would never enter the ring without wearing an old grimy cap. Once in the roped square, he would place this cap on the top of the ring post—for good luck.

He forgot to do this in the last fight he had—just before he was shot dead by a jealous farm hand.

Canada Lee

(Continued from page 12)

"The Prizefighter and the Lady." Maxie Rosenbloom is always good for a laugh in the numerous movies in which he pops up. Georgeous Georges Carpentier was always capable as a stage or picture performer, and Jack Roper may develop into a real big league menace on the screen.

Almost all the famous champions have taken a fling at the cinema. Tunney, Leonard, Armstrong, Johnson, Louis and Dempsey all went through the motions under the kleig lights.

Canada Lee's success should be an inspiration to all who find the road rough or have their hopes blighted. When his promising ring career fell short of attaining the topmost pinnacle Lee bravely carved himself a new life that has been climaxed by a triumph exceeding even his wildest ambitions.

* * *

HOWEVER extravagant in their praises the critics may be of Lee's performance as "Bigger Thomas," it is impossible to overrate the one time boxer's performance. The play itself was given the highest possible rating of four stars by critic Burns Mantle who called it "the best and likewise the most sensational of the season's dramas." Mr. Mantle went even further than this in his praise of Lee in the leading role which gives one an idea of the calibre of the Harlem lad's exhibition. Mr. Sidney Whipple of the *World-Telegram* suggested that the dramatic critics, in making their annual awards, vote some special recognition to Lee for the quality of his performance in the movie, "Native Son."

All those who have witnessed Lee's interpretation of the part of Bigger Thomas have come away thrilled and awed—even as the critics—by his ability. The opening night he was given one of the greatest ovations ever heard on Broadway at the conclusion of the play. His gripping portrayal of all the emotions suffered by the frustrated, depressed and oppressed leading character, was worthy of Barrymore, or any other titan of the footlights. He held his audience spellbound as he dominated scene after scene as the plot unfolded.

The role itself concerns Bigger Thomas, colored product of Chicago's slum area, thwarted and bewildered by the manifold problems that affect members of his race. He is apparently headed for a career of crime and violence, when he secures a position as chauffeur for a rich family through the efforts of a social agency. He commits an unwitting unintentional murder, experiences for the first time the savage thrill of being a creature set apart from his former anonymity as the city seethes in a manhunt for him, is captured and condemned to death. In the gloom of the death cell he surrenders himself to a cloudy philosophy that seeks solace in the explanation that the reason for his fate lies in the oppression of a hostile civilization.

Such a role is rich in opportunities for the accomplished actor and Canada Lee is not found wanting in making the most of the chance to scale the acting heights that the part affords him.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

PROFESSIONAL gamblers are usually cold, analytical persons. When they make a certain boxer a favorite over some rival, they usually are backed with concrete figures. By that token alone, Ken Overlin was a positive winner over Billy Soose in their recent 15-round clash in Madison Square Garden, despite the ruling of Referee Arthur Donovan and Judges Bill Healey and Marty Monroe. At the conclusion of the contest, just before the official decision was rendered, Overlin was favored at five to one. It was evident from that kind of betting that those who had backed Soose before the contest were anxious to save some of their money and were willing to lay any price on Overlin, who appeared to be the winner—any way an impartial person viewed the contest.

Overlin outsmarted and baffled his opponent in nine of the rounds according to my way of scoring. He won handily. He made Soose fight right into his hands and at times Billy was made to look like the proverbial tyro. Overlin scored on a ratio of three to one blows in addition to making Soose miss all over the place.

Billy did force the fighting, that's true as his adherents point out, but he ran into a stream of jabs every time he tried to take the offensive. Overlin held occasionally at close range and allowed his opponent to batter away at close quarters but the blows were ineffective and had little bearing on the official outcome.

The New York Athletic Commission has a set policy of favoring certain officials and regardless of the many blunders which these men have committed, the commissioners are nevertheless set in their policy and continually use the same outfit. Pity that more capable judges are forced into the background without being given the opportunity of showing just how capable they really are! In view of the fact that the recent commission was reappointed for another three years, it is time that they took their duties seriously and began a weeding out campaign. In fairness to the fans and to the fighters who are on the wrong side of bad decisions—this should be a compulsory act by the Commission.

Lulu Constantino gave further indication of his ability when he pounded out a clean cut victory over Joey Iannotti in the eight-round semi-final on the Soose-Overlin card. Maxie Shapiro staged a rally to overcome the early lead of George Salamone in another hotly contested eight-rounder. Johnny Colan whipped Jimmy Casa in six rounds while Henry Vasquez drew with Nono Cuebas in the opening four. The house grossed $35,000.

Fritzie Zivic, world's welterweight king, showed the skill and courage that is the chief characteristic trait of a great champion in whipping Tony Marteliano over the 10-round route at the New York Coliseum. It was an overweight match and the fight attracted a gross gate of $6361.

It was a thrilling and exciting battle. Tony, aided by the support of his many admirers, fought with added vigor and gave Zivic plenty of uncomfortable moments before the fight was over. Fritzie clinched matters in the final session by flooring Tony twice just before the bell rang ending the round. Marteliano was on the floor for the count of two when the finishing toll arrived.

Going into the 10th round it appeared as if Zivic had the edge in six rounds, Tony winning three. Marteliano fought as if his life were at stake in the final session and was evidently under the impression that the decision hinged upon the closing round. He tore into Zivic and enjoyed a wide lead during the first minute of the round. His impetuous nature brought him into trouble.

Tony decided to slug it out with Zivic and Fritzie accepted the challenge with eagerness. The champion's sharp shooting and accurate right hand shots soon got Tony into trouble and before long he was felled for a count of eight. He had some trouble in regaining his balance but that did not deter his eagerness to resume battle. He carried the fight to Fritzie and was dropped again when the final round sounded. Both scaled at 149½ pounds.

Victor Dellicurti scored over Tony Ferrara in the semi-final of eight rounds. Benny Goldberg, Detroit bantam, making his first appearance in a New York ring made a favorable impression when he disposed of Danny Carabello in the fifth round of another scheduled eight. Frankie Ray drew with Steve Riggio in a special six.

Artie Dorrell, unbeaten Texas welterweight, continued his winning ways against durable Pete Muscarnera, outpointing the Brooklynite in eight rounds at the Ridgewood Grove. Slow to get started, Dorrell caught up with Muscarnera along about the fourth round with raking right hand body blows and won going away to record his 21st consecutive professional victory. Dorrell weighed 144½; Muscarnera 147½. In the eight-round semi-final, Lou "Peanuts" Barbetta topped Johnny Cockfield. Barbetta scaled 122; Cockfield tipped the beams at 126½.

Charley Varre, Brooklyn lightweight, shaded Carmelo Fenoy, Spanish importation, in the feature eight-rounder at the Royal Windsor Palace. Fenoy, at 138, had a pull in the weights of three-quarters of a pound. Off to a fast start with a bewildering bobbing and weaving style, Fenoy tired in the last half and allowed Varre to come on to win a split decision. Jose Basora, 158½, knocked out Pat Mangini, 162¾, in 2:20 of the second round of another scheduled eight-round fight.

Pete Lello, Gary, Indiana lightweight, whipped Bobby Ruffin, Astoria, in the eyes of a capacity crowd at the Bronx Coliseum but had to be satisfied with a draw because the officials ruled it that way in their 10-round feature attraction. How the arbiters could have arrived at that decision after Lello had clearly captured seven of the rounds, is still a mystery. Although Ruffin was the stronger, Pete repeatedly shook him up with terrific hooks to the body and long right hand punches to the jaw. Bobby's best round was the ninth in which he connected solidly, and almost upset the Gary veteran, shaking him repeatedly with head punches. Ruffin weighed 130½; Lello 134. In the eight-round semi-final, Norman Hi Ho Silver returned to the wars after a protracted layoff and scored decisively over Tony Brent.

Cocoa Kid, classy welter, got off the floor to turn back the challenge of Jerry Fiorello in the feature eight-rounder at the Broadway Arena. Floored early in the fight for a nine count, the Kid shook off the effects of the blow and went on to win in easy fashion. In the eight-round semi-final, Guillermo Puentes stopped Oliver White in the seventh round. At White Plains in a return tussle, Augie Arellano, winner of their first fight, had to be content with a draw in this eight-rounder with Vince Fratello, sturdy Skeeter State middleweight. It was more or less a repetition of their first encounter, with both boys slugging at close quarters with neither giving an inch of the way. It was a hotly contested affair and a third match is in the offing. In sixes, Peter Beaton whipped Louis Casianno and Tommy Zano drew with Freddy Lewis.

Monty Pignatore, fiery little Brooklyn lightweight, slammed out a victory over Danny Bartfield in the feature eight-rounder at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. Bartfield had everything in his favor to conquer Monty—height, reach and weight. Yet Pignatore fought an aggressive, ever-charging battle and forced his opponent to hold at close quarters. It was a nip and tuck battle and the verdict was a very difficult one to decide but Pignatore's closing rush probably decided matters in his favor. Bartfield weighed 140 and Pignatore 134. Harold Oliver, another likely looking prospect from Brownsville, banged out a victory over Johnny Rudd in the six-round semi-final.

Vincenzo Dell Orto had no trouble in his eight-round assignment against Vic Corchado at the St. Nicholas Palace. Corchado proved to be just the type to make Dell Orto shine with his boxing skill and ability to box without much danger of being upset. Corchado set the pace and forced the fighting but that was all. Dell Orto scaled 129 and Corchado 127¼. In the semi-final of eight sessions Lou Barbetta won from Sonny Brentz. Ruby Garcia scored over Henry Vasquez in a special six-round event.

A stunning surprise was recorded at the St. Nicholas Palace when Irwin Kaye Kaplan, a ten to one short ender, came through with an eight-round victory over Aldo Spoldi, hard hitting Italian lightweight. Kaplan enjoyed an advantage of seven pounds but gave the fans and the gamblers a real surprise when he fought Spoldi blow for blow and had a clear lead at the finish. Spoldi was penalized for low hitting in the fifth session, which proved an important session in Kaplan's favor. Spoldi weighed 139½ against 146½ for Kaplan. Frank Zezima scored over Howard Calvert in the six-round semi-final.

Al Reid, dashing, aggressive featherweight from the Bronx, made a welcome comeback at the New York Coliseum and upset the dope when he whipped Joey Iannotti in the feature eight-rounder. Iannotti was favored to a great extent before the fight but Al carried the fight with his characteristic aggressiveness and proved too strong for Joey at close quarters. This proved to be the deciding factor in their argument. Reid scaled 126½ and Iannotti 129¾.

Maxie Shapiro, East Side favorite, scaling 133 pounds, seems to have outgrown the featherweight class. He showed plenty of hard hitting and crafty skill in putting Wishy Jones away in the second round of their eight-rounder at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Shapiro has plenty of ability if he can be forced to exert his efforts.

Artie Dorrell, hard hitting Texas welterweight, disposed of Frankie Velez, rugged Puerto Rican, in the third round of their scheduled eight-rounder at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. Dorrell took the lead from the start and brought his opponent in the third round with vicious left hooks and right hand punches to face and body. Both boys scaled 145½ pounds each. Pete Muscarnera outslugged Vinnie Rossano in the semi-final of eight heats.

Guillermo Puentes, latest importation from Colombia, South America, came through with an impressive victory over Julie Kogon, the uncertain lightweight contender from New Haven. Kogon, who looked like one of the brightest looking prospects in these parts last season, has lapsed to the stage where ambition is a thing of the past. Puentes made the fighting and the energy and stamina which was part of his attack prove too much for Kogon. Kogon scaled 134¼ against 137¼ for Puentes.

The White Plains Community Center's feature event proved to be a fiasco when Referee Steve Hamas declared the bout between Antonio Fernandez and Eddie Peirce "no contest" in the fifth round of their scheduled eight-round mixup. Bad styles caused little action in this affair which prompted the referee to do what he did.

Sidney Roth, well known business man about town, in conjunction with Willie Johnston, staged a pugilistic extravaganza at the St. Nicholas Rink which will be remembered for some time. Five eight-round bouts were offered which introduced the cream of the crop around the metropolitan city. Chalky Wright scored over Charley Varre after an interesting struggle. Terry Young shaded Monty Pignatore in the hottest slugfest of the night. Maxie Shapiro looked exceptionally good in whipping Chief Crazy Horse and scoring three knockdowns during the contest. Andre Jessurun was awarded a none too popular award over Jackie Donovan after eight sizzling rounds. Lulu Constantino had little trouble in whipping Jimmy Gilligan while Diogenes Leon, recent amateur graduate, showed plenty of class in whipping Al Pennin in the four-round curtain raiser. The show attracted $11,582 gross receipts and it left a substantial profit for the British-American Ambulance Corps for which the show was staged. The fans were well satisfied for the money that they had contributed. The fighters were paired equally and there was no such thing as mismatching or one-sided bouts on the program.

Tami Mauriello, Bronx flash, who looked like a certain threat for middleweight glory, appears to have outgrown that division and will in the future be combating with the light-heavyweights. Tami is only a youngster and is still growing. He took on Hobo Williams at the New York Coliseum and scaled at his highest weight to date—166½ against 168 for Williams. Tami floored his opponent twice in the fifth session and after subjecting his rival to a severe battering in the next fray—the uneven contest was halted.

Louis Casiano outscored Norman Silvers in the eight-round semi-final. Joey Fontana won over Maurice Arnault in the feature eight-rounder at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Vinnie Vines disposed of Johnny Flores in the second round of the scheduled eight-round semi-final.

Mickey Farber, former East Side favorite, who stepped away from ring activity for over a year to be almost forgotten by local fans, made a splendid return to winning form when he scored a technical knockout over Harold Oliver, fast rising Brooklyn lightweight, in the fifth round of their scheduled eight-round fracas at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. Oliver, a courageous, thrill-providing youngster, was over-matched in this particular fray but he gave as fine an exhibition of courage as was ever witnessed in these parts.

After being floored in the fifth round and apparently helpless, the referee called a halt when it was evident that he could no longer continue. It was one of the greatest fights ever seen at this club which has witnessed some ring epics. Sean Haynes drew with Meyer Siegel and Steve Vaccarelli did likewise with Larry McManus in other six-rounders on the program.

Antonio Fernandez, Chilean middleweight, added another victory to his long list when he vanquished Phil McQuillan, in the final eight-rounder at the St. Nicholas Rink. Fernandez gave a shifty display of both boxing and punching skill and had little trouble in winning. Lou Barbetta whipped Sonny Brentz in the eight-round semi-final. Ray Robinson disposed of Victor Troise in the opening round of their scheduled eight-rounder at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. Diogenes Leon looked good in whipping Earl Roys in six rounds while Larry Fontana finished George Wilson in the first of another six-rounder.

BOXING IN MAINE
By DAVE SILVERMAN

PORTLAND—Coley Welch of Portland, New England middleweight champion, won two battles in the past month, defeating Johnny Seeman of Quincy in a 12-round bout at the Exposition Building in Portland, while in the Boston Garden in Boston, he successfully defended his newly won New England middleweight title against John Henry Eskew of Brockton.

Other bouts of the Seeman-Welch card saw Paul Herrick, Portland's young bantamweight star, win a six-round decision from Ted Wells of Manchester. The battle was one of the best between little fellows this city has seen in many months. In one of the other sixes, Sylvio Bellodeau of Nashua knocked out Duke Demers of Sanford in the first round, and Johnny Thomas of Portland scored over Johnny Green of Lewiston in a four-rounder.

Lewiston—Boxing was resumed in Lewiston after more than six months of idleness. Promoter Sam Michale got away to a good start with a hangup show in which Lefty Lachance of Lisbon won an eight-round decision from Henry Lagasse of Bangor. In one of the other eights, Billie Lancaster of Portland and Al Buck of Lisbon Falls went eight slashing rounds to a draw, while in a six-rounder Mike Green of Lewiston decisioned Everett Ladd of Westbrook, and in the four-rounder Johnny Thomas of Portland won from Johnny Green of Lewiston.

Augusta—Jimmy Cook of Rumford and Eddie O'Tash of Dover battled six rounds to a draw, and so did Johnny Thomas of Portland and Lee Anderson, also of Portland.

South Berwick—Tommy Reagan of Bangor defeated Connie Holmes of Boston in a six-round bout, while Flash Fisher of Rochester won from Jackie Cole of Boston in another six.

Rockland—Al Buck of Lisbon Falls won an eight-round decision from Billie Lancaster of Portland in one of the best bouts of the year. In the semi-final, Frankie Bannon of Portland won from Al Worster of Rockland.

South Berwick—Jimmy Cook of Rumford and Art Pelkey of Suncook, N. H., battled six rounds to a draw. In the semi-final, Eddie Gallant of Rumford won a six-round decision from Al Cloutier of Suncook.

Rockland—Everett Ladd of Westbrook won an eight-round decision from Guy Pelkey of Berlin, N. H. In the semi-final, Carroll Frost of Waterville defeated Honey Driscol of Portland.

Biddeford—Frankie Burley of Dover knocked out Sam Shumway of Webster in two rounds. In the semi-final, Lee Anderson of Portland won from Billie Baker of Boston in a five-round bout, while in another five, Nap James of Biddeford and Ben Turpin of Dover battled to a draw.

South Berwick—Eddie Latourneau of Sanford won a six-round decision from Art Pelkey of Suncook and in the semi-final Frankie Bannon of Portland knocked out Jimmy Nedeau of Suncook in two rounds.

Rockland—Jimmy Cook of Rumford won an eight-round decision over Johnny Mack of Sanford. In the semi-final, Paul Herrick of Portland knocked out Slasher Porter of Rockland in two rounds.

Lewiston—Billie Connerty of Boston won an eight-round decision over Billie Lancaster of Portland in the City Hall, in Lewiston's second boxing show of the season. In the semi-final, Lefty Lachance of Lisbon knocked out the Blond Tiger of Lowell in five rounds. In a six-rounder, Mike Green of Lewiston decisioned Everett Ladd of Westbrook for the second time, while Raymond Ladd of Westbrook defeated Johnny Green of Lewiston in four rounds.

Rockland—Frankie Burley of Dover knocked out Al Buck of Lisbon Falls in two rounds. In the semi-final, K.O. Brierly of Rockland defeated Ben Turpin of Dover in five rounds.

RHODE ISLAND NEWS
By DANNY NARDI

BOB "POISON" IVY of Hartford entertained a large gathering at the Providence Auditorium when he outclassed the hard hitting Larry Bolvin in ten rounds of fine milling. Ivy, the underdog in betting, gave his best exhibition in trouncing Bolvin. Both boys hit hard but the terrific wallops sent to Ivy's jaw had no effect on him, while those landed by the Hartford lad, were most effective. Ivy dropped Bolvin for a nine count with a crashing left hook in the fifth, and again with a right to the jaw in the tenth, after he was dropped to his knees for a no-count in the ninth. The decision was unanimous for Ivy who at 129¼ had a three and a quarter pounds pull in the weights.

In the prelims Tony Dupre, 120, of Manchester, N. H., who has had fair success on the comeback trail was T.K.O.'ed by Pedro Hernandez, 127, of Puerto Rico in the second round. Dupre was dropped five times in the first and once in the second, before the referee stopped the fight . . . . Mal Smallwood, 155, of Boston defeated Stonewall Jackson, 166, of Lynn, Mass., in a six-round bout . . . . Bobby Allard, 132¾, of Boston beat Joe Rivers, 132¾, of New York in another six-round bout . . . . In the four-round opener Jackie Collins, 159, of Boston, defeated Amadeo Masi, 158, of Providence.

Twenty pro fights without a loss—that's the record of Tony Almieda—the latest sensation in local fight circles. This 20-year-old Portuguese boy from Bristol, R. I., has 11 kayoes, nine decisions and one draw to his credit and in his first main go, one of eight rounds, he took on that good going colored boy, Oscar Suggs of Newport, R. I., and walked off with the honors.

If any of you RING readers want a giant list of fighters' names and addresses send me 25 cents in cash or money order and I will send you my Fighters' Directory. Write to Danny Nardi, 9 Canton St., Providence, R. I.

Another local boy whom I wrote about a few months back and who still keeps on his merry way is Nat Cannatta, 135-pound Federal Hill boy, who now has eight straight wins and no defeats in his short career. Remember his name and watch him climb.

The latest fighter to join Uncle Sam's army is Martin Taber, little colored featherweight from East Providence. Martin was drafted last month and is now in a nearby New England camp. Taber was well liked by local fans for besides being a real gentleman inside and out of the ring, all of his bouts were humdingers and the fans knew that he would always give them his best.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

THE Valley Arena, after running six-round main bouts since the first of the year, has switched to double eights, which will please the fighters, as well as the fans.

Art Dorrell of Texas made short work of Norman "Red" Rahn of Philadelphia, the referee stopping the one-sided contest in the second round. Beau Jack of Springfield had his toughest match to date when he received a draw with Chester Rico in eight rounds. Rico jabbed nicely to keep Jack from doing much damage, but Jack's aggressiveness earned him an even decision. Red Doty of Hartford won a six-round decision over Jimmy Bell of New Haven. Waddell Washington of Springfield stopped Tony Gillo of New Haven in the fifth round. Gene Brown of Holyoke received the decision over Art Tata of New Haven.

Beau Jack of Springfield beat Charlie Reilly of Cliffside in the seventh round at Foot Guard Hall, Hartford. On the same card, Willie Pep of Hartford beat Joey Silva in a six-rounder. Promoter Lou Viscusi had a good show and a packed house, to prove the fans turn out for good boxing shows.

Ruby Garcia, Abe Elkins' featherweight, won a decision over Mickey LaRosa of Brooklyn in a top six at the Valley Arena. Walter Mundy of Holyoke scored over his fellow townsman, Al Castonquay in a four-rounder. Waddell Washington KO'ed Bomber Remillard in two rounds. Pat Vendrillo drew with Young Jacko in a three-rounder. Pep McNine of Holyoke won over Frank Castonquay in three, and Frank Serafino of Thompsonville KO'ed Spider Williams of Springfield in the second round.

At Brattleboro, Vt., Phil Quillan kayoed Art Coll of Athol in two rounds. After a layoff of three weeks, Eddie Elie is going strong again. Elie is a good light-heavy who gives plenty of action. He can be reached through the writer, 50 Carlton Ave., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Marcus Pitts, recuperating after a serious operation, is undecided about fighting any longer . . . . Beau Jack won over Harry Gentile in the first round of a six when the referee stopped the bout due to a cut over Gentile's eye . . . . Gene Brown of Holyoke has appeared more times in the Valley Arena ring than any other fighter. Brown is a welterweight . . . . Claremont, N. H., is running occasionally . . . . Brattleboro, Vt., is also putting on shows . . . . North Adams will be opened up shortly, also open air shows in Donavan Field, Walnut Beach, and White City in Connecticut.

BOXING IN PANAMA CAMPS
By PVT. P. L. CAPARELL

THREE shows last month provided the republic with pugilistic entertainment as a majority of the army boys swung back into their training sessions for the coming boxing season. Young Hurtado, Panama's "Henry Armstrong," with a fighting style identical to that of the former blitzkrieg king, beat Columbia's leading contender, Baby Chici, in a one-sided ten-round lightweight affair. Leocaddio Torres the only busy featherweight out here, tamed wild Young Firpo in ten rounds of scientific boxing. Leocaddio Torres copped a one-round K.O. over Tony Passaro.

CUFF NOTES—The Balboa Y.M.C.A. has appointed the writer boxing instructor for its gym . . . . Jim Ridge, sports editor of the Panama *America* and Leo J. Eberenz, are RING boosters.

Those of you who find difficulty in obtaining THE RING, can place your order each month by leaving your name with your Post Exchange clerk, or by subscribing to THE RING.

This writer's sports address is: Private P. L. Caparell, Boxing Instructor, Army and Navy Y.M.C.A., Balboa, Canal Zone.

In ten fast rounds of toe to toe fighting, Henrique Vasquez, Columbia's new fistic sensation, copped a popular unanimous decision over Cuba's Ignace Vasquez in a middleweight contest staged at the National gymnasium.

Professional boxing this last month boomed successfully as three shows under the auspices of the National Gym were crammed with enthusiasts for the first time in many moons.

Battling Ambrosio, Panama's fistic middleweight king, settled an old feud by kayoing in six heats Young Rico.

Young Hurtado, the Henry Armstrong of the tropics, who holds claim to three titles (126, 135, 147), scored an impressive nine-round K.O. over Costa Rica's lightweight contender, Kid Castrillo, in a non-title bout.

Young Firpo copped an unpopular 10-round decision over Baby Chici in a bout which continually rocked the stadium with excitement.

A newcomer destined to go places, with a style identical to Fritzie Zivic's in the person of Kid Issacy, scored a sensational one-round sleeper over Panama's top preliminary performer, Baby Castrillo, in 1 minute and 8 seconds of uppercut pitching.

My newly organized boxing class reached a comforting toll of 23 members. These boys are being carefully schooled under "The New Universal Boxing Course," published by Nat Fleischer, and are already showing fine physical improvement. Assisting me in interpreting this course is Byron Cousins and Sol Yundene, two competent retired pugs.

Jack Dempsey sent us an encouraging message, accompanied by an autographed photo dedicated to the "Boys at Panama."

Also received was a batch of literature pertaining to modern boxing, by Boston's Barney Reynolds, yesteryear's pugilistic featherweight sensation on the West Coast. Mr. Reynolds is presently in the harvesting business, busy managing a few good looking prospects. He spent three years collecting this writing material and sends them with his compliments.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By NAT FRANK

FRITZIE ZIVIC, welterweight champion of the world, tried on two occasions to run out on his contract to oppose Phil Furr of Washington, in a non-title bout which was to be staged by Phil Glassman at Convention Hall. It took the combined efforts of the Pennsylvania Commission and the New York fistic solons to lay the law down to the king of the 147 pounders that he must go through with his agreement or else. Well, Fritzie decided that he must tackle Furr. There was no other way out of it. After the bout was originally set for April 21, then May 5, it was definitely clinched for May 13. Then look what happens! A boil, which broke out on Zivic's right arm, forced him on the sidelines and he used that excuse to pull out. Fritzie got himself a doctor, who said the champ couldn't perform on the date finally set. Glassman got himself a headache. Furr got himself a world of publicity as a result of Zivic's "powders" and the Chris Dundee charge is now looked upon as one of the ace 147 pounders.

Tommy Cross, local lightweight ace, is going great guns. He conquered Abe Danner of Boston, in New Bedford, then knocked out Ted Christie. Cross, who has suddenly decided to take the punching business seriously, is really a worthy challenger for the crown now in the possession of Lew Jenkins. Tommy is an exceptional boxer, a stinging puncher with either mitt and as game as they come. He has fought them all and has been successful in more than 80 per cent of his ring tiffs. With the new lease on life, we are looking forward to Tommy crossing up the cream of the crop in his division.

The entire Boxing Commission, composed of Chairman Leon Rains, Havey Boyle and George J. Jones, Jr., of Pittsburgh, will have been feted by the time this appears in print. The Veteran Boxers' Association, a worth-while organization, sponsored this affair and every sports notable was expected to be on hand to glorify in the honor due to the Keystone State fistic solons. President Judge Harry S. McDevitt, ace sportsman of Philadelphia, was toastmaster.

FISTIC MEMORIES—Remember when Lew Tendler was given a wedding present in the form of a black eye by Joe Welling of Chicago just two days before he was wed? . . . . How about the time Leon Rains, now Chairman of the Commission, promoted at the Arena and completely sold out the West Philadelphia Palace of Punch and then sold his enterprise to Benny Feinberg of Brooklyn, who lost his shirt? . . . . Recall when the late Frank "Pop" O'Brien gave the longest count in fistic history? . . . . When Benny Leonard paid his first visit to Levis' famous hot dog stand in the heart of the Bloody Fifth Ward and stopped traffic in all directions . . . . How Otto Hughes, an employe of Philadelphia Jack O'Brien when the former light-heavyweight champion owned his gymnasium here, was knocked out by a pupil WHO FORGOT HIS LESSON . . . . Hughes called for a No. 4 punch, which was a JAB and the student threw a No. 2 punch, a RIGHT UPPERCUT . . . . Remember how Pete Herman, then the bantamweight king, and living here, had his wife and new-born child come here from New Orleans to live with him? . . . . The child cried so often that Herman, who was losing his sleep, decided to ship both child and Mrs. back to the Crescent City, so that he could concentrate on keeping in condition for his title and non-title bouts?

Herman Hindin, who managed some of Philadelphia's greatest fighters three decades ago, and later was enrolled as a referee by the Commission, is seriously thinking of returning to his first love, managing the glove wielders. Hindin is scoring around all localities and he believes he will find fighters that will be good enough to compare with the late Joe Tuber, the late Hughey Hutchinson and Eddie Revoice, star fighters of yesteryear.

The recent death of Max (Boo Boo) Hoff was a shock to everyone. Hoff managed some of the world's greatest ringmen, including such stars as Ad Stone, Harry Blitman, Eddie Kid Wagner, Jack Gross, Al Ettore, Al Gordon, Tommy Herman, Billy Devine among others. He also promoted on a large scale. At one time Hoff claimed he had some managerial part of Gene Tunney, undefeated heavyweight king, but a lawsuit to prove he owned part of the Fighting Marine, was lost by him. Hoff passed away in his sleep as a result of taking an overdose of sleeping tablets.

Keep your eyes on two grand prospects from these parts. Number one star of the future is Johnny Nujanos, who is fighting his way through LaSalle College and the other is Jimmy Moore, the nearest thing we have seen favorably compared with Henry Armstrong. Nujanos is a light-heavyweight and is being groomed by Abe Glassman, brother of Phil, while Moore is a Chester middleweight, who is being handled by the popular sportsman of that city, Sid Doblitz. Both Nujanos and Moore were recently selected by THE RING'S Eddie Borden as the outstanding prospects in their respective divisions.

It isn't generally known, but: Joe Shannon, a rattling good fighter in his day, who is president of the Veteran Boxing Association, is a first grade sports cartoonist . . . . Battling Murray, treasurer of that body, who fought Jimmy Wilde twice, is an adjuster for the local transportation company . . . . Bobby Reynolds, a star featherweight of years gone by, is the man behind the guns in the testimonial to the Boxing Commissioners . . . . Pat Bradley, South Philadelphia welterweight of the 1910 era, is the V. B. A. sergeant-at-arms . . . . Otto O'Keefe, when not busy doing V. B. A. publicity, is looking after the pugilistic welfare of Joe Downey, ace heavyweight prospect around these parts . . . . In our last issue of THE RING we mentioned Harry and Gussie Lewis, but failed to remind you readers that they are number one members of the V. B. A. . . . . Other members of good standing in this splendid organization are Battling Levinsky, former king of the light-heavyweights; Mickey McNealis, who promoted at the turn of the century; Frankie Miller, Phil Logan, and his son, Phil, Jr., Young Abe Attell and Harry Pegg, who is the vice-president.

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT Wilkes-Barre—Promoter Bill McDade, headman for the Wilkes-Barre Sporting Club, presented Harry Jeffra, world's featherweight champion, in his featured bout at the local Armory. Jeffra won via a T.K.O. over Al Brown, colored Philadelphia scrapper, in seven rounds. Jeffra, in the Brown battle, was making his second Wilkes-Barre appearance. The first time the featherweight king showed here he lost a 10-round verdict to Billy Speary.

In another show here, Billy Speary, high-ranking battler among the featherweights, stopped Paul (Tennessee) Lee of Indiana in the ninth round of a scheduled 10. Speary was out front in all of the rounds with the exception of the second stanza, in which Lee had the edge.

A crowd of about 1,500 witnessed the bouts. In the preliminaries: Al Hart, giant New York Negro, scored a two-round T.K.O. over Jack Moniz of Washington . . . . Paul Jackson, Reading Negro, beat Joey Brown of Syracuse in a six rounder . . . . Georgie Brown of Reading defeated Willie Roach of Wilmington, Del., in six heats . . . . In the opening four-rounder George Tomko, local welterweight, beat Bob Kane, fellow townsman.

At Hazleton—Gene Pinter, McAdoo middleweight, surprised Coal Region fistic fans with punching out a 10-round decision over Jackie Munley of Old Forge. Munley, one-time Region middleweight champion, was staggering and bleeding toward the end of the bout, tried "hard" to score a kayo, but the McAdoo scrapper cleverly stayed out of range of the right hands the Old Forge veteran tossed. This match attracted a crowd of about 1,200 fans. With the proper shows and an attraction like Pinter, boxing may again be put on a profitable basis in Hazleton.

In another wind-up at Hazleton, Billy Davis, Minersville lightweight, drew in eight rounds with Joe Peralta of Mexico. Davis has shown vast improvement in recent fights and "may" be the "life-line" needed fistically down Pottsville way.

In the other bouts at Hazleton, Neil Miller, hard hitting Wilkes-Barre welterweight, defeated Mel Serato of Arizona in a six-rounder. The decision was unpopular with the paying gathering . . . . Steve Yuhas, Minersville, beat Joe Bellot of Williamsport in six . . . . Leroy Ponzi, Hazleton, outpointed Murray Brown of Wilkes-Barre, while in the opener Frankie Blous of Pottsville drew in four heats with Pete Kaminsky of Hazleton.

At Williamsport—Mike Latzo's "Tarzan Roy," clever colored middleweight, fighting out of Scranton, defeated Harvey Massy of New Orleans in the featured eight-round bout before a capacity gathering. The verdict was in doubt with many of the fans, who were of the opinion that a draw decision would have been to their liking.

A BIT FOR ALL—Emil Kozel, Throop middleweight, was stopped in two heats in New York City by Tom Fallon . . . . Johnny Burke, former Carbondale fight promoter and present Deputy Boxing Commissioner, may again toss his hat into the pugilistic promotion field. Rumors have it that Burke and Tom Boylan will operate at the Scranton Town Hall next fall . . . . Mike Latzo will most likely serve as matchmaker for the Boylan-Burke combine . . . . Eddie Leroy has done wonders with Williamsport. Leroy put the town on a paying basis with his exceptional fight cards. The fans have confidence in Eddie and turn out to "jam" every show the former lightweight contender stages . . . . Was glad to have met such fine characters around Connecticut during my stay there. Boxing there is kept alive by such "live wires" as Frank McKeon, Jimmy Voccola, Joe Waters, Eddie Shugrue, Willie Purdue, Dinty Mahon, Lou Viscusi, Mickey Dance, George Mulligan, Al Caroly, Joe Kraynick, Bob Wilson, Bill Harding, Art McGinley and Mickey Genero.

Will be with you again next month. Until then keep your "eyes" peeled on the pages of THE RING Magazine which can be purchased at most any newsstand. When in Scranton you can buy THE RING at Spec's Bookshop.

NORTHERN ONTARIO
By BUCK KYLE

SOO—At the Soo Boxing Club in the main bout Alec Sandulo, Sudbury iron man, reversed last month's decision over Coastguard Harden Palmer in a mill full of action. It was a split verdict. In the semi-final "Hard-Rock" Jack Thibault, Sudbury heavy, scored a three-round K.O. over Roy Boehmmer, 220-pounds, from Regina, Sask. Other bouts—Lou Pezet, Soo, Mich., undefeated lightweight, scored over "Tiger" Sawchyn, Bayview feather; Vince Nardi, Soo welter, decisioned Pete Rogy, Swift Current, Sask., and Joe Bumbaco, Soo, 126 lbs., scored over Dante Cappelani, Goudreau, in four.

Sudbury: Corp. Gordon Wallace, Canadian army, headlined Promoter "Buck" Kyle's Inco club's show against Cliff Beckett, fast and flashy Levack Mine middleweight. They fought in a "no decision" bout. Wallace, still the old master was forced to the limit. In the semi "Tops" Moneta of Timmins lost his Northern Ontario featherweight crown to shifty, clean punching Russ McCarthy of Frood Mine. The decision was met with wild acclaim as McCarthy is very popular hereabouts.

Prelims: Alec Sandulo scored over Bernie Baxter, Hamilton welter, in five . . . . "Micky" Doyle, Creighton Mine middle, outboxed and outscored rugged Herb Beckett, Levack, in four . . . . Pvt. Dubois, 144 pounds, Copper Cliff, decisioned Manuel Fontaine Campbelltown, N. B., in four and in the opening four "Bud" Delabio scored over Mike Downey in a savage battle.

Soo: "Tiger" Sawchyn, aggressive Soo feather, lost the main bout at the Soo Boxing Club card to "Tops" Moneta, Timmins, rough and ready feather. Billy Metcalfe, Soo light-heavy defeated Len Anderson U. S. Coast Guard, in a roaring semi. Metcalfe's knockdown in the second was the turning point. Neil Kreiterman, Fort Brady, Mich., scored a clean cut decision over rough Vince Nardi in five. Both are welters. Joe Bumbaco, Soo feather, scored his seventh straight in beating his home town rival Jimmie Bradley, in four.

At Marquette in the Golden Gloves Harden Palmer, Soo welter, won three straight K.O.'s in a total fighting time of two minutes. His first fight lasted 37 seconds; his second 35 seconds and his third K.O. over Marvyn Washington, Diamond Belt Detroit champ, was in 57 seconds—a record for any tournament. Lou Pezet won three straight fights to win the open lightweight title and Al Douglas defeated Elliott Lawson who won the Detroit Diamond Belt last year.

Sudbury: The highly touted Indian "Chief" Sebert Hillies, winner of nine straight K.O.'s, lost by knockout to flashy, hard hitting Cliff Beckett, Levack middleweight, in the third round after being down five times in three rounds. This brings Beckett's total record to 49 wins out of an even 50 bouts. "Micky" Doyle, flashy Creighton Mine middleweight, scored a third round K.O. over Warren Kennedy, Woodstock middle, with a terrific body attack. Russ McCarthy, Frood, scored over Pat Marceau, North Bay lightweight, in five rounds. Manuel Fontainie, Campbelltown, N. B., welter, outroughed and outpointed "Tiger" Chabonneau, Sudbury welter, in four. Vince McCoshen, Sudbury flyweight, outpointed "Bobbie" Bryant, Gatchell flyweight comer, in opening three.

Promoter "Buck" Kyle, has taken a six month lease on the North Bay Arena and plans to run semi-monthly shows. He has lined up several headliners to put on the North's policy of double feature shows of both boxing and wrestling. It is planned to bring Jim Londos, world's wrestling champion, to the North this summer on behalf of the Greek War Relief Fund.

Many Northern Ontario fighters are now in a real fight on behalf of His Majesty, the King. The following boxers and wrestlers are in the service: "Red" Flesher, army; "Kid" Martin, army; Bert Houle, R.C.A.F.; Jack Lown, R.C.A.F.; "Scoop" Lalonde, "Peeco" Marceau, "Babe" Thompson, "Tiger" Stevens—all in the army from North Bay. "Mike" Miller, navy; Billy Metcalfe, army; Gordon Boivin, army. "Ole" Olson, R.C.A.F. and many others from Northern Ontario. Through this column I would like to say "hello and best of luck wherever you are," as all these boys are ardent readers of our RING bible and have contacts with home through this column.

The fishing is good, roads good and we all welcome you "knights of the padded circle." Contact me at 60 Cedar St., Apt. 5, Sudbury, Ont.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

PILOT OFFICER LEN HARVEY, British cruiser and heavyweight champion, boxed a three-round exhibition with P. C. A. Ford of the Derby police force at a charity show staged at the Gramby Halls, Leicester.

When asked to make a statement after the show on his intentions regarding his titles, he remarked, "I am now serving in the Royal Air Force and I cannot consider any serious contests at the present time. As soon as things are normal I will be prepared to meet any of my challengers in defense of my titles."

Johnny Shaughnessy, a new recruit from the amateur ranks, fought well to defeat Joe Curran of Liverpool in a smashing 10 round contest at Newcastle.

The Scottish lad showed great initiative and forced the bout against one of the hardest hitting flyweights in Great Britain and he covered himself with glory in outpunching the Liverpool lad.

Jimmy Lyden, the Bottle bantamweight, gave a masterful display against Peter Kane of Golbourne before a crowd of 3,000 frenzied fight fans at the Liverpool Stadium.

After the decision was given at the end of 10 rounds the decision met with a mixed reception. Promoter Johnny Best rematched the two lads for a return contest.

Ernie Roderick, welter ace of Great Britain, made a welcome return to the Liverpool Stadium ring, when he met the tough Dublin fighter, Jack Clancy, over 10 rounds. The contest terminated at the end of the sixth round when the Irish lad retired, having sustained a broken jaw after Roderick had planted a short right to the jaw.

Harry Silver, the Clapton lightweight, gave a brilliant display of two-handed battling in a 10-round contest with Mick Carney of Middlesborough, in the feature contest, and deserved the decision at the end.

The show, promoted by Eddie Mallet, drew a packed house. In the semi-final event Jordan Tarune of Jamaica stopped the ex-amateur Gunner Ted McDonald of Hull in the seventh of an eight-round contest after a good scrap. Although McDonald lost his first pro contest, he will nevertheless win more than he will lose, as he is no mean performer.

"The best heavyweight fight seen for years" was the concensus of opinion of the critics and fans alike after the contest between Corporal Tom Reddington of the R.A.F. and Sergt. Instructor George Markwick of the Army, at Jim Wicks' show, staged at the Cambridge Theatre.

Markwick came in as a last minute substitute, when it was learned by the promoter that George James was unable to meet Reddington in their 10-round contest.

From the word go, Markwick set a fast pace that Reddington was forced to fight back or suffer the consequences, but the Air Force relished the exchanges, and battled all the way with the onslaughts of the heavy hitting Soldier, even to scoring two knockdowns in the sixth, but the courage and will to go on and win of Markwick was a revelation, for after taking the counts he fought with more dash, and all but scored a decisive win in the last round, and when Referee Frank Willis raised both their hands as a token of a draw, the crowd went simply wild, and cheered both the fighters to the echo. Reddington scaled 193 pounds and Markwick scaled 190 pounds.

Harry Lazar, the young Aldgate lightweight, made his first appearance in the ring after his suspension by the B.B.B.C. for boxing at Syd Hulls, Earls Court unlicensed show.

Although not taking part in a serious contest for nearly 12 months, Lazar again proved in his contest with another promising youngster in Frankie Jackson of Hull and who is now employed as kennel lad at Wembley greyhound track, that he has lost none of his brilliance.

The two good prospects started off at full speed and it was not till the fourth of their eight-round contest that the youthful Lazar showed his real form and scoring at every opportunity. It was no surprise when Referee Barrington Dalby ruled that Lazar had won on points, a decision that he well deserved.

Sergt. Dave McCleave of the Army could be called a very unlucky loser in his contest with the hard hitting Gateshead fighter, Jim Laverick, who is now serving with the Navy.

McCleave held a good lead well in to the sixth of their eight-round contest, when he was seen to trip on a loose part of the canvas. He rose hopping around on one foot, with the Sailor boy chasing after him with heavy swings, forcing the game McCleave to join issue. Twice again in the seventh round did McCleave go on the canvas, so that it was left to the referee to save a game lad from taking punishment. He stopped the contest, helping McCleave to his corner, and declared Laverick the winner.

Johnny Ward, that bundle of Irish energy, waded into Billy Charlton of Gateshead (and now of the Army) in their scheduled 10-round contest. Charlton could not get out of the way of the heavy hitting that the Irish lad sent out, and after taking two counts in round two, he was put down for the full count.

A line from my old friend, Jack Hyams of Stepney, who is serving with H.M. Forces as a L/Bombardier, that he is fit and well, and as Jack writes he has never felt better in his life, and still has quite a few more fights in him.

Jack has taken part in five contests with the following results, besides giving exhibitions with Larry Gains, and other well known boxers who are serving with the forces.

Hyams against Ted Barter ended in the seventh with a K.O. victory; Ron Lindley was defeated on points after 10 rounds; Ray McIntyre was Hyams' next victim, he being beaten on points at the end of 10 rounds; Charlie Knock of Hanley was defeated on points in a 10-round contest, and then the promising protege of Jimmy Wilde, a lad named George Gale, now in the R.A.F., suffered a T.K.O. defeat in the eighth of a 10-round contest against the Stepney cruiserweight.

Billy Hazelgrove, the Brighton bantamweight, has lost weight since joining the R.A.F. for he weighed in at 114 pounds to meet Joe Curran, the Liverpool thunderbolt, in a 10-round contest at Liverpool, turning in a good win on points in what must be described as a hectic battle.

I share with many others the regrets in the passing of Harry Webster, well known in the days of "Wonderland" boxing, also as the father of Fred Webster, former British titleholder in the lightweight division.

I cannot see the way clear for any outstanding British boxing championships to be staged in the near future, unless it takes place in the open air, as the promoters have to face the war time and drastic economy conditions that prevent too large attendances, and the high prices of admission, owing to the high cost in expenses.

Such boxers as Tom Smith, Terry McStravick, Harry Lazar, Gus Foran, Jimmy Lyden, will have to wait till times are better in Sportland for them to get their chances for a British title.

Therefore, if any of the big time boxers want to box, they will have to take their chances with the promoter and work on a percentage basis, which is all the better for all concerned.

Jackie Paterson, British and Empire flyweight champion, also claimant as the official challenger for the open world's title, is the busiest of all our war time boxing champions, his recent contest with Phil Milligan, the Oldham bantamweight, nearly spelled defeat; for in the third round he went to the canvas for an eight-second count, in a contest of 10 rounds, at Belle Vue, Manchester. Paterson rose and fought back to force Milligan to retreat, and after a hard bout won on points.

Tommy Farr, undefeated heavyweight champion of Great Britain and the British Empire, is in the news again.

"Tonypandy Tommy" has been under the doctors' orders for quite a while, and now he has made a statement that he wants to meet Pilot Officer Len Harvey for the title that Len holds, he having won the coveted titles when Farr was deprived of them when he went to the U.S.A. to put up that remarkable scrap with Joe Louis for the world's heavyweight championship.

Ronnie Rice, the Hackney lightweight, gained a narrow points win over the local colored boy, Laurie Bauxton, in a hard fought 10-round contest at the Town Hall, Watford.

Promoter Eddie Mallet called Buxton in at the last minute to substitute for Johnny Toohig, and it was a wise move, for Buxton is well known as a good club fighter. The way he started out, one felt sorry for Rice, but the latter soon dispelled any notions that he was licked, and put Buxton on the canvas twice, and then suffered the same experience himself. Although Buxton improved, the last round rally by Rice gave him the edge, and he received the referee's decision.

Gus Foran of Liverpool came in as a substitute for Peter Kane against Dudley Lewis of Brecon in a 10-round contest at the Stadium, Liverpool, and after a sparkling contest, won on points.

Lieutenant Jack Peterson, former British heavyweight champion, and one of the most popular boxers that has ever appeared in British boxing, made a welcome appearance in the cause of charity to box a three-round exhibition with L/Sergt. A. Bradley in London and a large crowd gave the ex-champ a wonderful reception.

The outstanding winner of the tournament was Bomb. A. E. Harrington, amateur middleweight champion in 1936, who scored a T.K.O. victory when he stopped Bomb. Tom Smith in the second round.

Corporal Dave Finn of the R.A.F. held off the aggressive last round attack of Corporal Johnny Cunningham of the army when they met at Watford in a ten-round contest and on the run of the contest the referee declared that they were on level terms and raised both their hands as a token of a draw.

Teddy Catlin, Luton, outpointed Corporal Freddie Barker of Bedford in an eight-round contest that kept the crowd well on their toes.

Harry O'Grady, Amersham, and Jim Pettingell, Edgware, fought a fast round with O'Grady being returned the winner.

Over six rounds Corporal Inst. Joe Murray R.A.F. defeated Charlie Collett, Hemel Hempstead, on points. Chris Day, Watford, scored a points victory over Bob Hickey, Islington. Jock Kennedy, Watford, outpointed Johnny Simpson, Watford, and Charlie Softley, Bushey, stopped Francis Hicks, Witney, in the first.

A grand gesture to help Scottish air raid victims was made by Jackie Paterson, British and Empire Flyweight Champion.

Jackie states that he is willing to stake both his titles against any flyweight in the world and to devote every penny piece of his share towards assisting bombed out people.

News from Edinburgh states that George McKenzie, who was featherweight champion of Great Britain in 1924, was found dead in bed.

McKenzie was a nephew of the late Tancy Lee, who recently was killed by a bus in his native Leith.

Jim Wellard, Northampton, gained a well earned victory over Tommy Hyams of Kings Cross after ten hard rounds at Northampton.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kane on the addition to their family of a bonny son. The ex-world champion of the flyweights is now in the air force.

Fight impresario Syd Hulls has made his start of big time boxing by engaging Eric Boon, British lightweight champion, and Jack Kid Berg to meet in their much deferred contest over 12 rounds at the Coliseum, right in the heart of London.

Sydney is sure of a sellout as tickets are at a premium at the present time, which, at the time of these notes being sent off is five days before the show.

The promoter has not only supplied an attractive star bout but he has given the fans a match that would pack them in on its own.

I am referring to the contest over eight rounds between the new star of the east, Harry Lazar of Aldgate, who is asked to meet the former lightweight champion Dave Crowley and Lazar will be highly tested by the bobbing and weaving style of the Clerkenwell boxer.

CONNECTICUT NEWS

By DON HAMILL

BOXING in this state suffered the usual semi-annual slump between the indoor and outdoor seasons. Only Lou Viscusi of Hartford ran a couple of shows and he didn't do any too well financially.

The outdoor season promises to be a busy one. Lou Viscusi has opened Buckley Stadium in Hartford. Two days later Mickey Dance and Bobby Kelly staged their first outdoor show at Randolph-Clowes Stadium. Joe DeMaria has taken over the Veteran of Foreign Wars Arena in Thompsonville and expects to run two shows per week starting June 5, professional one night and semi-pro another. Jim Turley has taken over the Walnut Beach Stadium but hasn't announced his opening date. Jimmy Vaccola will move into Newfield Park, Bridgeport, and then there is still White City Stadium and Donovan Field, both at Savin Rock, West Haven.

Foot Guard Hall, Hartford—Marty Servo, Hartford's adopted son from Schenectady, scored his 42nd fight without a defeat by punching out a decisive win over Billy Duffy of Hartford in eight good hard fought rounds. Hartford fans got their first look at Beau Jack. Negro comer from Springfield, when he stopped Bobby Reilly in seven rounds. Willie Pep, Hartford's brightest prospect, was a decisive winner over Mexican Joey Silva in a six-rounder. Freddy Cabral, Boston welter, knocked out Young Joe Gans, Willimantic Negro, in the third. Billy Marcus, Hartford feather, chilled Joe White of Boston in the fifth of the opener. The card as a whole was a good one.

Viscusi's second show was marred by four substitutions. In the top bout of eight rounds Wickey Harkins, veteran Philadelphia mauler, found Jimmy Leto of Hartford out of shape and bulled his way to the decision. Frankie Terranova, stocky little New York veteran, subbed for Irish Jimmy Hughes in the other eight only to be stopped in the seventh by Angelo Rodano of South Norwalk. Willie (Pep) Papaleo knocked out Lou Puglese of Philadelphia in the second of a scheduled six. Puglese subbed for Joey Stack. The other six-rounder ended abruptly in the second heat when Freddy Cabral stopped Eddie Bangs of Boston. Al Tanch of Wallingford scored somewhat of an upset by kayoing Gene Brown, popular Holyoke Negro, in the second of the four-round opener.

This writer is representing the fighters of the Heck Oliver stable from Niagara Falls, N. Y., which includes Len Wadsworth, Harris Blake, Angelo Callura and a few others of less note. Harry Bordeau of Holyoke and manager of Gene Brown, Negro 150-pounder, is assisting me.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

DES MOINES, Ia.—A large crowd of fans turned out to see the professional boxing tourney staged here. Johnny Dudley, clever boxer from Waterloo, won the Iowa professional lightweight crown by defeating Buzz Lanning of Ottumwa in the Iowa championships. Dudley weighed 133½ to Lanning's 135.

The three other champions, Jess Ackerman, Des Moines; George Hayes, Lenox, and Jim Galey, Ottumwa, also gained their titles by decision. All bouts went eight rounds.

Ackerman, weighing 146, defeated Chet Jones, 147, of Melcher, Ia., to take the welterweight title. Hayes, 157, defeated Jackie Gans of Des Moines, 158, for the middleweight crown from Al Powell of Des Moines, who weighed in at 164½.

The titles will be recognized by the Des Moines boxing commission, an organization affiliated with the National Boxing Association.

South Sioux City, Nebr.—The results of a boxing tourney staged under A.A.U. rules were as follows:

70 pounds—Henry Trysla, Ray Duckson, Ray Garner, John Townsend.

80 pounds—Gayus Outhouse, Gale Outhouse, Don Shanks, James Hodgins.

90 pounds—Conrad Larson, Bobby Rogers, Douglas Dorn, Merle Walker.

100 pounds—Harold Schook, Lynn Heaton, Jim Billheimer, Jarold Gilson.

110 pounds—Arnold Todd, Conrad Dermit, Wayne Randall, Babe Morrow.

118 pounds—Francis Twinn, Angelo Marmo, Richard Nelson, Richard Monroe.

125 pounds—Alvin Fowler, Floyd Nash, Gene Rochester.

130 pounds—Ray Beith, David Black, Gilbert Head.

135 pounds—Junior Tippary, Bill Monroe, Howard Carter, Lloyd Schook.

140 pounds—Bill Outhouse, Lester Miller.

147 pounds—Doyle Rager, Floyd Heaton, Bob Waechter.

155 pounds—Bob Wolfe, Richard Rochester, Vincent Engle.

Heavyweight—Sonny Thacker, Alroy Hawkinson, Ken Chase.

Whiting, Ia.—E. A. "Andy" Anderson, well known trainer of C.C.C. boxers, has taken a position as a designing draftsman with a shipbuilding concern. Mr. Anderson, during his stay in Iowa, turned out several good amateur boxers.

Miller, South Dakota—A fine crowd of boxing fans turned out to see a boxing card between scrappers from Miller and St. Lawrence. The five-round bouts resulted as follows: Polchow, 126 pounds, Miller, and Droz, 128, St. Lawrence, ended in a draw; Heitzman, 137, Miller, lost to Scherley, 136, St. Lawrence, by a technical knockout; Kennell, 122, Miller, former state flyweight champ, and Fanning, 130, St. Lawrence, put on an exhibition match; Leckner, 143, Miller, won over Perkins, 150, St. Lawrence, in a technical knockout in the second; Moon, 155, St. Lawrence, won a decision over Hollister, 135, Miller; Johnson, 160, Miller, and Truman Elder, 150, Mobridge, staged an exhibition; Lee Bell, 128, Miller, won by a knockout in the fourth over Everett Putman, 130, from Minnesota.

Des Moines, Ia.—Lem Franklin, Cleveland heavyweight, won a decision by the newspaper route over Selman Martin of Chicago, another Negro battler, in the 10-round main event of a boxing card staged here. In the semi-windup, Milt Aron, Chicago, 155, scored a decision over Jess Ackerman, 147, of Des Moines.

Hawarden, Ia.—A record-breaking crowd turned out for the benefit boxing card, staged by business men here for Jimmy Scheifen. The fans saw a program of 10 bouts which included three technical knockouts. The results:

118 pounds—Ray Rummell, Hawarden, decisioned Robert Campbell, Alcester.

126 pounds—Don Emick, Westfield, decisioned Johnny Miles, Sioux City.

135 pounds—Lloyd Mansfield, Merrill, decisioned Jack McAthie, Beresford.

126 pounds—Lowell Trometer, Merrill, decisioned P. Vander Vede, Rock Valley.

147 pounds—Robert Schaeffer, Yankton, decisioned Hank Wallace, Hawarden.

147 pounds—Eldon Herr, Alcester, decisioned Ray Povondre, Alcester.

160 pounds—Ed Green, South Sioux City, decisioned Don Brophy, Sioux City.

147 pounds—Allen Wells, Ireton, won by technical knockout over Robert Walsh, Alcester, second round.

160 pounds—Jim Wolters, Beresford, won by technical knockout over Art Wendell, Hawarden, first round.

175 pounds—Francis Doolittle, Elk Point, won by technical knockout over Armond Beaubien, Westfield, second round.

Omaha, Nebr.—Lem Franklin, Cleveland, O., Negro heavyweight boxer, scored a T.K.O. over Paul Hartnek, 186, Minneapolis, after 1:47 of the third round in a billed 10-rounder. Hartnek, who twice before had beaten the Ohioan when both were amateurs, took a nine-count in the second, failed to respond adequately to the between-round smelling salts, and felt canvas three times in the third before Referee Alex Fidler stopped it.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Frankie Wilfram—Thanks for your card . . . . Walter Brey, Pender, Nebr., welter and former Golden Gloves champion, has joined the professionals . . . . The word is around that Sioux City will have outdoor boxing cards at the local ball park on a big scale featuring some of the country's leading fighters . . . . Carmen Cook of Bridgeport, Conn., has a good heavyweight prospect in John Cavalier, and would like to show him around the Middle West . . . . T. S., St. Paul, Dan McKetrick had Soldier Bartfield . . . . B. M., Sioux Falls, S. D., I hate to see you lose $50 but the date in my files shows that Tom Gibbons knocked out George Ashe in the first round at Detroit, Mich., Nov. 13, 1922. If in doubt, contact Nat Fleischer . . . . Remember our address is 2206 N. Lafayette, Sioux City, Ia. . . . . M. M., Minneapolis, Minn., I am certain if you will look over the Ring Book Shop you will find what you want . . . . T. M., Yankton, S D., You are too young to enter the professional ranks. Try the amateurs first. . . . . J. C. C., Omaha, Nebr., Thanks, and I wish you luck . . . . The flag needs men like you.

ARKANSAS AND NEARBY FLASHES

By CLYDE SMITH

BLYTHEVILLE—Jimmy Lunsford, promising young Blytheville heavyweight, scored a technical knockout over Burrough Woods, Savannah, Tenn., in the fifth round as he made his professional ring debut. Woods was on the floor seven times before his seconds tossed in the towel. J. Hullam, Hayti, Mo., welter, kayoed James Long, Blytheville, in the first round of the semi-windup. J. W. McNeill of Armorel fought a four-round draw with Don Burton, Blytheville middleweight.

Hot Springs—Chino Lopez, 142, Kansas City, stopped Billy Davis, 148, Hot Springs (7); Don Marshall, 152, Bauxite, scored a T.K.O. over Pat McLeary, 150, Butte, Mont. (3); Leo Travino, 165, Kansas City, knocked out Woody Bell, 155, Bauxite (3); Billy Driscoll, 132, St. Louis, and "Baby Lou" Alcanter, 135, Kansas City, drew (6).

Blytheville—Jimmy Lunsford stopped Fred Greggs, Houston, Texas, heavyweight (1); Don Burton, 160, Blytheville, knocked out Dub Hardy, 164, Milan, Tenn. (3).

Bill Burns, secretary of the Arkansas Athletic Commission, said that the commission had agreed to offer state championship belts to Arkansas boxers in the lightweight, welterweight, light-heavy and heavyweight divisions. This measure was taken in an effort to revive professional boxing in the state.

Eddie Barnsback of Hot Springs, well known in professional boxing circles, has been signed as matchmaker for the Gordon Gale Post of the American Legion in North Little Rock, it was announced by Henry Levy, North Side promoter.

Eddie (Cowboy) Anderson, the ex-fighter, moves from Camp Robinson to Rolla, Mo.

Jack Byrd of Blytheville, now boxing in Florida under the name of Jack Blythe . . . . Bob Sikes, the popular heavyweight fighter, will be back in action here soon . . . . Boxing instruction got under way at the College of the Ozarks under direction of Burleigh Kinney, former professional boxer . . . . A special banquet honoring Ragan Kinney, National A.A.U. heavyweight champ and former Tech student, was held in the Tech dining hall at Russellville.

Stuttgart, Ark.—Stuttgart Boys' Club boxers triumphed over the Little Rock Boys' Club, winning four out of six bouts. The results follow: Arnold Wheeler, Stuttgart, 115, decisioned Jack Browne, 114 (3); Billy Joe Hill, Stuttgart, 140, T.K.O. Albert Nickelson, 138 (1); Bobby Miller, Stuttgart, 126, decisioned Tracy Jones, 124 (3); Jack Priest, Little Rock, 136, decisioned Harlan Reynolds, 140 (3); Bull Newton, Stuttgart, 145, decisioned Tom Buckley, 144 (3); Harold White, 128, Little Rock, knocked out Chet Newton, 128 (1).

Notice—Amateur boxers around East Texas, get in touch with yours truly at 1003 E. Magrill St., Longview, Texas.

AROUND NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Lew Raymond is recovering slowly from a kidney ailment at the Touro Infirmary . . . . While Raymond is in the hospital, Broadway Johnny Cox has had to put his nose to the grindstone . . . . Harry Weekly looked good in beating Saverio Turiello . . . . Promoter Steve Alford will have outdoor shows this summer at Baton Rouge, La. . . . . Keep your eye on Cosby Linson of New Orleans . . . . He has whipped Jo Jo Passante, Louis Caril (three times), Dudley De Jean, Patsy Severo and others.

Bouts held in New Orleans, as follows—Herschel Joiner and Gene Ward, colored boys, slugged it out for ten stanzas . . . . Jackie Callura, 128, Hamilton, Ont., technically knocked out Jimmy Perrin, 127, New Orleans (4) . . . . Harry Weekly, 142, New Orleans, outpointed Saverio Turiello, 147, New York (10) . . . . Harry Weekly, 142, New Orleans, won over Indian Billy Lee, 144, Milwaukee, Wis. (10).

Mr. Ralph Henderson, Box 203, Comanche, Okla., would like to hear from some good boys around Oklahoma who have no managerial tie-up . . . . Buddy Scott, Oklahoma's leading heavyweight boxer at the present time, has headed East for fights with Pat Comiskey, Melio Bettina and Lee Savold . . . . Scott, incidentally, gave Tony Musto as good a going over in December, 1939, as Joe Louis did.

Fort Sill, Okla., Sports from the Firing Line—Basketball players played and trained all winter to entertain soldiers at Fort Sill, but got little response. Now they give boxing shows, and charging for seats, the gymnasium can hardly hold the crowds. Boxing is what the soldiers want.

Gus Stanford of the Cameron Aggies marched into the 135-pound finals of the National A. A. U. boxing tournament held at Boston, Mass.

Lawton—Twelve knockout punches landed as the 18th Field Artillery regimental boxing tournament opened with 30 bouts. A crowd of 2000, mostly soldiers, attended.

Longview will have amateur boxing this summer. Yours truly will be promoter and matchmaker. Would like to hear from amateur boxing clubs around East Texas. Colored boys are welcome. Get in shape, you amateurs, and drop me a line for future bouts.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By SPARKY RUDOLPH

RAY FOUTTS made his debut as matchmaker for the Brickman-Goetz boxing promoters last month. The first show he brought here was a good one from start to finish, with the final bout a thriller from going to gong. In that, Lenny "Boom Boom" Mancini of Youngstown, got the duke after ten torrid rounds from Billy Marquart of Canada. "Boom Boom" was floored for the count of eight in the second round with a crashing left hook to the chin, but came back and was in there winging punches until the tenth round was over.

Maxie Berger of Montreal, who made two great showings here, did not look too good in winning from the rugged Pete DeRuzza of New York in the other 10-rounder. DeRuzza floored Maxie in the third round.

Joey Maxin again defeated Bobby Berry for the fifth straight time. Pete Spotti of Pittsburgh defeated Georgie Toy in a close one. Toy was a little rusty from inactivity. Sammy Secreet of Pittsburgh defeated Beauford Glover for his first defeat since turning pro.

Joe Horvath of Akron knocked out Pete Philipopulis in the fourth round at Akron, O. Horvath had Pete on the floor in the first round and then stopped him in the fourth.

Hank Claypool won over Don Blatchford of Bowling Green in the eight-round semi-final. Benny Calla of Cleveland scored a technical knockout over Russ Pfouts of Akron in the fourth round. Ruffie Midge Mangine of Cleveland defeated Joey Toth of Barberton in a six-rounder.

Paul Hamilton, a fellow that was active in the boxing game some 12 years back, is back in the picture as a promoter. He has a lease on an outdoor spot that will seat 5000 fans. He has plenty of money behind him in his new venture. Paul knows the business and has a lot of friends. The arena will be in the heart of downtown Cleveland at Huron Road and East Fourth Street.

Walter Taylor is also making a comeback. He claims he has the Public Hall leased for a series of shows. Walter was THE BOXING PROMOTER a few years ago in Cleveland. It is rumored he will be hooked up with Billy McCarney of New York.

Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 415 Western Reserve Bldg., Cleveland, O.

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

THE "Battle of the Buddies," which was to once and for all settle the heavyweight muddle in Ohio ring circles, became a reality at Columbus. Today the muddle remains, with Jimmy Bivins of Cleveland having a very large say about the situation.

On the Columbus show, Buddy Walker of Columbus and Buddy Knox of Dayton clashed in ten rounds and at the conclusion, Referee Arthur Donovan of New York declared the contest a draw. There isn't a whole lot to write about the fight. Walker had Knox's knees buckling a couple of times, but the Dayton boy proved the dancing master and made Walker look not so hot on many occasions.

A surprisingly small crowd of around 2200 saw the fight.

At the present time both Promoter Whitey Morrett of Columbus and Promoter Johnny Collins of Dayton are bidding for a return match between the two. If the bout is staged in Columbus, it will probably be staged at the Columbus A. A. ball park.

Bivins, in beating Knox a few weeks ago, really ranks above both of the two and should have the deciding say for the title. One best way to settle the matter is to have Nat Fleischer of THE RING referee the return match, and present the winner with a belt emblematic of the title. The winner then to defend the title against Bivins.

Ezzard Charles, Bert Williams' crack Cincinnati Negro middleweight, continues on his merry way toward the top. Ezzard, weighing 164 pounds, won a stiff ten-round decision over Joe Sutka of Detroit, 161 pounds, in his last start. Charles will probably head for California, where promising things may be in store for the good-punching schoolboy.

The Music Hall in Cincinnati was also the scene of the Leo Rodak-Pittsburgh Jackie Wilson scrap. After ten hard-fought rounds, in which it may have been either way, Rodak won the nod.

Joe Basco's stable, fighting out of Barberton, O., are the busiest in the state. Joe's featherweight ace, Lloyd Pine, in a period of three weeks, beat Harris Blake at Rochester, N. Y., drew with Armando Sicilia at Indianapolis, and then lost a close one to Juan Zorita at San Antonio, Texas. This Pine is a honey for work. Always a great club fighter, Pine may soon reach the top. He always gives his best, and the only thing on paper that keeps Lloyd from winning the featherweight title is an official meeting with the recognized champion.

Among Joe's punchers is one Hank Claypool, an Akron welterweight, who looks like the best piece of fighting machinery to come out of the Rubber City since the days of Johnny Griffith. Hank has had 13 pro fights, losing one, that to Don Blatchford. In a return match, Hank beat Blatchford (who has a draw with Billy Soose), fighting against nine-pound weight advantage for Blatchford. Keep your peepers on this Hank Claypool. He's got IT.

At the Eagles' Club in East Liverpool, O., with Fritzie Zivic the third man in the ring, Freddy Lenn, 156 pounds, of Pittsburgh, won a 10-round decision over Spud Murphy of Youngstown, 154 pounds, in the wind-up tilt. In the eight-round semi-final, Sammy Parotta, Pittsburgh, nosed out a very close decision win over Billy Miller, the sensational Alliance, O., junior lightie.

Miller, who is managed by Bones Heffner of Alliance, blasted out a six-round decision over Bobby Root of Cleveland in the six-round semi-final to the main eventer in which Tommy Yarosz kayoed George Eschman in three sessions. This show was at Akron, O.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—George Ross, the Chicopee Falls, Mass., manager, has a nice-looking welter in Gene Brown of Florida, who has copped nine straight in Holyoke . . . . Mrs. Evelyn Harper is back in Louisville and expects to import several good Mexican fighters, among them Kayo Barrado . . . . Lefty Reminin, Bronx pilot, is looking for Mid-west action . . . . fighters of all weights who wish connections and bookings should contact this writer . . . . Mexican promoters or managers wishing good American connections should contact this writer also . . . . Benny Becker is doing a grand job in bringing back the game in Cincinnati . . . . in developing Ezzard Charles into a top-notch attraction, Benny is helping to bring back the "Freddie Miller" good days . . . . keep your eye on the Joe Basco stable . . . . wherever they fight, you can depend on action . . . . Jack Katez, heavyweight of the Basco combine, is now seeing service with Uncle Sam . . . . reports have it that Jess Calhoun, former Cincinnati feather, is now boxing instructor at Camp Shelby, Miss. . . . . my fight flashes service to managers, promoters and fans at a fee of one dollar per year is clicking fine . . . . complete information, address Jimmie Amann, 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . managers interested in my national publicity plan can also use this address . . . . this plan is also making a hit with managers who wish to have their fighters' information in front of the promoters all year round.

THE RING is one of the most popular periodicals in southern Ohio . . . . every leading newsstand and hotel handles THE RING . . . . Tommy O'Loughlin, the Minneapolis promoter, bulletins they did twelve grand with Zivic and Dick Demaray . . . . keep this in your hat . . . . Jackie Wilson, that great California lightweight, will beat both Lew Jenkins and Fritzi Zivic . . . . already the California commission has named Jackie the authorized champion of the Coast in both weight classes and if Jackie doesn't pull another Henry Armstrong, we'll have to sit in a corner for a spell . . . . anyway, watch Walter Melrose's ace . . . . he's the uncrowned champ . . . . Broadway Johnny Cox, down in New Orleans, watched his Harry Weekly turn back Saverio Turiello in ten brisk rounds . . . . and was Eddie Borden surprised? . . . . this department offers its deepest sympathy to Promoter Babe Griffin of San Jose, Calif., whose wife passed away a few weeks ago . . . . Jack Moran, former manager, is now president of the Torch Lighter Co. in Cincinnati . . . . Marvin Hayhome, Box 1231, Sheridan, Wyoming, has a nifty sheet on wrestling, including international mat ratings, for one dollar per year . . . . it's issued monthly .

IN HAMMOND, INDIANA

By SAMUEL THOMPSON

CIVIC CENTER—Johnny O'Hara, 156, Chicago, K.O.'ed Al Scurrah, 156, Hammond, in 2:52 of the second; Mike Sopko, 155, Harbor, K.O.'ed Sammy Wilson, Elgin, 164, in two; George Mitchell, Detroit, 156, beat Speedy Schaffer, Chicago, 160, in four; Bill Peterson, Harbor heavy with possibilities, "conked" another victim.

Lee Oma, Detroit, proved no match for the sensational young colored light-heavyweight from Gary, Booker Beckwith. This is the boy who has the entire Middle West all agog with his rapid rise in pugilistic circles. Beckwith gave Oma a boxing lesson, then knocked him out in the second. The echo of the bell had hardly died away before Beckwith had Oma bleeding. The Gary youngster scored at will with his rapier left and connected with hard rights and lefts as he pleased. A clean right to the jaw sent Oma to the canvas face down. The fans thought that the fight was over and headed for the exits. Apparently, the bell saved Oma from a first round K.O. His handlers got him back to his corner and he answered the bell for the second. This round was a repetition of the first. Oma was down twice in this round and too badly dazed to take advantage of the count. Another right put Oma down for the third time and this time he stayed down. Oma scarcely laid a glove on Beckwith and if anything Beckwith looks even better than he did the last time I saw him, and that was good enough! This boy is destined to go far. Perhaps he will be the next to wear the light-heavy crown.

KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY

By DICK CARTER

A PRANK of fate ended the amazing ring career of Pat Kissinger and started him off on a new career in the United States Army this month. One of those one-in-a-million accidents caused Pat to lose on a freakish technical knockout to Al Dorlac in the second round of a Memorial Hall main event. Just two weeks previously, Pat and Al had knocked each other kicking in the first actual double knockout ever recorded in the main event of a professional fight card.

Flooring Dorlac twice in the first round and leathering him at will through most of the second, Kissinger was several furlongs in the lead until he missed a right hook, slipped, careened off the ropes, and hit the floor, injuring a nerve center in his right arm.

With the arm dangling limp and useless at his side, Pat gritted his teeth and began flailing away with one left hook after another. Twice the referee, Bobby Stewart, stepped in as if to stop the fight, and changed his mind when he saw Dorlac hurtling across the ring floor after being belted by one of the local southpaw's portside pokes. Finally, however, Dorlac managed to get by Pat's whizzing left hand and began pounding away. It was then that the ref called a halt.

In his dressing room, surrounded by friends, relatives, and rubbernecks, Kissinger announced his retirement from the ring. The next day he enlisted in the army and shoved off for Fort Leavenworth, Kans., where he is now stationed. A highly likable, highly intelligent young fellow, he has the good wishes of everyone, and there is no reason why he shouldn't make a success of his military career.

Though only 25 years of age, Kissinger is a veteran of 412 amateur and professional fights, more than 200 of which he won by knockouts. He doesn't carry a single ring scar, is in perfect physical condition, and has his whole life ahead of him.

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The Dorlac-Kissinger prelims were exceptionally good, all ending in knockouts after hard, close battles.

Stanley Novak, Omaha, and Lawrence Price, St. Joseph, Mo., a pair of slugging featherweights, decked each other a couple of times before Novak landed the payoff punch in round four. Price, in the lead at the time, landed flat on his face and barely stirred.

Elmer Carson, a hard-socking Kansas City, Kans., Negro middleweight, knocked out the veteran Al Shapiro in the fourth. This was Shapiro's first kayo defeat after more than 80 bouts against the hardest punchers in the Middle West.

Eddie Bartholomew, promising Kansas City lightweight, had a little difficulty getting under way, but finally hit his stride and stopped Gene Driscoll, a local rival, in the sixth.

Manuel Gonsales, rugged Topeka Mexican, got off the floor to knock out Rollie Secord, Iowa lightweight, in the third.

We are going to New York City and plan to be there for a month or so. Continue to write us at 628 Sandusky, Kansas City, Kansas. The mail will be forwarded . . . . Pat Kissinger was the greatest ring attraction ever developed in Kansas City . . . . He had color, was Irish, and could knock a man out with one punch, using either hand . . . . At one stage of his career he boasted a string of 27 consecutive knockouts . . . . From the summer of 1937, when he dropped a disputed decision to Young Simington in St. Louis, until the winter of 1940, when he lost a dreadful verdict to the bigger Harry Mills, Pat went undefeated, beating men like Baby Breese, Young Simington (whom he stopped in their return bout), Don Swenson, Jackie Simmons, Buddy McRae, Jimmy Legrone, and other top middle western lightweights and welterweights . . . . Actually "washed-up," he somehow managed to bull his way to victory in 30 fights over that stretch of time.

In his prime, back in 1934, 1935 and earlier, Kissinger was the scourge of this area . . . . He drew with Jimmy Garrison, defeated Bus Breese, and fought the toughest available opposition . . . . He was always handicapped by the fact that he fought from a southpaw stance . . . . Had he been turned around early in his career he'd have won a championship.

Norma Jones, Pittsburgh's pugilistic poetess laureate, is versifying on all cylinders these days . . . . She has already composed an ode in celebration of Billy Conn's victory over Joe Louis next summer . . . . If Conn fights the Joe Louis we saw stop Tony Musto in St. Louis last month, Norma had better begin whipping up one of those "Get Well Quick, We All Miss You" verses to send Billy in the hospital . . . . It will be good to get back to New York for a while . . . . See you soon.

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IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

A RUN of hard luck seems to be trailing Ralph De John on his San Francisco jaunt. First Ralph suffered a fractured hand while training for a bout with Lloyd Marshall, which caused him to remain idle for more than a month. Then, when the mauler was healed, De John faced Marshall, only to break the same hand all over again, falling victim to a knockout in the sixth round of a scheduled ten, after outpointing the hard-hitting Negro for four rounds. De John needs a rest to allow his hands and old wounds over both eyes to heal properly. But Ralph should not lie around and grow fat during the process. He should hie himself to the tall timbers for long hikes through the hills. When the hand knits, he should swing an axe and engage in other hardening exercises. We don't expect him to listen to us or take our advice. But if he doesn't, De John would do better to hang up the gloves.

Tony Musto is the sensation of the heavyweight division because of the great fight he gave Joe Louis, world's heavyweight champion, at St. Louis. Musto, a short, stocky, fearless individual, gave the title-holder many uncomfortable minutes.

Joe Netro hopped into town recently to take little Joey Brown, local featherweight, in tow, and set him up as a sparring partner for Billy Speary, the Nanticoke, Pa., star. Brown will be doing himself a lot of good as well as being an aid to Speary, for Joey needs a lot of glove work to sharpen his punching eye.

SHORT STUFF—Bob Kenefick, former *Journal-American* sports editor, now a free lancing publicist, is operating midget auto races in New England . . . . Carmen De John, brother of Ralph and a former amateur middleweight star, now weighs close to 200 . . . . He is managed by Johnny De John, but will do all of his fighting for Uncle Sam for the present, being in Alabama with the National Guard . . . . Norbert Paulus, aboard the U.S.S. *North Carolina*, now stationed in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, informs us that Pete Vinette of Syracuse is planning a boxing career on the U.S.S. *Washington* . . . . Marc Buckland, local sportsman, is going to take over the Olympia Boxing Club, Inc., and it will probably be known as the Empire State A. C., Inc. . . . . Kid Polo, top-flight king of shoeshiners, informs this department he has taken over the management of Dolly Hamburg, boxing character and ring comic.

Here's a great boxing build-up publicity stunt that will attract attention . . . . Purchase the 16mm. sound print of "Monarchs of the Ring," the movie showing all of Jack Dempsey's famous championship fights, splice it on to a short photograph of the principals in your forthcoming feature, and screen it at various clubs throughout your locality . . . . With the right kind of advertising titles, this is the greatest build-up you can get . . . . It helped draw nearly $12,000 here with the Courage-DeJohn fight . . . . Offside to Eddie Goetz, Kansas City: "Not enough spinach for that kind of job" . . . . Stuart Smyth, editor of the Owego *Times*, fine boxing builder, has passed away, a distinct loss to Owego and his many friends.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

RUMORS about town have it that Charlie Murray may make a deal for Shea's Court Street theater for weekly boxing shows . . . . Murray has staged a number of offerings in the Public Auditorium but the heavy expense makes it almost impossible to show a profit . . . . New faces must be developed or boxing will continue in the doldrums here.

Clarence Jones, the colored gentleman who punched Al Delaney around at the auditorium, is a good hitter but soft to reach with a left hand . . . . Had Delaney been as good as he was six or seven years ago Jones might have finished on the short end . . . . The Negro scrapper possesses a good punch but cannot hit an opponent who knows enough to keep moving . . . . Matchmaker Murray is scouring the country for good lightheavies for Jones in the hope of developing Clarence into a drawing card.

The wrestling game which enjoyed a dandy season, will continue indefinitely, Promoter Jack Herman announces. The cagy mentor of the Great Lakes club expects to show a number of new faces before summer. In the many shows staged throughout the season Ed (Don) George looms as the best mat artist of the lot. True enough Ed lost one decision to Iron Talun but quickly showed his superiority over the Polish champion in the return go.

Jack Singer keeps hustling around and manages to get fights here and there . . . . Jack was down in New York with Jimmy Gilligan for his go at the St. Nicholas Rink . . . . Singer saw most of the veteran managers while in New York, including Doc Bagley, Dan Morgan, Jimmie Johnston, Billy McCarney and others, all well known to Buffalo . . . . Singer expects to match Harris Blake for a Cincinnati bout. Incidentally, George Nichols is down in the Ohio city doing the promoting.

Tommy Sulpey has his fighters training at the Singer gym. Sulpey is managing Joe Muscato, heavyweight; Bob Claus, welterweight; and Rudy Zorich, 175 pounds . . . . Sulpey is eager to turn his amateur stars professional but hesitates doing so until pro boxing picks up a bit.

AROUND TOWN—Bert Finch and Charlie Pinto talk boxing day in and day out . . . . Finch is seeking new fighters for his new stable but wants nothing but up-and-coming kids . . . . "Cush," trainer for Tommy Sulpey's fighters, makes his headquarters at Singer's emporium . . . . The Mineo gym is also open daily but most of the boys working there are amateurs . . . . Joe Matty keeps a number of wrestlers in shape at his Broadway gym . . . . Ray Matty's Joe's husky son, is now a 200 pounder . . . . No referee in the country looks better than Lou Scozza . . . . He handles the boys with firmness and dignity.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH
By RAY M. TODD

HARRY BOBO, local heavyweight threat, is back in the limelight and winning regularly. He won via the T.K.O. in the eighth round of a scheduled ten-rounder over Paul Hartnek of Minneapolis. Bobo dropped the Minneapolis battler no less than eight times before Referee Red Robinson intervened. This was Bobo's fifth kayo in his last six bouts. Bobo weighed 203¼ pounds and Hartnek came in at 189 pounds. Charley Burley, local welterweight ace, won by T.K.O. in the fifth round of the semi-final over Babe Synnott of New York. Burley weighed 149½ pounds to 151 for his opponent. Ernie Derho, a stablemate of Hartnek, also from Minneapolis, stole the show and won his tenth professional encounter when he soundly thrashed our Carmen Notch in another eight-rounder. Derho weighed 143½, and the local boy 146. Freddie Lenn of the South Side won over Steve Morgan in the six-round opener. Morgan hails from Youngstown, O. He weighed 162 pounds and Lenn, 161. Jake Mintz was the promoter and had a fair crowd at the Gardens.

Sammy Adragna of the Adragnas from Homestead won in ten rounds over Johnny Jones of Toledo, O., at the Homestead Turner Hall. This was the first professional show staged in that city in the last fifteen years. The Adragna boys featured the card, which was arranged by the well known Jules Beck and drew a very good crowd. Sammy weighed 134 and Jones, 144. Otto Blackwell of Homestead stopped Tommy Daniels in the fifth round. Blackwell weighed 144, and Daniels, 144½. Jackie Adragna drew with Pete Spotti in a six-rounder. Adragna weighed 150½, and Spotti, 147. Mimmie Adragna beat Red Foley in a four-rounder. Both weighed 123½. The opener saw Jim Franklin give Marcus Lockman of Vesta Burg a shellacking in four rounds.

Charley Brant of Somerset really beat Al Patterson of the North Side in the top eight-rounder of Jules Beck's weekly show at the upstairs arena of the Gardens, only to have the judges disagree and Referee Buck McTiernan cast his ballot in favor of the colored lad. Both boys scored knockdowns. Brant weighed 195, and Patterson, 206. Another eight-rounder saw Sammy Adragna win handily from Billy Bates of East Liberty. Adragna weighed 134 and Bates, 129. Jackie Adragna won a disputed decision in eight rounds over Erwin Hicks. Adragna weighed 151 and Hicks, 144. Two-Ton Tony Cira of Bloomfield punched his way to a decision in six rounds with Bill Cashaw of Johnstown. Cira weighed 237 and Cashaw, 224. Marcus Lockman won from Bommy Comerene of East Liberty in the four-round opener. Lockman weighed 144 and Comerene, 140.

The Elza Thompson-Curtis Sheppard affair at the upstairs arena of the Gardens was stopped in the seventh round and declared no-contest by Referee Freddie Mastrean because of inactivity. The Commission held up their purse. Thompson scaled 245 and Sheppard, a local lad, weighed 180. Both boys are colored. Tommy Yarosz looked good in stopping Stoney Jackson of Meyersdale in the third round. Yarosz weighed 155½ pounds and Jackson, 162. This was Tommy's third straight knockout. Zack Robinson Clairton's rugged southpaw, won in six from Howdy Mason of New Brighten. Zack weighed 155½, and Mason, 165. Bobby Comerene punched his way to the decision in four over Vic Terellio. Commerene scored a nine-count knockdown in the first round. Both weighed 138.

JUST A JAB—Was glad to hear from our Southern correspondent, Tom Ephrem, but sorry to hear that he was turned down after volunteering for the U. S. Army . . . . Tommy's eyes weren't just so and Uncle Sam wouldn't accept him . . . . Frank Todd has resigned from the local police force and has been appointed sergeant of the police force at the Pittsburgh Steel Company Allenport works . . . . He received his appointment from E. J. Protin, general manager of the company.

KENTUCKY NEWS
By JOE FRENCH

LOUISVILLE'S outstanding fistic attraction of the year was the Derby Eve show presented by Promoter Harry Wolff and his matchmaker, Hutch Hutchinson, at the County Armory. The fights were good but the gate was poor. Only 1,396 paid admissions contributed a gate of $2,895.19, which did not meet the expenses involved in staging the show.

The feature attraction of twelve rounds had Sammy Angott, N. B. A. lightweight champion, winning by the decision route over Dave Castilloux, Canadian title-holder. Angott floored Castilloux in the first round with a left hook to the chin for a four count and throughout the remaining rounds rushed the Canadian ace and did not allow him to get set for a hard punch.

The fight would have been more interesting if there had been less holding, clinching and mauling at close quarters. Castilloux, who weighed 137, had a bruised face and was swollen around the eyes at the end of the fight. Angott weighed 136 pounds.

In the semi-final bout set for ten heats, Freddy Pope of Columbus, Ohio, scored a knockout in the fourth over Joey Puig, New York bantamweight. Results of supporting bouts, all scheduled for eight rounds, were as follows:

Kayo Barrado of Mexico knocked out Ted Christie, New York featherweight, in the eighth round; Clarence Batsel, Kentucky light-heavyweight champion, scored a fourth-round knockout over Lou Wallace of St. Louis; Jimmy Grimm and Johnny Durso, Louisville welters, battled to an eight-round draw in the opening bout. This match was scheduled for the Kentucky welterweight title, but Durso weighed in a few pounds over the limit.

Promoter Harry Wolff and Matchmaker Hutch Hutchinson presented Carlos Manzona of Mexico and Jue Yee Kong, Chinese featherweight from San Francisco, in a ten-rounder. Manzano was awarded the decision after ten dull sessions. Very little hard punching was witnessed. Preliminary matches saved the show. Willie Cutsinger, fighting schoolboy welter, and Charlie Eschman, clever young lightweight, both from Cincinnati, turned in six rounds of busy fighting, with Cutsinger winning by a narrow margin. Joe Watson of Manchester, Ohio, traded leather with Tony Kramer, tough Cincinnati middleweight, in a return match, with Watson gaining revenge for a previous defeat by slugging out a six-round decision. Dick Beasley, hard-hitting Cincinnati lightweight, scored a first-round kayo over the veteran Peewee Weghorn, another Cincinnati boxer. The four-round opener marked the pro debut of Kenny Barrett, little Louisville puncher, who won the Southern Golden Gloves title. Barrett scored an impressive two-round knockout over Irish Johnny Kelly, game Cincinnati featherweight.

New Albany, Indiana—The Hoosier Fistic Club, newly-formed boxing organization of New Albany, with Seymour Hull as promoter and Johnny Lovell as matchmaker, presented its first fight show. The feature attraction of ten rounds had Grady Flynn of Hattiesburg, Miss., winning a ninth-round knockout over Tommy Arden, young middleweight puncher of Fort Wayne, Indiana. Arden's speed, cleverness and rapid hitting enabled him to win eight straight rounds but Flynn connected with a pair of hard wallops to body and jaw in the ninth session that sent Arden to the canvas for the count of ten.

The semi-windup, scheduled for six rounds, ended quickly in the third heat when Al Stephens, New Albany's heavyweight kayo artist, knocked out Tarzan Wheeler, giant Louisville Negro. Four-round prelims had Chief Wahoo Twohouse, Wisconsin Indian bantam, knocking out Bandy Lentz of New Albany in three rounds and Frankie Jenks, local Golden Gloves champ, making his pro debut by defeating Chum Twohouse, redskin featherweight, and a brother of Wahoo. Two semi-pro bouts of three rounds opened the show.

Cumberland, Ky.—Promoter Berlin Roberts staged his first boxing show at his new outdoor arena and had Jimmy Davis of Owensboro, Ky., winning a decision over Mack Thompson, Louisville middleweight, in the feature event of ten rounds.

New Albany, Indiana—The Hoosier Fistic Club, with Johnny Lovell at the matchmaker's post, staged its second boxing show, another all-action card, with a good attendance of local fight fans. The main event of ten rounds had Charley Banks, slam-bang Negro fighter of Covington, Ky., winning a clear-cut decision over Larry Kaufman, veteran Louisville middleweight, recently returned from action in Florida rings. The semi-windup of six rounds was a hard-fought, thrilling battle that saw Joe Murphy of Milton, Ky., decision Art Shipley, Cincinnati middleweight. Kenny Barrett, Louisville featherweight and former Golden Gloves king, won his second pro start with a first-round knockout over Kid Jeff, New Albany Negro. In another four-rounder, Jerry Murphy of Milton, Ky., outpointed Bob Grant, New Albany Negro. A pair of three-round semi-pro bouts between young local talent completed the card.

WITH THE SOCKERS AND THEIR SKIPPERS — Jimmy Hunter, who manages Mack Thompson, Louisville middle, is also directing Kenny Barrett, former amateur champ turned pro and a dandy featherweight prospect . . . . Stiffy Williams of Atlanta, Ga., writes me that he would like to show his colored middleweight clouter, Emory Jackson, in this territory . . . . Mrs. Evelyn Harper, Louisville lady fight manager, is directing Kayo Borrado, Mexican featherweight . . . . Jim Polk, a likely-looking Negro battler from Memphis, Tenn., may fight in this section soon.

Charley Jones, Louisville punch pilot, has announced that his N. B. A. lightweight champion, Sammy Angott, is scheduled to defend his title against George Latka of California at Flint, Mich., on June 21 . . . . According to reports, Flint promoters have guaranteed Angott $7,000, and promised Latka 17½ per cent of the gate . . . . Jimmy Davis, rugged middleweight of Owensboro, Ky., will be out of action for three months due to the illness of his father, which requires Jimmy's help in taking care of his father's farm . . . . Send your news to me at 517 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky. . . . . All letters will be answered if return postage is enclosed.

Manager Bill Osborne of Louisville reports that his veteran welter, Phil Jones, will again return to action after a short lay-off . . . . Johnny Lovell, matchmaker for the fight club at New Albany, Ind., is doing much to develop new talent by showing young semi-pro boxers in the prelims of his weekly shows.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

SEVERAL new clubs have opened up in the Lone Star State in the past month and the fistic industry really is looking up. Promoter E. A. Lacey and his matchmaker, Ralph Smith, got off to a flying start at Galveston, when they presented a great battle between young Manuel Azteca, sensational Mexican puncher, and Wesley Pryor, hustling young San Antonio lightweight. Pryor, although on the deck in the first and tenth rounds, grabbed a very close duke. The house was the largest to see a boxing card in the Treasure Island city in several years.

Two clubs have been staging bouts at Corpus Christi, with Charles Woods, formerly a crack welterweight, at the helm of one, and Max Russ, matchmaker for the other. Both have been doing exceptionally well at the gate.

Promoter "Sad" Sam Slotsky staged one show at San Antonio during the month, with Juan Zurita, Mexican featherweight champion, taking a decisive decision over rugged Lloyd Pine. Eddie Ownby stopped Huey Chandler, and Jose Mendoza did likewise with Eddie McGeever.

Houston, which looked like it was due for a comeback, has been very disappointing at the gate. Houston is a metropolitan city which demands the best in fistic attractions and it is going to take something besides penny ante promotion and fourth rate fights to ever return the sport to its former popularity.

THIS 'N' THAT—It seems that every Mexican scrapper imported across the border is billed as some sort of champion. Just to keep the records straight, here is the authentic list of champions as recognized by the Mexican Boxing Commission: Welterweight—Kid Azteca; lightweight—Rudolfo Ramirez; featherweight—Juan Zurita; bantamweight—Panchito Villa. No other classes have recognized kings. Incidentally, Panchito Villa is the lad who beat Harry Jeffra and Jimmy Perrin, among others, and should not be confused with other scrappers bearing that name . . . . Calvin Benefield, Houston middleweight, looked good winning over Mutt Clark and Leon Foucart via the T.K.O. route . . . . Punching Paul Altman, lightweight knockout sensation, looks like the best bet on the Texas fistic horizon . . . . Word from Elby Pettaway, former local middleweight star, who is now in the Canadian Air Force, that he likes it swell and may soon see action across . . . . Tiger Clance, one of Uncle Sam's soldiers stationed at Ft. Crockett, Galveston, is a real puncher . . . . Carl Banta, coach of the crack Port Arthur amateur team, which produced such sterling mittmen as Dick Menchaca, national bantamweight champion for the past two years, and Morris Corona, top-flight simon-pure welter, has turned several of his stars pro and they should do exceptionally well in the money ranks . . . . Willie Neyland, one of the very best welters in the world, has returned to New Jersey, but appears to have difficulty getting any opposition with the better class boys. Maybe the boy is just a little too good. He is the only American fighter to ever beat the formidable Kid Azteca in Mexico . . . . Francesco Montanari returned to New York with a very sour taste about decisions hereabouts after the one given against him in favor of Raphael Esparza, when Montanari apparently won easily . . . . Eddie McGeever handed Norman Hurdman a lacing and K.O.'ed Joey Johnston . . . . Hurdman was also beaten by Montanari . . . . Information of the boxing game in Texas may be had through the writer, whose address is 1133 West Bell St., Houston, Texas.

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BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

SMALL MONTANA, Filipino flyweight, and Luis Castillo, the Mexican flyweight champion, engaged in a 12-round contest at the Sports Palace in Havana, the decision going to Castillo amidst a combination of cheers and boos. Eddy Higgins, who manages the Filipino, thought his charge had won, but was highly pleased with the applause given Montana when he left the ring. Two weeks later, Montana took on Bobby Leyva of Texas and Montana scored a knockout in two rounds.

Luis Castillo, Mexican flyweight champion, might not be a Benny Leonard when it comes to boxing, but this boy sure is aggressive and can punch harder than any man his weight. Castillo, in his fight against Small Montana looked good, and in the two knockdowns he scored it almost looked like curtains for his clever opponent. The sensational Mexican puncher then took on Lorenzo Safora, the Cuban bantamweight champion, and the decision was a draw. Castillo is undefeated on Cuban soil, and is a big gate attraction. His handler, Kid Malayo, always has him in real good condition whenever he enters the ring.

Santiago Sosa, 129, of Cuba, scored a ten-round victory over Simon Chavez of Venezuela, who looked good in spots. Sosa was forced to reduce four pounds, which prevented him from scoring a knockout. Kid Espinosa scored in eight rounds over Pedro Medina, and Anselmo Argudin, 117, scored a two-round kayo over Norberto Alfonso.

Baby Coullimber, featherweight champion of Cuba, (Pablo Roca real name) had little trouble in disposing of Toby de La Rosa, 130, of Mexico, in the eighth round when the bout was stopped. Coullimber, who is handled by Pepin Prieto, is a product of the Golden Gloves, and the lad looks like he's going places. Ramon Crespo, 158, took the measure of Joe Fuerte, 153, in six rounds, and Nano Kid, 118, was given the nod over Bertico Ramos, 118, in six good rounds. Moises Rodriguez, 124, scored a technical kayo over Nicolas Luaces, 126, in the fourth session, but was stopped in two rounds by Miguel Acevedo, 121, and Kid Chevalier, 136, drew in four with Gregorio Gutierrez, 134.

Kid Espinosa, flyweight champion, had no difficulty in beating Pedro Medina, former champion, in eight rounds that lacked interest. Indian Gomez, 156, and Angel Ruiz, 151, drew in eight rounds that had the fans roaring. Both are promising youngsters. Diego Sosa, 119, and Billy Caceres, 117, drew in a special six-rounder full of pep, and Chino Rebassa, 117, was knocked out in three rounds by Orlando Ramil, 123. Roberto Martinez, 142, put the skids under Nicolas Duenas, 149, in the fourth round of a scheduled six.

Joe Pedroso, Cuba's Navy battler, who holds the lightweight championship of the Island, drew in a furious ten-rounder with Carlos Malacara of Mexico. These lads when called to action left nothing undone to score a knockout, and after the contest received a tremendous ovation from the huge attendance. Pedro Poey, 126, after being ahead by a mile on points, was knocked out in the eighth and last round by Edward De La Torre, 125. De La Torre is a mighty tough hombre, and his lethal wallop can always be depended on to the last minute. De La Torre is now in line for a shot at the featherweight crown now worn by Baby Coullimber. Juan Guerra, 146, scored a four-round knockout over Alberto Ramos, 142, and Isasi Ochoa, 137, decisioned Pedro Otano, 134, in four rounds.

Claudio Villar, Spanish heavyweight, knocked out Kid Carvajal of Cuba in the fourth round of their scheduled eight round contest. Villar is now signed to meet Cuba's veteran heavyweight, Federico Malibran. Villar is a tough six-footer and can box and hit hard.

Sergio Napoles, 110, knocked out Bob Silveira, 113, in the first round. Napoles is a mighty puncher, and if properly handled will yet make the grade and put him in line for a championship bout. He is handled by Manolo Fernandez. Isidro Delgado, 129, had no trouble in disposing of Young Manuel, 127, in the second round of a six-round bout; Antonio Rodriguez, 127, easily outpointed Ignacio Pimienta, 129. Mario Baeza, 135, outboxed and outpunched his tough rival, Fermin Lopez, 133, and Zurdo Torres, 139, scored a technical K.O. over Bull Terry, 139, in the sixth round.

Golden Glove results: 112-pound class, Ricardo Riesgo beat Andres Ruiz, Jorge Lazo beat Ciro Moranzen, Felix Illas beat Ramon Vallin, Jesus Bellido de Luna beat Roberto Villalonga, Juan Miranda (Bon Bon) beat Rogelio Hernandez, Heriberto Costa beat Lucas Siarez, Pedro Hernandez beat Gerardo Sosa, Carlos Perea beat Fco Alejandro, Fco Alejandro beat Jesus Fernandez, Alberto Portu beat Rene Lima, Sixto Rodriguez beat Raul Hernandez, Alberto Portu beat Bertico Campos, Luis Galvani beat Rolando Aguilar, Mario Pacheco beat Alberto Miranda, Rolando Delgado beat Raul Dominguez, and Jorge Lazo beat Jose Bederos; 118-pound class, Jose Lopez beat Ricardo Braulio, Normando Diaz beat Miguel Perer, Miguel Caceres beat Juan Morales, Manuel Buelgo beat Luis Lavin, Manolo Fernandez beat Ignacio Torre and Victor Salgado beat Miguel Pereda; 126-pound class, Fernando Valdes beat Luis Laje, Jose M. Caceres beat Delfin Mesa, Hector Delgado beat Rene Horta, Antonio Olivera beat Rene Horta, Antonio Rodriguez beat Gilbert Preval, Miguel Lopez beat Hilario Mestre, Contrado Quinto beat Tranquilino Trevejo, and Armando Perez beat Rogelio Aldazabal; 135-pound class, Rafael Diaz beat Serafin Fernandez, and Rosendo Brunet beat Joe Casanova; 147-pound class, Alfredo Castro beat Oscar Hermida, Baby Pancho beat Rosendo Perez, Fco Castellanos beat Raul Moreno and Genaro Estrada, Armando Verzaga beat Gilberto Alonso, and Julio Pedroso beat Cecil Gilbert; 160-pound class. Mario Griffin beat Bartolome Zulueta. That' all.

Lorenzo Safora, Cuba's clever bantamweight champion, surprised the experts in his great stand against the hard punching Mexican, Luis Castillo. At the end of ten hard fought rounds the decision was called a draw, and yours truly can say it was a wonderful fight and a really good decision.

FLASH . . . . Fernando Rios refereed two contests, and it seemed like old times again . . . . we want some more of him . . . . he is Cuba's best referee . . . . Higgins, who manages Montana, likes Havana . . . . He'll be back again . . . . Amador Urquia, sportswriter, is back with us again . . . . fine chap is he . . . . Dr. Prats is one of Cuba's great sportsmen . . . never misses a boxing show . . . . Same goes for Dr. Llanas . . . . he's great on wrestling . . . . Coego is managing Cuba's flyweight champ, Kid Espinosa

Havana, Cuba—Tony Velasco, heavyweight wrestler from Massachusetts, is the outstanding member of Giraldo Hierro's parade of wrestlers performing in Cuban rings. During the month, Velasco remained undefeated, winning from Abe Walda, Luis Pino, Jim Martinez, and a draw with Luis Pino. Velasco is a sensation all over the Island. Chino Barrena won from Enrique Pechon; Alberto Crespo drew with Luis Pino; Joe Becerra defeated Ramon Rivera; Miguel Suarez drew with Cyclone Veloz; Alberto Crespo defeated Popeye Laguardia; and in a battle royal of eight, Abe Walda was the winner. Promoter Hierro gave the fans a treat by billing five men in a greased body contest, from which Jim Martinez emerged the victor. Abe Walda, a real tough hombre, beat Gilbert Becerra. Attention—here's an opportunity. Mr. Giraldo Hierro, Cuban promoter, is looking for a partner, to tour the entire island of Cuba. The future has a bright outlook for wrestling, especially at Guantanamo Bay and Santiago de Cuba. Anybody interested in promoting with Hierro, please write to: Mr. Giraldo Hierro, Perseverancia 259—Altos, Havana, Cuba.

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY E. WINKLER

RED GREEN handed Newsboy Joe Gavras, San Francisco's colorful welterweight, quite a pasting in their ten-rounder at the Hollywood Stadium. The Signal Kid was all "go" on this night and the way that he rocked the Newsboy during the first two rounds it appeared that the crowd was to go home early. However, Gavras failed to collapse and surprised both Green and the assemblage by slugging it out with the scrappy redhead in the third and fourth rounds. Green gave the 'Frisco news vender a severe body beating in the next four rounds to slow him down to a walk. But, Gavras is a Greek and his unconquerable spirit sent him out in the ninth full of fighting fury and he brought the crowd to its feet by outslugging Green and copping the round. Both battlers came out determined to grab the tenth round and the crowd was treated to some hot action, but the Signal Kid packed the heaviest artillery and the courageous Newsboy appeared about to cave in at the final bell. Gavras was credited with but two rounds, two were called even and Red garnered the other six. Green weighed 141, Gavras 145.

Larry Cisneros, 138, Questa, N. M., scored an easy decision over Ray Price, 132, Portland, in a supporting ten-rounder to the Green-Gavras bout. This contest was a rather mild affair, as Price was reluctant to lead and did much back-peddling. Although Cisneros was credited with seven of the ten rounds, it was mostly his strength and aggressiveness that made him the winner.

Eddie Booker, 156, San Jose, punched out a one-sided victory over Freddie Dixon, 147, Phoenix, at the San Diego Coliseum. Most of the fighting was done at close quarters and did not prove interesting to the crowd. Booker floored Dixon in the second and copped nine of the ten rounds.

Carlos Chavez, fiery little Mexican of Los Angeles, has graduated to big time boxing with full honors. The undefeated youngster held Manuel Ortiz to a ten-round draw at the Hollywood Stadium and scored a tremendous hit in doing so. After dropping the first round to Ortiz, Chavez put on a whirlwind offense in the second and punched Manuel all over the ring. Carlos continued to fight with this bull-terrier spirit and garnered the next four rounds. But the fast pace required to keep him ahead in those hot exchanges slowed Chavez down and he lagged behind in the next four rounds. Carlos was weary and rubber-legged in the final round and Ortiz smacked him around plenty to make the draw decision a perfect verdict. Chavez weighed 119, Ortiz 117.

Aurel Toma, 124, Roumania, won a close decision over Bobby Seigel, 127, in the six-round semi. These cagy boxers put on a fast, exciting contest. Harold Bell K.O.'ed Joe Robleto in the third of the special.

Jimmy McDaniels, 155, Watts, scored a third round T.K.O. over Chuey Vargas, 154, Los Angeles, at the Ocean Park Arena. Vargas, visibly in poor condition, was floored twice before the bout was stopped.

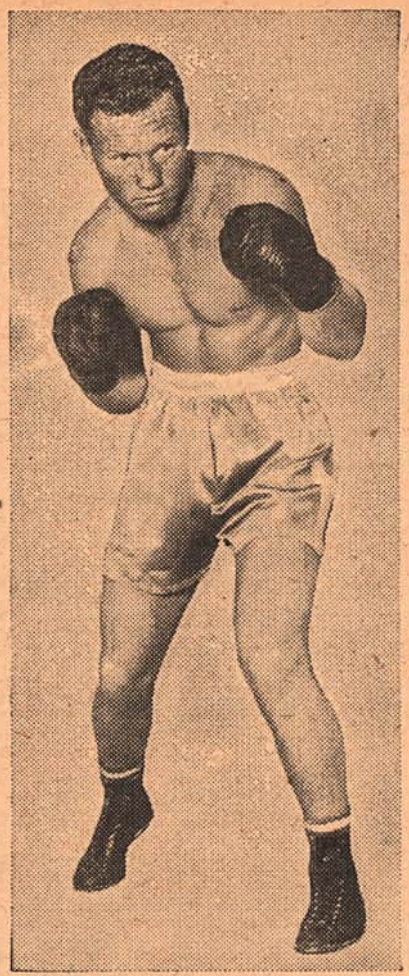
The Olympic of Los Angeles is the largest fight arena on the Pacific Coast and has been the scene of $30,000 and $40,000 crowds. But the big Auditorium is playing to an all-time low these days. A smart promoter with courage and the necessary financial backing, could put the Olympic on a paying basis right now. But, it cannot be done by carding preliminary boxers as "main eventers" or by featuring matches that have already been staged at the smallest clubs in the state.

Soldier Eddie Stanley upset the dope in winning over Babe Brandelli at the Ocean Park Arena. Stanley had Brandelli in a groggy condition no less than a dozen times during the encounter, but was too wild to finish him. Only in the fifth round was the picture changed, when Babe had the Soldier in a fog and hanging on from a terrific left hook to the chin.

Jimmy Murray, former Los Angeles matchmaker, who has made boxing a "big time" sport in Honolulu, is home on a six-weeks vacation. Murray confesses to having been homesick, in spite of enjoying good health and financial success. Jimmy brought over three good fighters with him—Johnny Hutchinson, well-known colored lightweight of the East; Adolph Samuels, bantam, and Johnny Diaz, middleweight.

Jackie Wilson took a look at the house, recalled what happened when he took his time with Baby Breese—and then made short work of Memo Llanes, lightweight of Mexico. It took Wilson just two minutes to put Llanes to sleep at the Olympic in Los Angeles, and it required three minutes for Memo's seconds to revive him. Wilson weighed 135, Llanes 134. Louis Carranza, 152, Santa Monica, and Ruben Shank, 151, Denver, fought a spirited six-round draw in the semi. Carranza had Shank down for nine in the first.

Chico Romo, 141, Denver, climbed off the floor in the opening round to pile up a big lead in the next five rounds and cop the nod over Jesse Jackson of Riverside in the main event at the Ocean Park Arena.



Red Green, slam-bang, aggressive Hollywood welterweight, going good.

Serio Mendoza, Filipino featherweight, easily decisioned Frankie Antuna in the six-round semi.

Petey Scalzo, N. B. A.'s candidate for featherweight title, scored one of the quickest K.O.'s ever recorded in the Hollywood Stadium when he belted out Andy Scrivani in 1 minute 20 seconds. Scalzo, none too impressive in prior California starts, roared out of his corner at the opening gong apparently determined to restore some luster to his tarnished N. B. A. diadem. A terrific left-hook felled the Chicago lightweight for the count of six. Scrivani arose bleary-eyed, but when Pete rushed in to finish his groggy foe, he ran into a wild right that put him on the floor.

However, Scalzo came off the canvas before a count could be started and he was soon belting Andy around again. Another wicked hook dumped Scrivani for the second time. The C. Y. O. youth regained his feet at the count of eight, but Scalzo waged a savage attack and soon had Andy on the floor for the third time, at which Referee Charlie Randolph stopped the one-sided affair. Scalzo weighed 129, Scrivani 133.

Tommy Cobb, 121, San Jose, flashed main-event class in whipping Nat Corum, 122, in the six-round semi. These scrappy little gamecocks staged a furious set-to, with the San Jose lad having too much on the ball for hard-hitting Corum. Cobb made a tremendous hit with the Movie City crowd.

Joe Robleto was awarded an unpopular decision over Harold Bell in four.

Hayden (Wad) Wadhams, one of California's best known matchmakers, has passed away. Wadhams first promoted at the little Western A. C. in Los Angeles (now Manhattan Gym), then for Jack Doyle at Vernon, and later at the Olympic. It was Wad who staged the Mickey Walker-Ace Hudkins bout, which drew $150,000, California's largest gate. He had been ill and out of the game for the past five years.

Georgie Crouch started slowly against Flash Sebastian in their clash at the Olympic in Los Angeles, but the Colored Ice Cube made a short job of it once he did get started. Sebastian won the opening round by a wide margin and held the colored boxer even in the second, but Crouch came out in the third and handed the Filipino a lacing. In the fourth, a left-hook to the Filipino's chin ended the mill. Crouch weighed 145, Sebastian 146.

Buddy O'Dell, 159, Amsterdam, N. Y., dished out a shellacking to Red Shannon, 162, Watts, in the six-round semi.

Ray Lunney, San Francisco's pride and joy, returned to the scene of his early conquests, the Hollywood Stadium, to punch out an easy win over Toby Vigil. When Lunney left for his home city a year ago, Vigil was the better boxer of the two, but the Lunney of today is an improved fighter, while Toby is not the boxer he was a year ago. This match figured to be a closely contested duel between two sharpshooters who are adept at feinting and punch well. But the contest brought out the fact that one of the principals has lost much of his talents, while the other has become even more proficient in these arts. Referee Mushy Callahan credited the 'Frisco boxer with seven of the ten rounds. Lunney weighed 137, Vigil 135.

In a hard-fought semi-windup, Johnny Jackson, 151, New Orleans, K.O.'ed Tiger Wade, 149, Peoria, in the fifth round. The bout was a bruising battle, but being strictly an infighting affair, it was not liked by the crowd.

Bob Crittenden, 138, Oklahoma, and Roaul Solis, 139, Wilmington, fought four rounds to a draw.

Eddie Booker, 156, San Jose, just about established himself as California's best middleweight by winning a ten-round decision over Shorty Hogue, 161, Jacumba, at the Coliseum in San Diego.

In a contest sanctioned by the State Athletic Commission as for the California featherweight title, Richie Lemos defeated Georgie Hansford at the Olympic in Los Angeles. For the first few rounds, Lemos appeared to be up to par and his left-hooks caused Hansford to perform some grotesque acrobatics. But Richie seemed to go anemic at the half-way point and was a rather harmless battler in the late rounds. However, Hansford is far from the fighter he used to be, so the curly-headed Mexican won seven of the ten rounds, even though he was weak in his efforts. A left-hook to the jaw in the second round caused Hansford's feet to come up behind him, his body stiffened and he fell to his knees. He then went forward on his elbows and remained in this Praying Arab position until the count of eight and finished the round by clinching. In the fourth round, another of Lemos' left-hooks knocked Hansford over sideways and he took a count of nine. They fought it out toe-to-toe in the final round. Lemos scaled 126 and Hansford, 125.

Lige Drew, 146, San Diego, trounced Ran Jackson, 149, New Orleans, in the six-round semi. Although the crowd booed their efforts, these two colored boys battled hard all the way, with Drew always in command.

Louie Carranza, 154, Santa Monica, stopped Jimmy Mercier, 148, Kansas City, in the four-round special.

Cecil Hudson, up and coming colored boxer of Los Angeles, added Yucatan Kid to his list of victims in an exciting ten-rounder at the Hollywood Stadium. Although spilled to the canvas in the fourth, Hudson was far out in front at the end of the eighth and then came out in the ninth to knock the Kid down three times to make his win a one-sided one. Cecil found Yucatan a sucker for a left-hook. The squatty Mexican floored Cecil with a right in the fourth, causing the Negro to roll like a barrel, but Hudson ended the tumbling act on his feet without taking a count. Hudson weighed 141, Yucatan 140.

Harold Bell and Joe Robleto, each weighing 119, went six rounds to a draw in the semi-windup.

LEST I FORGET—The outdoor show featuring the Jackie Wilson-Baby Arizmendi and Turkey Thompson-Tony Musto matches should draw a $40,000 crowd . . . . Poppy Zasker has returned from New York, accompanied by his welterweight, Al Smith . . . . Poppy says a lot of California boxers would go over big in New York . . . . The ever-popular Jack Dempsey has been packing them in at the wrestling matches during his three weeks' refereeing tour out here . . . . By his quick and impressive kayo over Scrivani, Petey Scalzo regained some of the prestige he lost in his fights against Lemos and Serean. No doubt Scalzo was still suffering from the effects of the flu in his prior California contests . . . . Irwin Kaye seems to have hit his real form in his New York campaign. A win over Aldo Spoldi is no mediocre performance . . . . George Leonard has a pair of promising battlers in Dan and Jake Gill, heavyweight and light-heavy. These towheaded brothers are making a big hit with Los Angeles boxing fans . . . . Little Pancho is returning to the States to go under the wing of Jimmy Murray. Maybe Jimmy isn't going back to Honolulu . . . . Newsboy Gavras, 'Frisco's colorful Greek welterweight, made a tremendous hit with Hollywood fans.

Buddy O'Dell, crowd-pleasing middleweight of Amsterdam, N. Y., is doing nicely in his California fights. Buddy is undefeated in eight local starts . . . . Joe Waterman, ace matchmaker and swell fellow, is convalescing at Murietta Hot Springs. Joe expects to be back on the firing line within another month. Oh, how the Olympic needs a Waterman! . . . . Al Lang staged a benefit show for Wad Wadhams' widow . . . . Jack Dempsey accompanied Gus Wilson and other of his old friends for a day at Soper's Ranch, a mountain training camp near Los Angeles . . . . This writer's address is 1231 N. June St., Hollywood, Calif.

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO
By SHERIDAN BROWN

RAY LUNNY checked off his twenty-eighth professional bout without a defeat by trouncing Toby Vigil, high-ranking Los Angeles Mexican lightweight, in a ten-round headliner at the Hollywood Legion Stadium. The wire reports credited Ray with eight rounds, which would indicate that the Mission District Irisher had little trouble with what was supposed to be his toughest opposition to date.

Last month's issue of THE RING had Vigil rated seventh among the top ten lightweights. Somebody will have to move over.

For the last time, Ralph DeJohn of Syracuse, N. Y., climbed into a local ring in no fit condition to deserve his wages and he was kayoed by Lloyd Marshall, Sacramento Negro light-heavy, in the sixth of ten scheduled rounds at the Coliseum Bowl. True to form, DeJohn ran out of "oomph" after handing Marshall a fancy boxing lesson for four rounds. He blew up like a bush-league pitcher in the fifth and the Negro banged him around with both mitts, opening a nasty eye-cut in the process. The Italian was on his last legs when the sixth started and a long right to the jaw dropped him for the count after less than a minute of that inning. DeJohn has never been in top shape for a San Francisco engagement and this city's boxing bugs are not liable to lay it on the line again for the privilege of watching him blow a fuse after a few rounds of fancy boxing.

Harold Blackshear, the chocolate-colored Greek god from Monterey, slammed a right hand to the short ribs of Newsboy Millich and the Sacramento Soviet went down and out in the first heat of a bout slated for ten at the Coliseum Bowl. This was the third meeting of the two. Millich whipped the Negro in Oakland last year but Blackshear knocked him out in the return match at the Bowl. The third episode came off just one week after the second and was brought about by Millich's claim that a lack of condition had cost him the first kayo.

It will take a pretty fair heavyweight to take Blackshear, who has come a long way in the right direction since his questionable technical kayo loss to Buddy Baer at Oakland. He can box and punch and absorb lots of punishment and he has the best management in the person of Dolph Thomas, the Silver Fox of Turk Street.

In the second round of their Coliseum Bowl top spot billed for ten, Verne Bybee of Brisbane backed Al Spina, Portland lightweight, into the ropes and then cut loose with both hands. When he stepped back, Spina was on the floor with most of the sense and all the ambition knocked out of him. Referee Jack Downey counted him out and Bybee had established another reason for his deserving a fifth shot at Ray Lunny who whipped him three times in their amateur days and once for a salary.

Paulie Peters of Toledo, O., whipped Mickey Daniels, 1941 National Diamond Belt welterweight titlist, in the six-round semi-windup.

Eddie Booker, the classy San Jose colored middleweight, has developed into a one-man Black Plague since he started headlining shows at the San Diego Coliseum. During the month past, Booker shellacked Freddie Dixon, Arizona Negro, Leon Zorrita, Los Angeles Cuban and Shorty Hogue, the better of the fighting Hogue twins.

A pair of this town's better known lightweights who have trusted their destinies to a pair of big-name managers were defeated on the same night in opposite ends of a double main event at the Hollywood Legion Stadium. Newsboy Joe Gavras, the North Beach Greek who is currently handled by George Parnassus, was downed by Red Green in a ten-rounder, while Ray Price, fast-hitting colored boy, dropped his tenner to Larry Cisneros. Price is now under Pete Reilly's banner.

If you know your boxing, you will know the name Frankie Neil, the San Francisco boy who was bantamweight champion of the world back in the early 1900's. Today Frankie Neil weighs in at something more than the 116 pounds which he carried in those days and he is the manager of Earl Turner, young Richmond Negro welterweight who pulled the upset of the year by stopping Joe Ybarra, tough El Cerrito Mexican, in five rounds at the Oakland Auditorium.

Neil has had Turner since he was an awkward amateur. Frankie has carried him along carefully in Oakland preliminary spots and when he matched big young charge with the rugged Ybarra, the wise boys criticized him for rushing the youngster into a spot that might easily result in the complete ruin of his promising career. Turner's performance in baking the Mexican inside the distance vindicated old Frankie's judgment and proved Neil's contention that Earl is a boy to be watched.

Lloyd Marshall preceded his local kayo win over Ralph DeJohn with an eight-round T.K.O. win over Jimmy Casino, southern California favorite, in a main event at Sacramento.

Horace Mann, San Francisco bantamweight, registered two knockdowns in winning a lopsided decision over Nick DePosta of Stockton in their six-round top spot at Sacramento.

Connie Norden of Oakland, Pacific Coast Golden Gloves and National Diamond Belt heavyweight champion, launched his pro career on the Bybee-Spina card at the Coliseum Bowl. The big blond flattened Johnny LaMothe with a left hook to the teeth in one round.

Jackie Jurich, former flyweight champion of America, was held to a draw by Donnie Maes, Los Angeles Mexican, in a fast ten-round windup at San Jose.

Joe Ybarra outgamed Flash Sebastian, Filipino welterweight slugger, in their brawl at the Oakland Auditorium and came out the winner after a bruising ten rounds. The Filipino had Ybarra out on his feet in the seventh but faded badly when Ybarra survived his best shots and came back for more in the eighth. Sebastian took a thorough body lacing in the last three rounds and was well-whipped at the finale.

I will appreciate receiving items regarding boxing in any of the northern California army camps. Send them in boys and I'll use them in THE RING, your popular publication.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS
By T. W. McNIEL

AT Las Vegas, N. M.: Joe M. Roybal, New Mexico's leading fight promoter, staged a crackerjack card here, the first in many months, with Ted "Mustang" Garcia, Las Vegas lightweight, scoring a five-round knockout over Indian Chief Ramey of Oklahoma. The fight was billed for ten rounds.

In the semi-windup, Billy Firpo, Wagon Mound welterweight, who once knocked Lew Jenkins down five times in a six-round battle, flattened Pete Woods in the fifth stanza. Woods is out of Houston, Tex. A four-round heavyweight melee saw Frank Kischel, a C.C.C. ringman, pound out a decision over sorrel-topped Andy Arnold of Santa Rosa.

At Boise, Idaho: R. J. Lewis, Denver colored middleweight, stopped Spider McCallum of Missoula, Mont., in the fifth heat of a scheduled ten-round go.

Jack Carberry, veteran newspaper man, has succeeded C. L. Poss Parsons as sports editor of the Denver *Post*. Parsons was forced to the sidelines because of ill health.

The fight game remains in the doldrums out here in the mountain region, and most of the local colony of leather-pushers have shoved off to more fertile fields.

Frankie "Cyclone" Lynch, Colorado's heavyweight champion, has just about decided that a state title isn't worth a tinker's damn. Lynch, a competent ringman and a good showman, hasn't been able to realize a thin dime out of the title since he won it from Karl Walker a couple of years ago.

An orchid to Jack Carberry for his very interesting column in the Denver *Post*. His style reminds us a lot of the late Otto Floto's scribbling in the same paper. Keep it up, Jack.

IN THE NORTHWEST
By DAVID CAVADAS

FIGHTING before a near capacity audience in Edmonton, Johnny Gaudes, of Winnipeg, now fighting out of Milwaukee, won a 10-round decision over Jimmy Chapman, of Edmonton, to win the recognized bantamweight championship of Canada, a title that Gaudes previously held almost two years ago. The fight was a nip and tuck battle all the way with both boys being groggy at the end of the 10th round. Gaudes weighed 118 and Chapman came in at 117½ for the fight.

The card throughout was one of the best seen in years in Edmonton and was promoted by Prairie Sports, Ltd. Other results on the card: Dave Winquist lost a six-round decision to Mushy Callaghan in the semi-final, while Vic Pollock kayoed Rickey Henderson in the second round and Pvt. Jimmy Rimmer won over Hec Barcello in another four-rounder.

In Vancouver, Kenny Lindsay took a 10-round decision from Tony Olivera of San Francisco in a fight that was billed as for the "world's championship" but which Nat Fleischer of THE RING pointed out in the Vancouver *Sun* sports pages, was entirely incorrect.

The fight was a drab affair compared to the thriller that Gaudes and Chapman fought. Lindsay must now fight Gaudes if he wants to have any claims to the Canadian title. Lindsay was offered a fight with Gaudes several times by Promoter Jack Allen in Toronto but declined the match.

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IN MINNESOTA RINGS

By DARWIN GOMER

FISTIC DOPE: Goben, St. Paul pro welter, works on W.P.A. when not fighting . . . . Dick Kerr, former St. Paul boxer, battled as "Dick Richards" . . . . Most scholarly boxer in the state is handsome Johnny Shack of Nashwauk, middleweight simon-pure, who graduated from Hibbing Junior College and is now attending Bemidji State Teachers College . . . . St. Paul promoter, Harry Lennon, and his wife, vacationed in Hot Springs last month . . . . Jack Goebert, 21-year-old Johnstown, Pa. amateur welter, is starting a mag with amateur news, having several RING scribes gathering news . . . . Hymie Weisman is now handling the affairs of Lee Savold.

Lake City—1100 fans packed the school auditorium to see the finals of the Mississippi Valley A.A.U. boxing tournament. The eight winners: 112, Jackie Graves, Albert Lea southpaw vet, also '41 G.G. bantam champ; 118, Wally Francis, Albert Lea; 135, Bill Leary, Caledonia, also '41 G.G. feather champ; 126, Dal Hall, Lake City; 147, Johnny McGrand, handsome Rochester Irisher; 160, Buddy Gilbert, rangy St. Paulite; 175, Denver Maier, Maiden Rock, Wis.; heavyweight, Gordon Barto, River Falls, Wis. Gilbert was the sensational lad of the tourney, scoring quick technical knockouts in every bout.

SHORTS—Don Stevens, former St. Paul amateur, has joined the Marines for six years. Don turned pro in California, but has since quit the game . . . . Larry Gilbert, giant St. Paul C.Y.C. heavyweight novice, has been drafted into army service, and the boys had a stag party with young Gelbmann as honorary guest . . . . Mike Collins, Duluth matchmaker, has Arrowhead fans "all het up" with his fine shows, and besides developing talent is also bringing the old-timers back into action . . . . Buck Goben surprised the boys when he married attractive young Annette Michalko of Blackduck, Minn., recently . . . . Ernie Derho, South Bend welter sensation, had 112 fights as an amateur, winning 98. Never kayoed, he went to the National A.A.U. finals in Boston last year, won three fights twice in Chicago G.G. and won the Indiana State amateur title twice! Derho has intentions of becoming champion some day, and the writer must admit he has the makings for so young a pro . . . . John Mendking, Mill City amateur heavy youngster, also dabbles in wrestling.

Warren Plunkett, Austin's football star at the U. of Minnesota, can really scrap. Without any known experience, he beat Thor Thostenson, '41 G.G. finalist, and the favored Bill Daley to win the university heavyweight crown . . . . Tom Partridge, N. W. '41 G.G. heavy king, retained his university 175 pound title, while Willie Osterberg, former G.G. lightweight monarch, annexed the welter crown at the U. . . . . Johnny Hanschen, Mill City heavy, has enlisted in the U. S. Army . . . . Honeyboy Conroy, beanpole Negro light-heavy clown of a decade ago, is posing for the Walker art classes . . . . Jimmy Van Gordon, blond young Minneapolis amateur boxer-wrestler-footballer, won his third straight state A.A.U. wrestling title, copping top honors in the welter class . . . . Frankie Wolinski, Minneapolis' former N. W. Golden Glove 126-pound champ ('39), is also a top-notch wrestler at the U. of Minnesota, and will wrestle in the Nationals.

Clyde Rasley, Deer River's red-head light-heavy, '40 Golden Gloves king and runnerup in '41, is preparing to be a draftsman in the U. S. Army when his call comes this fall . . . . Recently, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney and Sheriff Tommy Gibbons met in Jacksonville, for the first time all three were together . . . . Don Buchan, roving promoter from Milford, Iowa, plans to promote pro shows at Arnold's Park, Ia., this summer. He reports that Verne Trickle, former Albert Lea heavy, is now married and working on the gas line in Mankato.

St. Paulites are still seeing "red" when they think of the recent Savold-Wacker card last month in which Wacker was "kayoed" without being hit! . . . . Buzz Brown, colored St. Paul welter, who resembles Henry Armstrong, appears to have again hit his stride. He floored rugged Pat Breen five times in the first round to score a T.K.O., the first time Breen was ever stopped . . . . Clark Wright, Devil's Lake, N. D., amateur feather, is working at Farewell-Ozman-Kirk Co., in St. Paul and lives at the YMCA . . . . Gene La Scotti, rugged, wavy-haired handsome Capital City middle, has a good job now at Montgomery Ward's . . . . Murray McLean's only son, a young salesman, marries in June . . . . Buck Goben, now 28 years old, still fighting is a real veteran. He started as a pro when only 14! . . . . Milt Baron, Cuban correspondent, please get in touch with me at 252 Thomas Ave., St. Paul, Minn. . . . . Johnny Stevens, St. Paul heavy, is a steamfitter when not boxing . . . . After Floyd Hagen saw the Arne Anderson disaster, it is rumored that the confident young Irish lightweight may again "hang 'em up." Hagen and Anderson were stablemates, great pals . . . . Tom Nolan of Minneapolis won the Notre Dame all-university 165-pound boxing title at South Bend, outslugging Joe Costello of Alexandria, W. Va. . . . . Junior Vandesteeg, 180, of Sauk Center, facially resembles Abe Simon . . . . Tommy Nolan is a former St. Thomas Academy fullback . . . . Ray Temple, Johnny Mauer, Curley McBride, Jack Gibbons, Jack La Belle, Ernie Fliegel and Italian Joe Gans, former pugs, all have taverns.

Duluth Shrine Auditorium—Kelly Ward, 167-pound rangy Minneapolitan, used a busy left hand in retaining his state light-heavy crown, his ninth straight win, scoring a five-round T.K.O. over Earl Peterson, 164, hard-slugging Appleton blond in the 10-round main go. A wide gash over Earl's eye halted the bout, which was the second time Ward stopped Earl. In the six-round semi, aggressive Solly Stark, 167½, Deadwood, S. D. comer, again whipped Henry Schaft, 160, fast-slipping Mill City vet. In the five-round special, sharp-punching George De Gidio, 125, sensational Flour City Italian, defended his state laurels with another kayo over weaving Mike Valentine, 120½, Duluth, in two. Gus Pappas, 148, and Don McLeod, 154, both of Duluth, fought another four-round draw. Pat Breen, 149, hard-hitting Mound Irisher, scored a four-round technical kayo over tough Ed Bosiacki, 152, an unknown Duluthian making his pro debut.

LEFT HOOKS—Latest local pug to be conscripted is Harold "Kid" Salters, Saintly City southpaw Negro lightie, stationed now at Fort Cook, near Omaha . . . . Billy Smith, Mill City southpaw lightie, is chief sparring partner for world's champion Fritzie Zivic, here preparing to fight his first portsider in Dick Demaray . . . . In the May issue of RING, Eddie Borden honored little George De Gidio, Mill City Italian featherweight state champ, as the best prospect of the month, and rightfully so . . . . Larry Gilbert, St. Paul amateur heavy, is in Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Since his kayo loss at the hands of Wayne Armstrong, Tom Shaughnessy, Capital City Irish welter, hasn't fought for two months . . . . Art Lind, undecided Alborn middle, who was with Ken Overlin, Jack O'Brien, Syd Fishel, yours truly, Bobby North and now is with Chris Dundee, is in New York now . . . . Fritzie Zivic is the fastest talker we've ever met, and one of the cleanest cut, well-mannered pugs we've seen . . . . Wally Holm was rated fifth best lightie of the month in Jack Gobert's new mag just out, *Amateur Boxing News*, which incidentally, should be read by all amateur fans.

Minneapolis Armory—Fritzie Zivic, 150½, Pittsburgh's good-looking, flat-nosed welterweight king, knocked out southpaw veteran Dick Demaray, 149, Tappen, N. D. bronco-buster in the fifth round of a scheduled 12-round non-title bout. A sizzling right cross turned the trick for the polished Zivic. Kelly Ward, 162½, state light-heavy champ, won his 10th straight fight in the six round semi, again whipping rugged Gordon Palmer, 168½, Minneapolis. Palmer was floored twice for nine by nifty right-handers, in the non-title fray. George De Gidio, 124½, state feather ruler from the Mill City, scored a three round T.K.O. over Yue Ku Kong, 128, Chinese whirlwind and rope artist from St. Louis, in a scheduled six. Kong did a Henry Wacker when he went down without being hit and wouldn't come out for the fourth. Tony Yates, 150, rugged Mill City vet, arose from a nine-count knockdown in the fifth to punch out a thrilling six round win over Buzz Brown, 151½, fast-punching St. Paul Negro. Ernie Derho, 146, South Bend, Ind., won his 13th straight fight since turning pro, scoring over pleasing Ritchie Dick, 144½, Bismarck, N. D., in six. Henry Schaft, 162, veteran Minneapolitan, once a top-notcher, now a prelim boy, decisioned Ted (Kid) Morrison, 170, St. Paul, in four. Approximately 9000 fans paid $10,649 to see the high-class card, which was the largest in the Twin Cities since Fred Lenhart fought John Henry Lewis in St. Paul, which drew a gross of $12,000 in 1938.

JABS—George De Gidio has stopped 11 of his 12 foes, winning the other! . . . . Johnny Shock, clever Nashwauk amateur, Bemidji district G.G. champ, dropped in for a short visit with yours truly, and the young middle was on hand to see the Zivic-Demaray card. Shock says he believes fellow townsman Sam Stupar to be the best light-heavy in the state.

Virginia, Minn.—The combination of Paul Bonacato-Mike Collins-Karl Ogren brought pro boxing back to the iron range city of Virginia for the first time in over five years. In the main attraction, Kelly Ward, 167, that tall, lanky state light-heavy champ from Minneapolis, and a very promising young man, won an unpopular eight-round decision over battle-scarred Henry Schaft, 164, veteran Mill Citian, before a house of 2500. It was Ward's 11th straight win. Floyd Hagen, 138, hard-hitting St. Paulite, outpunched the veteran Ray Isaacs, 142, Minneapolis, in the semi-final six. Other sixes found rugged Gordon Palmer, 173, Minneapolis, the kayo winner over trial horse Len Walbridge, 173, St. Cloud, in the first heat. In a four, Sam Stupar, 169, lanky, curly-haired Nashwauk battler just back from Florida competition, scored a three-round technical kayo over Don McLeod, 163, previously undefeated Duluth lad. In the opener, undefeated Al Evans, 140, St. Cloud corkscrew-punch fanatic, outslugged rough-tough Peter Filippi, 140, stocky Keewatin welter, who won 20 straight in Florida before a loss, over four heats.

Minneapolis Armory—Tommy O'Loughlin again presented a bang-up big time fight card, bringing in two tough cookies in Lem Franklin, ebony-hued chloroform clouter from Cleveland, and Milt Aron, hard-punching flat-nosed Jewish lad via Chicago and Dubuque. In one 10 of a triple windup, Franklin, weighing 203 pounds, scored a sensational 29 second one-round kayo over the washed-up but tough Anoka veteran, Frank Androff, 191. One of the hardest punches ever thrown here, a right to the jaw, turned the trick. Making a return to the ring after a five month layoff, Milt Aron, 157, went 10 furious rounds to a draw with game Solly Stark, 167, Deadwood, S. D. youngster. Aron badly battered Stark and really should have won, but Stark's comeback in the late rounds was impressive. In a companion 10, Jim Robinson, 210 lanky Philadelphian, floored state champ Paul Hartnek, 187, Kenosha, Wis., eleven times to easily win. Billy Smith, 130, clever Minneapolis southpaw, easily handed out a six-round beating to George De Gidio, 125, Minneapolis, to hand De Gidio his first pro defeat after compiling a string of 12 straight. Thirteen was unlucky for George. Ernie Derho, 146, pleasing South Bend, Ind. welter, presented Al Evans, 141, St. Cloud slugger, with his first pro defeat over four heats, while slugging Tony Yates, 149, Minneapolis, again scored a four-round decision over Horace (Buzz) Brown, 150, fast-punching St. Paul Negro. 3500 fans paid $2100 to see the show, which was a thriller all the way.

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IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

BOOKER BECKWITH elongated sepia slasher from Gary, Ind., looks like the next world light-heavyweight champion should he get the chance to fight for the title. Beckwith, who is conditioned by the competent Duke Calloway, continued in his spectacular victories by stopping Lee Oma of Detroit in the second round at the Hammond Boxing Club.

Beckwith had Lee prone on his face at the count of four as the bell sounded ending the initial rounds. Oma was revived sufficiently to assimilate another two minutes of punishment. He was knocked out by a terrific left hook to the jaw.

In the semi-windup which, slated for six heats, Bill Petersen, 202-pound Indiana Harber heavyweight, chalked up another victory blasting Lou Campbell of Chicago out of the picture in the second frame.

In the four-round settos George Mitchell of Detroit banged away for four heats at Speedy Schaefer of Chicago to earn the nod. They are middleweights. Johnny O'Hara, Chicago middleweight, was too strong for Al Scurra of Hammond and Al went out in the second stanza and Mike Sopko also of Indiana Harbor belted out Sammy Wilson, colored middleweight in the third heat.

Lem Franklin, third leading challenger in THE RING's compilations, slugged Frank Androff of Minneapolis to sleep with a right hand jolt in 19 seconds of the first round. In a supporting ten-round attraction presented at Minneapolis, Minn., Milt Aron, following a five-month layoff, was only able to gain a draw with Solly Stark.

Leo Rodak, who fears nary an opponent, white or colored, and is at present holding down the number five spot in the lightweight standings, was a busy campaigner during the past month. Leo took the measure of Herschel Joiner, classy Cincinnati boxer, in the latter's home town; beat the hard punching Slugger White at Baltimore, Md., then beat Jackie Wilson, the Pittsburgh "Black Panther," at Cincinnati. This accomplishment was Rodak's third conquest of the speedy and elusive Wilson, in six torrid encounters, the other three embroglios ending in dead heats. They have fought a total of 70 rounds.

Petey Scalzo, that husky little mite of a featherweight from Gotham, who has been campaigning on the West Coast, stopped over a few days here on his way to Milwaukee to defend his N.B.A. featherweight title against Phil Zwick.

Willi Joyce, competent Gary lightweight, who is having managerial trouble and who is being shunted by the better lighties in this vicinity, looked extra good in sparring sessions with Nick Castiglione.

Lem Franklin was at it again with his dynamic knockout drops . . . . Paul Hartnek, a Middle West pride, wasn't able to last three full heats before he was exploded from the scene . . . . This scheduled tenner was fought at Omaha, Neb. . . . . Hard socking Lemuel defeated Selman Martin in ten rounds . . . . Franklin injured his left hand in the second frame, yet dropped Selman in the seventh . . . . Lem broke the third finger of his left hand and fractured the bones in his fist . . . . Lem will be on the sidelines for the next two months.

Sammy Secreet, Pittsburgh middleweight, Billy Seward, Ingomore, Mont., lightweight and Eddie Camp, Chicago heavy, were all victorious in eight-round tiffs at the North Side Arena. Secreet beat Ramey McKnight of Milwaukee; Seward bounced Bill Parsons for the count in the first canto and Camp dropped Ray Simmons for the count in the seventh round.

In the four-round opener, Tito Taylor, South Side welterweight dark clouter, won a thrilling bout from Dan Valerio.

Davey Day, a top ranking lightweight contender, has been having managerial woes for the past year. Davey turned down a $2700 purse which was offered by Promoter Bill Rand to fight Quentin "Baby" Breese. Day was kept in the background while Pian and Winch had Barney Ross, then lightweight champion, and Davey feels he hasn't capitalized on his ability, financially speaking, for his pro efforts during the past eight years.

Johnny Colan, fast rising protege of genial Paul Damski, subdued the agile Frank McBride in the tenth session in a sizzling punching spree. A right to the jaw ended the proceedings and the New Yorker, Colan, has made it two victories in as many fight appearances in the Windy City.

Tito Taylor, South Side welter, won a five-round verdict over Ernie Derho of Minneapolis; Eddie Miller surprised with a three-round kayo of Richard Rigali, local Italian featherweight. Rigali injured his right hand and Miller sensed this advantage for himself. In the remaining preliminaries Tony Sopko, on the comeback trail, beat Ralph Guajardo, Mexican middie and Johnny Trotter, another South Side colored warrior, beat Leonard Bostick, in four-rounders. They are light-heavyweights.

Antonio Fernandez, highly rated South American, won over Phil McQuillan in eight heats.

Pete Lello, who was figured to be on the downgrade, surprised with a draw effort against the swashbuckling "Irish" Bobby Ruffin, along the ten-round route in New York City. And more recently eeked out a win over the ever losing Norment Quarles at Newark, N. J., in an eight-round feature. They are lightweights.

Jack Hurley utilized three years of maneuvering for his rugged Billy Seward, who scored 20 knockouts in 34 fights, but to Hurley's dismay, just as soon as Seward was pitted against another promising lightweight, Harvey Dubs of Windsor, Ont., he faltered completely.

They met in a top billing ten-rounder, but Dubs, after withstanding Seward's opening minute assault, floored Seward with a left hook then spilled Billy six more times before Referee Tommy Thomas halted the contest.

Sammy Secreet, Pittsburgh 160-pound puncher, notched out a win over Tito Taylor in eight scorching rounds. In the prelims on the Seward-Dubs upset, Al Reiss, Detroit light-heavyweight, stopped Paul Frazier in round three of Chicago. Johnny Williams, Danville welterweight, beat Tommy Campbell, Atlanta and Andy Canal, Chicago featherweight, knocked out Eddie Miller, also of Chicago. All were four-rounders.

In the supporting attractions Ernie Derho, Minneapolis welterweight, won a close decision over Johnny Ryan of Detroit in six rounds. Johnny Trotter, lightweight, brother of Orlando, scored a technical knockout over Gordon Palmer, due to a cut eye in the sixth round. And in the fours George De Guido, Minneapolis featherweight, beat Eddie Carson, 135-pounders. Tony Sopko won a close bout from Speedy "Reliable" Schafer, also light-heavyweights.

Billy Seward stopped Al Dorlac of St. Louis, Mo., in round four. And in the preliminaries Ernie Derho, Minneapolis 147-pounder, pounded out a decision over Johnny O'Hara, West Side middleweight. Gordon Palmer, St. Paul 170-pounder and Johnny Trotter, Chicago, battled to an even-Stephen eight-rounder. Floyd Hagen stiffened Sam Scully, diminutive Italian West Sider, in the fourth canto. They are lightweights.

Swapping Punches from the Grandstand—Vito "Bo" Rizzo, Jimmy Christopher's lightweight protege, will be heard from before another year rolls by . . . . Sam Morris, Joe Kniff's sensational socking heavyweight, in his seven pro fights thus far has stopped five opponents via the knockout route, won a decision and drew in the other. He is now preparing for his first ten-round affair.

Attention fighters: Any experienced fighters, with or without managerial connections, would do well to get in touch with Gene Engel for bouts in the Middle West. Enclose photo and clippings of your past record giving complete won and lost compilations. I can be reached at Trafton's Gym, 180 West Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN
By MICKEY McINTIRE

KAYO MORGAN, Detroit's veteran bantamweight, took the local spotlight in recent weeks, as he started on his comeback campaign. The Fairview Gardens was the scene of Kayo's attempts, two bouts which proved Kayo still has plenty "on the ball." In his first bout before a sellout crowd, Jackie Taylor, tough little colored boy from Columbus, gave Kayo a tough fight though losing a close decision. His other opponent Bobby Creed of Milwaukee turned out to be a nice fighter, but was unable to match the "Morgan Manner," and Kayo won as he pleased.

Chuck Robertson, Detroit's newest heavyweight sensation, has been rolling up a winning streak. In recent starts he defeated Mike Seidlik and Billy McNabb and later stopped McNabb in five.

Joe Sutka, Wyandotte middleweight ace, came back from Washington, D. C., with little regard for the officials of his bout with Cocoa Kid. After going along with Cocoa for nine rounds, in which Joe was never in trouble, he suffered a knockdown in the last round, and when he got up, the referee called a halt, which seemed a little unjust as Sutka claimed to be unhurt.

Rudy Kozole, River Rouge "Ruffian," has been going good lately. Kozole has been running up a fine winning streak, taking decisions in Cincinnati and Washington in his most recent starts.

Tommy Morris, Detroit's "Mauling Mohawk," boxed draws with Jerry Finger and Pepito Santini his last times out. Other small club results saw Rochester Eddie Smith stop Charlie Bell and lose to Bobby Neal. Detroit Eddie Smith defeated Larry Ray and Izzy Schwartz won over Phil Norman.

Bobby McIntire, Detroit lightweight on the shelf the past three months, expects to get going in the summer months.

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MARYLAND AND WASHINGTON
By NATE PHILLIPS

THE Arena A.C. with Fred Suires promoting and Jack Laken matchmaking presented Leo Rodak and Slugger White in a main go of ten rounds. The fans were treated to a great match. White went right to work in his Armstrong style of boring in and forcing the fight, with Leo content on keeping his left in the face of the Slugger and using his right hand. White seemed to land two punches to Rodak's one and at the end Rodak was awarded a split decision over White. Both boys came in at 134. The semi-final set for six saw Bob Smith win by a T.K.O. over Charley Brandt in the fourth, when Brandt suffered a cut eye. Billy Carrigan put up a listless fight and blew the duke to Young Leroy Haines, in a six. Sid Silverman bested Earl Mathias in a six.

The Arena A.C. presented a 15-round bout for the world's bantamweight title between Lou Transperanti of Baltimore, and the champion, Lou Salica. The local lad started out at a very fast pace to carry the fight to the champ and at the end of the tenth round was out in front by a comfortable margin. From then on it seemed that making weight for this fray started to show its toll. Transperanti started to tire and the champ then forged ahead. When the 14th round had been reached the writer's sheet showed the count all even with 70 points each. In the final round the champ put on a last minute rally that earned him the decision and to retain his title. This fight was very close and the fans howled at the decision.

The eight-round semi saw Frankie Wills continue his win streak when he received the nod over Carl Turner. King Kong made quick work of his assignment, when he stopped Joe Trippe in the first. Pete Galiano stopped Billy Bates in the third, and Steve Vacarelli stopped Danny Russell in the fourth.

The Arena A.C. presented a double ten-round windup in which the first saw Henry Hook come on from a slow start to get the nod over Matt Perfetti. The feature ten saw Sammy Julian and Pete Galiano throw caution to the winds, when they both stood toe to toe and slugged it out, with Julian winning via a T.K.O. in the fourth. Billy Carrigan beat Leroy Haines in a return six-rounder.

At Washington: Joe Turner and Gabe Menendez presented Louis Kid Cocoa of New Haven against Joe Sutka of Detroit in a main go of ten rounds. Cocoa, 150, Sutka, 153½. Cocoa started right off using his left hand and Sutka had trouble getting in close to his rangier foe. The sixth, seventh and eighth were Joe's best rounds when he landed hard looping rights. At the start of the tenth round Cocoa was out in front with a comfortable lead. In the semi-final set for eight rounds El Brookman won an unpopular decision over Harvey Massey. In a six Roy Kozale pounded out a well earned victory over Buddy Thomas. Two four rounders filled out the card.

At Turners Arena: Buddy Scott hooked up with Johnny Hogan in the feature eight-round attraction and made quick work when he stopped Johnny in the first round. The second eight saw Al Franklin take all of Wild Bill McDowell's bullying to carry off the duke, after having McDowell down in the sixth and eighth. In the third eight Joey Stack went right to the front and won as he pleased over Henry Hook. In a supporting six Billy Colbert made it two in a row over Al Gilbert when he staged a last round rally to get the nod.

At Uline Arena: Ray Alvis co-promoting with Mike Jacobs showed Ernie Vigh and Steve Mamakos in a ten-rounder that was about the best this writer has seen in some time. In all of the ten rounds there was never a dull moment. At the end Steve was the winner in a very hard fought battle. In the semi set for eight heats, Ray Robinson stopped Joe Ghnouly in the third. This Robinson has IT. In one set for six Jimmy DeChard stopped Nick Carter in the third. In another set for six Billy Banks stopped Louis Otero in the second. In another six Willie Babe Ritchie won over Young Foster. In another six Frankie Wills hooked up with El Brookman and the verdict went to Brookman but the fans did not like it.

The Century A.C. moved into their new quarters, the Coliseum, and presented Anton Christoforidis and Italo Colonello in a main go set for ten rounds. Colonello could not cope with the Greek's speed and in the fifth round sustained a severe cut under his upper lip that required six stitches and the referee stopped the fight, with Anton winning via a T.K.O. The semi-final set for eight heats found Sal Bartolo having entirely too much on the ball for Johnny Cockfield, who proved plenty game, until he was stopped in the fifth round. In a supporting six Johnny Kapovich put the skids under Charlie Brown in the fourth to keep his win streak intact.

The Century A.C. presented Izzy Jannazzo in a 15-round battle with Jimmy Leto. Izzy started off fast using his best weapon, a flicking left hand, that he continually kept in Jimmy's face. Jimmy's best, a left hook, rocked the champ often. This was a nip and tuck battle with first one and then the other going to the front. When the decision, a split one, was given in Jannazzo's favor bedlam broke loose. The fans booed lustily.

The eight-round semi-final saw Jimmy Collins still keep his win streak intact to fight the best fight of his career to win easily over Jules Giudry. In a sixer Babe Scott stopped Soldier Lacey in three.

The Century A.C. presented an all star card showing three ten-rounders with an opening six. In the opener Joey Puig, after a fast start, tired in the third round and was stopped by No No Cuebas. Puig, 117, Cuebas, 121. The first ten-rounder showed the vastly improved Johnny Kapovich continue his winning streak when he stopped Jack Rose in the third after having floored Rose twice in the second.

Champ Harry Jeffra made his first start after a four month layoff on account of a bad right hand against Henry LaBarba. Henry fought in a crouch all through the fight and Jeffra could not show to advantage. Jeffra was an easy winner in this bout. The ten billed as the feature showed Sal Bartolo and Dave Crawford mix it up and the fans were treated to a great fight. Bartolo won the decision.

FISTIANA ALLEY—The local fans were treated to many a rare sight in the past month. First in the Leo Rodak-Slugger White fight. Phil Lewis and Sam Lampe both claimed they were White's manager and to avoid any trouble that night the place was filled with the law. No trouble ensued but neither Lewis nor Lampe could work with the Slugger. It finally has been settled that Lampe is the sole representative of Slugger White.

Next in the Salica-Transperanti go. Willie Ketchum, Salica's manager, insisted that Jim Braddock be the third man, otherwise there would be no fight. It was decided, a few minutes before the scheduled time to begin the fight, that Braddock would act as a judge. When the papers were signed for the go it was agreed that local judges and referee were to participate, yet the night of the fight, Ketchum insisted on an outsider. Benny Trotta, the manager of Transperanti, showed plenty of sportsmanship when he consented to such a move.

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER
By I. Q. GROSS

FREDDY ARCHER is on the ladder to success. He has engaged in 26 bouts in the professional ranks and has won 24. In his last fight, the Newark lightweight easily outpointed George Zengaras of New York in ten rounds at Newark's Laurel Garden. Hy Goldberg of the Newark *Evening News* gave Archer eight rounds and called the other two even.

Archer now looms as the real lightweight champion of the state for Zengaras gave Tippy Larkin of Garfield a tough battle. Referee Gene Roman also gave Archer eight rounds and said the other two were even.

Referee Tommy Elm called the six-round semi-final between Oscar (Dynamite) Daniels of Newark and Pat Celli of New York a draw, although 1800 fans who saw the mill thought Dynamite had the edge. It was Daniels' third fight.

Bunky Wall of Morristown scored a technical knockout when the referee stopped his fight at the end of the second with Frank Fariello of New York because of a cut over the latter's eye.

The Vargo twins of Orange won newspaper decisions in the fours. Gus won from Al Murphy and Sam over Jackie Minard. Gene Sweeney and Jimmy Potts were even in the opening four.

Tony Galento, with his manager, Harry Mendel, recently made a successful refereeing tour of the West . . . . Henry Cooper is anxious to show in Newark again, where he defeated Bill Boyd and Buddy Knox . . . . Gus Balback, the Keansburg amateur, is in the Army at Camp Croft, S. C. . . . . Somerville Lodge of Elks held a charity card at its Recreational Center . . . . Joe Halperin was chairman of the committee and James Pannone was matchmaker . . . . Frankie Duane of Elizabeth took a vacation in Washington . . . . New Jersey fighters desiring to appear in the South under the capable management of Bill Gore can reach him through this writer.

Leo Shea, one of the country's top referees a few years back, is in a bad way. He is in poor health in Miami. New Jerseyans knew him well. Jack Bell, columnist of the Miami *Herald*, is collecting a fund to buy Shea a cottage where he can spend his remaining days. Jersey boxing fans should contribute to this worthy fund.

Milo Theodorescu, the Rumanian, pounded out an eight-round decision over Dave Bruce of Orange at Newark. Both fighters showed well. Artie Dorrell of Texas was forced to the limit in winning an eight-round decision over Dave Chacon of Elizabeth. Referee Paul Cavalier, former Paterson heavyweight, who decisioned Galento, gave the verdict.

Frank Pompino knocked out Hellal Hanina of Bound Brook in the first of a prelim. Walter Stevens had the edge over Gene Sweeney, and Young Mickey Donley outpointed Barney Campbell in another four. The original Mickey Donley is at the fights in Newark every Monday night but hasn't seen a fight in years. Sounds funny, but it's true. Donley is blind. He sells newspapers.

To I. J. Burke, Grosse Pointe, Michigan: The Florida boxing season is very strong in December . . . . To Carolyn Wells, New York: Babe Culnan is the matchmaker in Newark . . . . To Claire Luippold: Jack Pfeffer is doing well with wrestling in Newark. Man Mountain Dean told us at the Sands Hotel, Miami Beach, a few weeks ago that he is 50 years old and will continue to wrestle as long as the money comes in . . . . To George Farmer, Nottingham, England: Hope you received our last letter. Keep punching. America is with you. Looking for the return of your column to THE RING.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

THE boxing game in Rochester is at a standstill. The Elks Club amateur shows have been suspended for the summer season, and the Acme Sporting Club is holding off until the weather permits running outdoors. Open-air boxing has always been successful in Rochester, and with industry now booming here, big turnouts can be expected for the right kind of fights. Matchmaker Jim Collins of the Acme Sporting Club has leased Red Wing Stadium for several dates this summer and has just returned from New York City, where he has contacted some of the leading managers for the services of their boys.

Johnny Burba, Elks Club matchmaker, has returned from a two weeks' stay in New York and Philadelphia. Johnny is busy arranging an all-star amateur show for mid-summer . . . . Last month at the Sports Arena, the Elks Club staged its season's finale for the benefit of the Greek War Relief Fund. A crowd of 2,800 turned out. A Hollywood scenario writer couldn't have given it a better "twist." A Greek, the only one on the program, stole the show staged for his countrymen . . . . Al Costa and Lou Yonkers, Johnstown, Pa., bantam, a couple of game cocks who love to fight, staged a bristling brawl. Costa won because he landed the cleaner and harder punches, but he knew he'd been in a hummer by the time it ended . . . . It was far and away the greatest fight Costa ever put on. Heretofore an in-and-outer who rated main event bookings one week and was back in the prelims the next, Costa went deep into his well of courage to come up with some of the flaming spirit which once made the Spartan army the scourge of the middle east. They both swung into high with the opening bell and whanged each other about the ring without a halt until Abe Raff stepped in and halted it with the last gong. Yonkers hit the deck in the third for a count of eight and was down on two other occasions, both on slips.

Following are the results of the rest of the card: Joe Muscato, 195, Buffalo, won decision over Al Brown, Detroit, five rounds. Vel White, 130, Huntington, W. Va., won decision over Les McGowan, Buffalo, five rounds. Al Costa, 122, Rochester, won decision over Lou Yonkers, Johnstown, Pa., five rounds. Lee Milo, 175, Rochester, won decision over Oscar Boyd, Buffalo, five rounds. Howie Brodt, 147, Utica, won by technical knockout over Bobby Claus, Buffalo, in fourth round. Time 1:55.

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI
By ROBERT D. DANA

ALLAN MATTHEWS' stopping Big Boy Hogue made the biggest splash in the local fistic circles. Allan's career may be largely behind him, but any of these rough, tough babies that bring the battle to him will wind up just where Mr. Hogue wound up. And that goes for your brother, too, Mr. Hogue.

Jimmy Webb, who is THE RING's leading light-heavyweight contender, visited the old home town recently. Webb, the only white fighter from St. Louis to become an outstanding contender, received the kind of acclaim that the city has owed him the past few years. St. Louis has produced more good fighters in the last few years than ever before. Allan Matthews, Henry Armstrong, Billy Beauhuld, Joey Parks, Jimmy Webb, Archie Moore have cleared the way for Clarence Jones, Emanuel (Lee Q.) Murray, Jim Richie and Leon Haire. We're also pointing with pride at a few of our amateurs these days, too.

Also a recent visitor was Clarence Jones, who does his fighting from a Buffalo address, along with Tiger Art Foster and Cyclone Charley Williams. Clarence is still signed to fight that Conn man and it will be interesting to see what disposition is made of that scrap of paper. It would be too bad if it fluttered into the ring when and if Billy boxes Louis in June. Clarence's defeat of Al Delaney won't help that matter much. Conn is an elusive target in or out of the ring and if the Jones boy can lay a glove on him he'll be a sharper shooter than such other Negro light-heavies as Tiger Jack Fox, Al Gainer or Dave Clark. They couldn't hit Billy; and you know why. Conn outgrew the class, perhaps.

IN SOUTHERN U. S. CAMPS

By TOM EPHREM

THE Navy has docked and Georgie Abrams, Steve Belloise, Tommy Tucker, Al Nettlow, Frankie Poreda and Cal Cagni are now around at the Jacksonville Navy Air Base where their job is to keep the cadets in the best of trim. I had the pleasure and honor to meet the fellows and permit me to say that each of the boxing recruits is the typical sturdy American. Friendly and courteous, deeply marked with the spirit of fun, the boys have in no time limit made many friends among the population of Jacksonville. Just plain, regular fellows and Uncle Sam selected the finest party to assist him.

Little did we know that Steve Belloise had the makings of a master of ceremonies in him. Steve wowed 'em here in Jacksonville. Plenty of fun and laughter, and Benny Leonard had sure better look out for his M-C act. This Belloise is a card indeed and what a magician. He's awfully cute in the latter role, as the girl down here tell him . . . . Georgie Abrams is a nifty hand at cartooning. A swell boy and the Jewish population are proud to have him among their midst. Let me not forget to tell you he is the next world's middleweight king.

Frankie Poreda is a tall and broad shouldered young heavyweight and brother to Stanley, former heavyweight contender. He has a bright future ahead in the game and if not mistaken, his manager would do well to land him some shots in Florida. A nice boy, Frankie . . . . Then there is the shy, good looking Tommy Tucker. Easy going, he enjoys the antics of his pals and how he blushes.

One time I couldn't tell whether Tommy had a Florida sunburn or whether he blushed a deep crimson when introduced to a pretty Southern belle . . . . Now Cal Cagni and Al Nettlow seem to be the quietest of the group. They would rather see and listen to the others get into an argument . . . . and then Al and Cal burst into laughter at 60 per. Just one big, happy family. The boys all like it down here very much. Especially Georgie Abrams, who says he owes the Government for sending him down here, the Government doesn't owe him. You're right, Georgie.

Johnny Blaine, former New York fighter and one of the best crowd pleasers when Jacksonville was rated highly as a fight center a few years ago, is running the Twentieth Century Gym in the Florida city. Johnny has invited the Army and Navy fighters to come train at his place in downtown Jax. Pete Leto, co-manager of Tommy Gomez, has consented to get Gomez here for his workouts, as also Abrams, Tucker, Poreda, Belloise, Cagni and Nettlow will be on hand for the Navy. By this, Jacksonville is going to take the highest interest in these top-notchers and this point is one of the main stems to bring back big professional boxing into our midst. Not only will it stir the interest of the people here but will serve introduction of the fighters to them.

Pete Leto, Tampa soldier, who co-manages Tommy Gomez with his brother Joe, has been named by Athletic Director Ben Hudson to instruct boxing here at Camp Blanding. Petey Sarron is the other teacher of the art. A fine move.

You should have seen it. Georgie Abrams, Steve Belloise, Tommy Tucker, Tommy Gomez and several friends were in town one night and there was I with my RING Magazine. I loaned it to one of the boys to read and the next thing I knew they were all scrapping and arguing over it. I'm still looking for it.

Johnny Paychek, former heavyweight boxer, is sick in his camp, Forrest, Tennessee, from a mysterious ailment that caused him to lose 25 pounds. Paychek, after he gets better, said he will be fighting in the camp when the doctors permitted . . . . The Marines have landed—in Parris Island, S. C. They made it here from Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. Jackie Carter informed us of the arrival to our shores . . . . Jacksonville's kid sailor, Eddie Webb, won a decision over the Virginia featherweight champion, Warren Dean. Eddie used a nice left hook and dropped his opponent twice in the last round with punches to "Davey Jones' Locker" (stomach). Webb is determined to make a good go in the boxing game.

Joey Forchione, who met some of the outstanding boxers of his class during his time, is now stationed at Fort Eustis, Virginia, with the Army. Joey started boxing at the age of eleven, as an amateur and lost only four bouts of the 120 he had. The last of these was to Babe Triscara, the national Golden Gloves champion, held in Cleveland in 1929. Some of the pro boys that Joey met were Tony Vivana, Patsy Severo, Frankie Wolfram (Canadian bantam champ), Joe Ghnouly, who was preparing to meet Barney Ross prior to Ross' championship fight with Canzoneri, and other stars of the time. Joey worked with Freddie Miller when Freddie was preparing to meet Petey Sarron in Miami. In the past several years Forchione ran a boxing school in Pueblo, Colorado, and in it trained amateur boxers for the tournaments throughout the state.

Pete Leto is training a featherweight, Henry "Hank" Dynamite Dunn in Camp Blanding and this Dunn can hit plenty. The youngster is a former champ of his class up New Hampshire way. The city he hails from is Manchester. Pete is sold on Henry's ability and if Pete says a fellow is good, then he's good. Then at the same quarters is Private Frank Pulaski, a 126-pound New England Golden Gloves title-holder and also promising material.

Tiger Clance, corporal of Battery D, lost a decision to Russell Ramirez. Ramirez had too much ring knowledge for his Florida adversary, having met such as Wishy Jones and Don Eddy. Clance, however, had Russell on deck twice. Both lighties. In the second sixer, Baby De Grasse, Jacksonville, Battery B, dropped a decision to Charlie Surnson.

Danny Kramer, ace lightweight from Philadelphia some years back, told me of his intentions to put on Army-Navy fights a few miles from the Navy Air Base. His co-partner, hold yourself now, is Miss Dorothy Mae Jones. They have named their club the Lakeview A. C. Seating will hold 3,000.

Bill Cocke, former fight trainer, and Mike Raffa, the blond headed bombing featherweight sensation, took in the Sammy Angott-Dave Castilloux fight in Louisville. Bill writes that Mike will meet Bill Speary as this goes to press. The bout is scheduled for 12 heats and can look for a win by Mike. Thanks for the clippings, fellows.

Petey Sarron is doing OK as bayonet instructor at Blanding. Petey says if a man knows how to handle himself in the ring, then you have a man with pretty good foundation for bayonet work. He expects the Army's training program to do great things for boxing by uncovering new prospects. True words.

Well, friends, don't forget to get your RING Magazine in downtown Jacksonville at Jake's Stand, corner West Forsyth and Hogan Streets. He is carrying a much larger supply to accommodate you all soldiers and sailors. Anything that I may be of help to you all, please do not hesitate. My address: Tom Ephrem, 605 W. Forsyth St., Jacksonville, Florida. Any of Nat Fleischer's books can be bought, which are the most interesting reading. You all sailors especially. Nat has a great autobiography on your Lieut. Comdr. Gene Tunney. The price is sliced in half for your benefit, only 50 cents. Don't fail to get this here book. It's a marvelous story about your man. At the Ship's Service or at the canteens, ask your newsstands to bring in more RING Magazines. Adios, fellows.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By TOM EPHREM

THE young and mighty Senor Tommy Gomez, Florida's clouting cabellero by down Tampa way, chalked up another win marker in his skyrocketing toward heavyweight haven by savagely belting Artie Sykes out of commission in two rounds before another home town appearance. Sykes, who went eight rounds with Joe Louis when Detroit's Dark Destroyer was knocking 'em over, right and left, had nary a chance to display his wares. Gomez had the veteran down twice and made sure of his quarry with the third knockdown coming in the second canto, ending the evening. Folks, this here Gomez is the nearest replica to that great ex-mauler, Jack Dempsey. Tommy has the same ring brutality, the same savageness and what's more, he loves to fight. A champion in the making, mark these here words.

On the same program, Young Al McCorvey and Jimmy Lowery furnished the chief thrills of the night. Both were in an exhausted state after eight rounds had gone by. The verdict was an even-stephener but the Tampa cauliflower citizenry raised a rumpus of their own, insisting Lowery had the scrap by a 2-1 margin. Then, classy and clever Billy Murray, also a Bill Gore product as is Lowery, gave a double dip demonstration of beautiful boxing science to beat Joey Ackerman in another eighter. Billy's performance was a tremendous hit. Frank La Marque promoted.

James Horrell, Florida State representative and submitter of the new state boxing bill, pens in again, confidently assuring the bill will pass. It has met with favor from the sub-committee on Taxation and Finances and will be on the floor of the House before long. And another good reply on the same Bill greets this corner from Governor Spessard Holland himself. Man, what a cleaning up boxing will get in Florida, especially Jacksonville.

An 8-to-5 underdog in his bout with Saverio Turiello, capable Harry Weekly, leading Dixie welter, upset the old applecart and his Northern foe together by taking an easy 10-round decision at New Orleans. Weekly, under Broadway Johnny Cox, used a telling right hand to Turiello's body. Even THE RING'S Eddie Borden, manager of "Savvy," put in a good word for Cox's boy, saying: "Weekly is a much better fighter than I thought he was." The semi—Cosby Linson versus Mike Martinez was won by the former but after he had taken some punishment in triumphing.

In West Palm Beach's closing winter show, Carl "Red" Guggino and Jimmy Kidd Hatcher remet, a good scrap and called a draw by Referee Billy Shell. The fans loudly dissented, figuring Guggino had the upper hand. The papers gave Carl six rounds and two for Hatcher, the remaining two all even. Referee Shell quoted both boys with five rounds apiece. Guggino, a Tampan, followed this by trouncing Chet Jones in Tampa with considerable ease. Jones stayed in his shell almost all the way. Carl found him hard to do business with and tried to make what fight he could with this disadvantage. The semi-final with Jimmy Lowery and Frankie Thomas was the eve's best and Lowery won but not according to the gallery gods, who booed with much gusto. Billy Murray kept his sensational winning streak intact by cleverly boxing rounds around Red Williams in a lightweight affair.

At Birmingham, Mike Piskin found judging there as bad as in Miami Beach. In three Southern appearances, the Jerseyite was given the wrong track on two occasions. He really beat Billy Cooper at the Beach Arena but failed to get the acknowledgement. They "presented" Cooper with the decision for the rottenest decision given down there. Mike kayoed Buster Carroll the following week and trekked to Birmingham where he clashed with Ben Montabana, a rising local product. It was called a draw. Sports Writer Bob Phillips saw Piskin the winner and didn't hesitate to write it so. And about the fight, it was a honey, and furiously fought from start to stop. Tough luck, Mike.

Henry Cooper, Northern heavy, and Marty Clark, Tampa soldier, put on a sorry affair in Tampa. Cooper won the decision. The spotlight turned on Larry Anzalone, who gained a two-round knockout over Bob Monin. Anzalone's performance met with approval and was given a nice hand after his work was over with. Young Al McCorvery, whom you will want to watch in the future, kayoed Dick Way, also in the second round.

The return of Jack Larrimore. He's the punching Miamian who was almost way up there until a right-hand smack from Yucatan Kid brought him down from his perch and into the hospital with a broken foot. Larrimore fought his first bout at Miami Beach since the incident and defeated Tom Sharkey, Jacksonville welter, in a 10-rounder. Sharkey did well to stay in there the limit. Larrimore is no more under Georges Ades, but back with Garner Johns, of the Beach, who started Jack into the game.

Around Aiken, S. C., they think a lot of Josh Johnson, a light-heavyweight . . . . David Hartman, a real RING reader and booster, mails us more clippings and stories on Nat Fleischer, making our collection bigger and better than ever. A wonderful hobby, try it . . . . David says Nat publishes the best boxing book in the world and it can't be beat. Very, very true, Davey boy.

Jack Kearns put on another British benefiter down Dixie way. In Atlanta, only fifteen hundred fans attended his show which saw Pat Comiskey kayo Jack Merrick in the third; Lee Savold did likewise to Mickey Alfano in a couple; Irish Eddie Pierce decisioned Young Allen; and Warren Wilson won a one-heat kayo over Jack Stribling in an "amateur exhibition." But old bouncing Benny Leonard, that great lightweight of back then, and Jake Abel, Atlantan, who fought Bennah here in 1919, "met again" in a comical comedy act that met with approval.

Summer shows at West Palm Beach. Chet Jones beat Jimmy Lowery in a good fight to even things with the Alabaman, making a win apiece. Jones had Jimmy down for a no-count in the ninth. Harold Roberts, a local ex-amateur, made a successfud pro entry by copping over Jimmy Allen . . . . In Tampa, Frankie Thomas gained a T.K.O. in eight rounds over Jimmy Lowery after the latter suffered a bad cut under his eye, while Lowery's stablemate, Billy Murray, made it 30 straight wins in kayoing Buddy Hopkins in the first. This lad Murray is the most popular boxer to appear in Tampa since Joe Legon. If you want to talk about a prospect, then Bill Gore's boy is it.

In Jacksonville, "Jake's Newsstand" has doubly-tripled their order for RING's and how they all sell. Jake's is located in downtown Jacksonville, at the corners of West Forsyth and Hogan Streets. In Orlando, Brown's Newsstand has ordered more RING's also, tells me Ernie Stephens. Don't forget . . . . Here is a hand for Mrs. Pat Cashett, Jacksonville fight fan No. 1 . . . . Dave Karess, fight manager out of New York, has finds in Neil Miller, Freddie Lewis and now comes up with a young Jewish heavyweight, Jerry Kay . . . . Pete Montesi, from the same big city, thinks highly of Earl Roys, a bantam.

Stanley Weinberger, the cartoonist for THE RING, who paints the cover, has been called for the Army, and Stanley, my newest pal, is trying hard to come on down South to Camp Blanding. Georgie Abrams, the middleweight contender who beat Billy Soose twice, is another close buddy of Stan's. Did you know Abrams is equally noted for his cartooning?

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

HARRY HURST is the new sensation of Canadian ringdom. The youthful, heavy-fisted Montreal lightweight, brought boxing back with a bang to Montreal rings with his pulsating display of bulldog determination and two-fisted aggressiveness against Dave Castilloux, classy Canadian lightweight king, in a ten-round titular thriller before a throng that clicked the turnstiles close to an $8000 tune. The long awaited, much-discussed struggle between the Dominion's premier lightweights even surpassed the most optimistic expectations, frequently developing into a free-socking slugfest between a pair of wildcat wallopers.

Castilloux, the master boxer, was set for a magnificent display in defense of his coveted title before the largest assembly of home town fans he had ever shown his wares but he had to use every trick of the trade and every weapon in his repertoire to hold off his young challenger's grim, furious attempts to batter him down for a knock-out. Castilloux displayed more consummate skill than Montrealers ever dreamed he possessed and the titanic struggle was so close that all judges disagreed, rendering a draw verdict.

The inevitable controversies over the merits of one or the other naturally followed but there can be no question, however, on the basis of clean punches landed, that Hurst actually had the edge.

Oliver Shank, unleashing the most savage display of punching power seen here in months, polished off his local heavyweight rival, Larry Bouchard, in two rounds of the scheduled eight-round semi-final, staged immediately after the main bout. Bouchard never had a chance to make a fight of it as Shank, boxing brilliantly, feinted him into openings in the first minute and floored him with a perfectly executed right cross that travelled less than a foot to the jaw. From then on it was only a matter of time as Shank hurled left hooks, many of which were wild due to rustiness and over anxiety and enough of them connected to leave the idolized French lad in a badly shaken condition.

Doug Marsh, local welter who is now in the R.C. Artillery, carried too many guns for Al Cortez in the companion eight-rounder. Looking bigger and stronger, the soldier boy gave a smart, impressive display against his game rival who battled with all he had to make it an entertaining encounter to watch. Johnny Greco, Castilloux's promising lightweight stablemate and sparmate, had too much class and power for Camille Gosselin, sturdy local veteran who rates credit for standing up to Greco's barrages as long as five rounds before succumbing.

The other two six-rounders introduced amateur stars who were keen rivals. Leo Maher scored again over his heavyweight rival, Paul Roy, after his hard hitting foe had floored him in the early rounds. Maher came back strong to maul his way to victory. Joe Murphy, Boston Irishman, surprised by flattening his middleweight rival, Gunner Harry Baltin, in five rounds. The fight was nip and tuck with Baltin starting to surge ahead when Murphy, former Golden Gloves king, torpedoed the soldier with a stiff right under the heart. Murphy sunk his man for keeps with a barrage of left hooks to the body and though the bell saved him temporarily his seconds were unable to revive him in time for the next round. He was through for the night, victim of a dramatic knockout.

RINGSIDE CHATTER—The Castilloux contingent claim that Dave was stale as a result of steady campaigning over a long period . . . . That is undoubtedly true but at the same time it cannot detract from Hurst's great bid as the entire nature of the fight depended on whether the youngster had what his wily manager, Maurice Foreman, and a horde of followers claimed for him . . . . They were borne out in that respect as the "wise boys" figured Castilloux would have his former sparring partner under control at all times . . . . Insead it turned out that the champ had to turn on the heat plenty to retain his crown . . . . The claim that one was familiar with the other's style can work both ways and Hurst has certainly progressed a lot since he trained with Castilloux last year . . . . Castilloux adopted the wrong tactics in his "roughing" methods as it cost him some rounds he might have been credited with.

Many expected Castilloux to shade Sammy Angott or make it very close in his battle with the N.B.A. king at Louisville, Kentucky, on Derby eve, less than ten days after the Hurst fight but it was evidently asking too much for him to be at his best so soon after such a bruising brawl . . . . Little more than a week before the Hurst match, Castilloux licked Vic Troise in Toronto, stopping him in five rounds . . . . Castilloux was in front, though none too far, when his punches opened up a cut over Troise's eye . . . . Joe Murphy, who made a hit with his kayo over Harry Baltin, lives with the three Shank brothers, Oliver, Al and Wilfred, in an apartment . . . . That wouldn't be a healthy spot for a burglar to invade when the boys are home . . . . Al Shank, former middle star who retired last year, weds on June 7th . . . . Oliver makes Eddie Quinn's secretary his bride on May 23rd . . . . Wilfred, the kid brother, is going like a house afire in the ring . . . . Will be the outstanding amateur this summer . . . . He

COVERING NEW ENGLAND
By MARK FANNON

NEW BEDFORD: Al Sinibaldi was the victim of his usual tough luck in battling Tiger Ted Lowry. For nine of the scheduled ten rounds, both sluggers went at each other hammer and tongs, with Al ahead by a big margin. As Al waited in his corner for the final session the physician noticed something strange. After the doc examined the Granite Stater's swollen jaw, he announced that the jaw was fractured and ordered Al to the hospital. It will be many months before Al again dons the gloves—if ever.

Boston: Mike Kaplan—the uncrowned king of the welterweights! That was the opinion of the 10,000 fans as they left the Garden after witnessing a vicious ten-round battle between Mike Kaplan and Fritzie Zivic. That Mike was master of Zivic, was agreed and only the one pound overweight kept the title from changing hands. A wild ovation greeted Kaplan as the unanimous decision was announced. We scored four rounds for Zivic and six for Kaplan, with Zivic having a decided edge only in the first and ninth rounds.

Zivic started like a whirlwind and punished Kaplan's face plenty as Mike tried to take Zivic at his own game of in-fighting. Apparently told to box him, Mike began his clever boxing with the second and piled up a comfortable lead until the ninth.

While Zivic hopped in with left glove almost resting on his trunks to coax him in close, Mike danced around him beautifully, using a sharp left jab and an occasional jarring, straight left, that found its mark with accuracy. Sometimes three or four lefts jarred his head back without a return. On the open fighting Kaplan was by far the better. His punches landed clean and hard, while his footwork, side-stepping and blocking, made Zivic's long punches ineffective. When they were in close, Zivic was busy with both hands, punishing his foe about the face. Even so, Kaplan was equal to the rough work and came through this style of milling many times on equal terms.

The ninth was a big session for the Pittsburgher. He kept on top of Kaplan throughout this round, slugging lefts and rights, never letting the Dorchester Dazzler out of range. Kaplan seemed to tire from the constant pounding of the champ but was apparently saving himself, for he came back strong in the tenth, although we gave Zivic a shade in this setto.

The semi-final found Charley Burley, 149, Pittsburgh, winning by a T.K.O. over Eddie Ellis, 147¾, Quincy, in the fifth. Ellis, who is not ready for top-notch opposition, took a terrific beating before the towel was tossed from his corner.

Bill Tordiglione, 147, Boston, won over Bill Campanale, 149, Worcester, in a six-round mauling bout.

Harold Harris, 125¾, the little Fighting Fool from Malden, further endeared himself to Boston fans by winning a pleasing six-round decision over Al Sforza, 129, Boston. The bout had the fans cheering throughout with Harris always the aggressor and Sforza making himself a difficult target by some fancy weaving that made it an exciting go.

Larry Pacino, 158¾, Roxbury, battered game Mel Smallwood, 157, Roxbury, in their four-round go, to score an impressive win for his first pro start. Red Priest, 147½, Cambridge, stopped Ray McGinnis, 148½, Somerville, in the third.

New Bedford: Tommy Cross, Philadelphia lightweight, kayoed Ted Christie, New York, in the eighth of a scheduled ten. Tony Almeida, 157, Bristol, kept his undefeated record intact in winning over Bomber Brown, 156, Boston. Sam Shumway, 166, Webster, returned to ring service and won a six-round decision over veteran Johnny Duarte, 169, Providence.

Fall River: Tony Almeida, 155, Bristol, R. I., chalked up his 20th straight victory when he whipped Oscar Suggs, 150, Newport, cousin of Chick Suggs, in eight one sided rounds. In the eighth round semi-final, Eddie De Angelis, 127, Boston, won over Frank Topazio, 126, Bristol, R. I. Al Evans, 151, Newport, won over Jack Dubois, 155, Fall River, six. Joe Gaynor, 137, Boston, took the measure of Tony Andrade, 136, Bristol, R. I. Jackie Collins, 151, Boston, won from Al Gabriel, 148, Centerdale, R. I.

New Bedford: Al Dutra, shifty Cambridge lightweight, edged himself closer to the front in making it two straight over the clever Millbury boxing master, Leo Dulmaine, in eight sessions. Dutra is one of the newer crop that bears watching. Freddie Cabral, another Cambridge boy whose good work has earned him a crack at the better welters of New England, won by unanimous decision over Al Evans, 146, Newport, R. I., in a second eight-rounder. Leo Liotta, Boston, stopped Tony Andrade, Bristol, in four. The Brown Bomber of Boston, took Oscar Suggs, of Newport, by decision in six. Sassy Leite, New Bedford, won over Jimmy Reardon, Worcester, in four.

Fall River: Substituting for Joey Stack of Philadelphia, Indian Zankie Watson, 128, New York, wasn't able to last two rounds before the fistic barrage of Abe Denner, New England featherweight king. The bout was stopped in the second frame. The semi-final of six cantos saw the Brown Bomber, 151, Boston, winning handily over Jackie Parker, 153, Worcester.

Boston Garden: Rip Valenti, matchmaker for the Goodwin A.C., put on a star show with New England talent, with half the proceeds going to the Brockton Fireman's Fund. Valenti's original idea of four ten-rounders between local fighters promised to be a standout card, the like of which, wouldn't be found anywhere in the country. As usual his good intentions went haywire, when two of the fighters were given last minute subs. Shucco was slated to meet Ted Lowry, a real test for the veteran and Johnny Shkor was given Italo Colonello instead of Bill Weinberg.

In the top ten, Coley Welch, 160, retained his New England middleweight title, when he turned back John Henry Eskew, 155½, Brockton colored boy, in ten savage rounds. Eskew, making his first bid against an opponent anywhere near Coley's ability, startled the crowd by his courageous stand.

Round after round, Welch, who never looked better, pounded vicious lefts and rights to John Henry's mid-section. They were powerful, weakening blows, that caused Eskew to gasp more than once, but always when the Brockton lad seemed all done, he would come out for the next session full of fight. In the eighth in particular, Welch hammered Eskew to body and head with all the power he could muster and had him in a bad way but John Henry kept moving, always moving. Welch was the master but Eskew's long, snake-like arms, carried dynamite and Coley was never able to rest for a second.

Georgie Martin, 142½, lost a heartbreaker to Honey Mellody, 137½, of Charlestown, via the T.K.O. route in the third. Both boys had plenty at stake and fought as though their lives depended on it. The winner to get a crack at Mike Kaplan.

Bubbling over with energy, Georgie tore into Mellody and kept pounding away at a fast clip. Mellody retreated, while cozily waiting for an opening. Martin piled in weaving and bobbing, taking chances and even being reckless at times, while Honey played on the defensive.

In the second, Mellody began to reach Martin with lightning-like thrusts, that were hard and deadly accurate. They didn't land as often as Martin's but were far more effective. There was tremendous power in his blows.

They really began opening up in the third, exchanging vicious blows so fast that the eye could hardly record them. After coming out of a clinch, after one of these exchanges, Martin's face was covered with blood. A smashing right by Mellody had sliced a long cut under Georgie's left eye. The referee stepped in immediately and stopped the fray, even though Martin was eager to go on.

Master Tony Shucco, 183, gave pupil Joe O'Gatty, 199, of New Jersey, a boxing lesson, in another ten. If Tony had any kind of a punch, O'Gatty wouldn't have lasted very long, for he had no trouble hitting the New Jersey battler at will. Tony won every round by a mile. At times he seemed bored with the way things were going. In the close fighting, Tony looked up at the second balcony many times with a look of unconcern, as O'Gatty tried to tag him without result.

Johnny Shkor looks to be the brightest prospect on the heavyweight horizon but, we in Boston, have never seen him given stiff opposition. His opponent was Italo Colonello of New York. Colonello, whose face resembles a battered Max Schmeling, tried hard but was no match for blond Johnny. Shkor softened the New Yorker with jarring body blows and put on the finishing touches in the third.

RING NOTES—Snooks Lacey caused a mild upset in defeating George Salamone at New Bedford . . . . The Paul Herrick-Ted Wells match was labeled as for the New England bantamweight title . . . . The winner of a match between Herrick and Earl Roys, would be really admitted as king of this division . . . . Jack Goebert has a fine paper in his *Amateur Boxing News* . . . . With THE RING and this paper, a fan could follow a boxer's career from the moment he first donned the gloves to the height of his pro work . . . . Bob "Poison" Ivy earned himself a shot at Abe Denners', New England title in defeating Larry Bolvin at Providence.

Although Rip Valenti offered Zivic a big guarantee for a rematch with Kaplan in Boston, it's no go with the Pittsburgher . . . . Blonde Dempsey, hard socking Dover, N. H., middleweight, is now fighting under the name of Frankie Burley . . . . Shkor is pronounced "score" . . . . and most of his opponents don't know what the score is when he is through with them . . . . Sammy Angott's win over Dave Castilloux was unlooked for in these parts.

Rip Valenti proved to the skeptics that there is plenty of good talent in New England and that when unknown outsiders are brought in it usually means a poor show . . . . Martin felt bad about his defeat at the hands of Mellody, as he had returned home after New York critics had been loud in praise of his work . . . . Eddie Borden's name for Martin—the Boston Bulldog—fits him well . . . . He is a colorful little performer . . . . Funny that Martin draws only half as many fans as in New York . . . . We wouldn't put the blame on Martin for this condition as he always fights his heart out . . . . Do you know that most of the first Negro fighters were former American slaves! . . . . Read "Black Dynamite" for interesting stories about the Negro in boxing.

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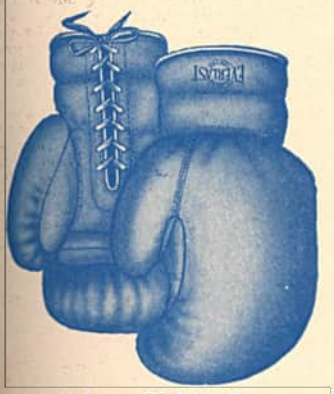

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by H.W.

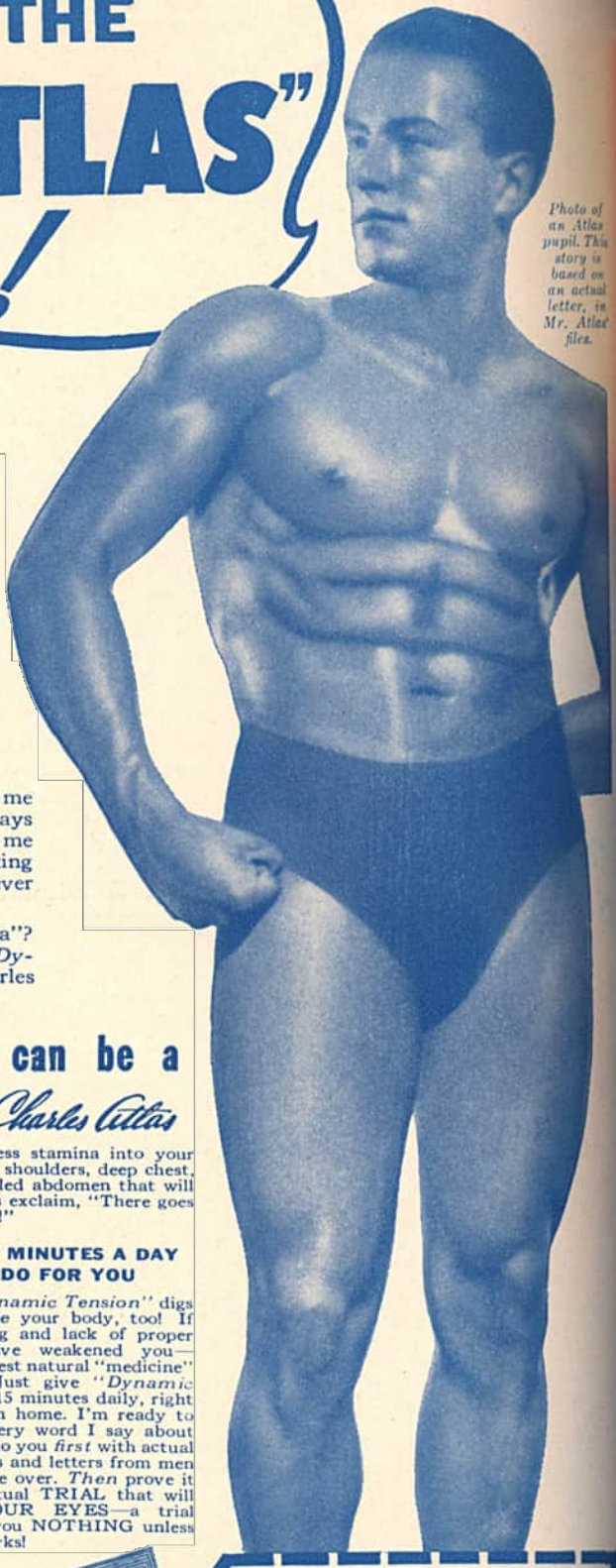

Photo of an Atlas pupil. This story is based on an actual letter, in Mr. Atlas' files.

YES SIR! People call ME the "Charles Atlas of Peoria", which is my home town. They've named ME after the man who won the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"! And they are not kidding. They wouldn't DARE. Not with the fighting build, the bulging muscles, the smashing strength I've got now—the body that has made me CHAMPION of the crowd!

But a short time ago I was really a puysical weakling. I was the "sissy" who had to take a back seat every time the other fellows began showing their muscles. I was the "sparrow" who had to sneak away whenever they started doing stunts of strength. Believe me, I *knew* what it meant to be the skinniest, sorriest-looking specimen of the whole bunch. I wanted a real he-man build more than anything in the world. I determined to get it. And I DID!

HERE'S HOW I GOT MY NEW PHYSIQUE

Well, after a little while, my friends rubbed their eyes and looked at me twice. They were astounded at the change in me. The fellows I'd always gone around with couldn't believe I was the same person! Because, let me tell you, I WAS a different person. And you can't blame me today for getting a big kick out of seeing that "What-a-Man!" look in their eyes whenever I strip for gym, the beach, or around the swimming pool!

How did I do it? What *made* me into "The Charles Atlas of Peoria"? The answer is— *Charles Atlas* HIMSELF! His marvelous method of *"Dynamic Tension"* has made a NEW MAN of me. And now read what Charles Atlas himself has to say to YOU:

Actual Photo of Charles Atlas, holder of title: "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I'll prove that YOU, too, can be a NEW MAN!

And it only takes 15 minutes a day.... *Charles Atlas*

Fellows, I too know what it means to be skinny, flabby, only half-alive. Because I myself was once a 97-lb. weakling. I was ashamed of my own body. Afraid to stand up against anyone else, knowing what a beating I'd take if I did. Then I discovered *"Dynamic Tension"*—the amazing method that changed me from a frail nobody into the winner of the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And now the same secret that worked such miracles for me has worked them for thousands of other men all over the world.

Yes, in just 15 minutes of your spare time every day (right in the privacy of your own home) my *"Dynamic Tension"* method can give YOU a new body. I can give you a solid armor of whipcord muscle all over your build. I can put smashing strength into your arms. Tireless stamina into your legs. Strong shoulders, deep chest, firmly-muscled abdomen that will make others exclaim, "There goes a HE-MAN!"

WHAT 15 MINUTES A DAY CAN DO FOR YOU

And *"Dynamic Tension"* digs down *inside* your body, too! If wrong living and lack of proper exercise have weakened you—here is the best natural "medicine" on earth. Just give *"Dynamic Tension"* 15 minutes daily, right in your own home. I'm ready to PROVE every word I say about it. Prove it to you *first* with actual photographs and letters from men I have made over. *Then* prove it with an actual TRIAL that will OPEN YOUR EYES—a trial that costs you NOTHING unless it really works!

FREE BOOK "Everlasting Health and Strength"

My famous book, *"Everlasting Health and Strength," tells* and *shows* in scores of actual photographs exactly why *"Dynamic Tension"* is *your first step* to new health, brimming strength, and the handsome build of a champion. This great book is my FREE GIFT to you. No cost, no obligation. Simply rush this coupon into the mail RIGHT NOW! Address me personally:—CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 80G, 115 East 23rd St., New York City.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 80G,
115 East 23rd St., New York City

I want the proof that your system of *"Dynamic Tension"* will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, *"Everlasting Health and Strength"*—and full details of your TRIAL OFFER.

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